M. L.

A Sporting Family

OF THE OLD SOUTH

By

Harry Worcester Smith

with which is included

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN

By

Frederick Gustavus Skinner

1.75

Published by J. B. Lyon Company

Albany New York

1936

A SPORTING FAMILY OF THE OLD SOUTH

JOHN STUART SKINNER
1788–1851

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A

SPORTING FAMILY

OF THE OLD SOUTH

The Story of Five Generations of Sportsmen, Starting with John Stuart Skinner, 1788, *and Ending with his great-great-grandson,* 1936

JOHN STUART SKINNER

Founder and Editor

THE AMERICAN FARMER, 1819, THE AMERICAN TURF REGISTER, 1829

THE PLOUGH, THE LOOM AND THE ANVIL, 1848

Friend of

THOMAS JEFFERSON, LAFAYETTE, DANIEL WEBSTER

FREDERICK GUSTAVUS SKINNER

COLONEL, FIRST VIRGINIA REGIMENT, CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA

PROTÉGÉ OF THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE

WRITER, FIELD EDITOR OF THE TURF, FIELD AND FARM

LIFELONG NIMROD AND FOLLOWER OF THE FOX, THE STAG AND THE BOAR

IN FRANCE, SPAIN, EGYPT AND AMERICA

FREDERICK STUART GREENE

SPORTING COMPANION OF HIS GRANDFATHER

SOLDIER, WRITER, ENGINEER

HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, STATE OF NEW YORK

FRANCIS THORNTON GREENE

FOXHUNTER AND GENTLEMAN RIDER

BY

HARRY WORCESTER SMITH

Lordvale, Worcester, Massachusetts

INCLUDED IN THIS VOLUME ARE

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN

AND OTHER ARTICLES BY

FREDERICK GUSTAVUS SKINNER

PUBLISHED FOR PRIVATE SUBSCRIPTION

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DEDICATED TO

THOMAS HITCHCOCK, ESQ.

WHO BY HIS UNSELFISH ENDEAVORS TO UPHOLD
THE HONOR OF THE TURF AND FIELD
HAS GALLANTLY CARRIED ON THE WORK FOUNDED
BY JOHN STUART SKINNER, AND CONTINUED
BY HIS SON, FREDERICK GUSTAVUS SKINNER

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INTRODUCTION

THE idea for this book was inspired by some articles I read in old copies of the *Turf, Field and Farm* which were signed "F. G. S." These articles were to me so interesting that I determined to know more about the writer, and after inquiries I learned that he was Frederick Gustavus Skinner, and what is of equal importance, that he was the son of John Stuart Skinner, that famous writer on agricultural and sporting subjects.

Just how to put before American sportsmen the letters, notes and articles written by "F. G. S.", and the newly found data in regard to his father, was for some time a question. Finally, I decided to make up my book exactly as it came during my travels here and there, and as it registered on my mind as I read what these great sportsmen had done and written.

They were both pioneers, and I have endeavored to show not only what they accomplished in foundation work but what has been built up on what they planned and how valuable it has been to sport in America.

The younger generation, especially, may find my explanatory pages of value, for they will aid them to appreciate that the thoroughbred stud books and records of the race meetings of early days were kept in a most crude way. There were no hunt meetings as there were no recognized Hunts or hounds hunted in packs on the English system except just at the last of Colonel Fred's life. There were no dog shows, as Colonel F. G. Skinner established the first one.

What John Stuart Skinner did by his writings for the tillers of the soil and the lovers of the blood horse is at last put before the American reader in concrete form; and if the sportsmen of the present day and those who follow should find interest in what I have gathered together and embroidered with my own thoughts, hammered from the anvil of experience, I shall be well repaid.

After I had solved the mystery of "F. G. S.", I felt that two such outstanding characters as Colonel Fred and his father, John Stuart Skinner, must have somewhere on this earth descendants still living. If so, I wondered, would this fourth or

fifth generation be carrying on the traditions of their fathers, or would they, as is so often the case, have become mere humdrum, money-making citizens, lacking individuality and love for sports. How difficult it was to find these descendants, what manner of people they are, whether or not they are holding to the standards set by their distinguished forbears, I trust the "gentle reader" will be interested to learn for himself by following the long trail with me.

LORDVALE, *July*, 1936

HARRY WORCESTER SMITH

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Societies, Libraries, Galleries, Associations

American Antiquarian Society
American Friends of Lafayette
Corcoran Galleries of Art
The Jockey Club
The American Kennel Club
Frick Art Reference Library
New York Public Library
Worcester Public Library
American Remount Association
American Field Publishing Company
The Chase Publishing Company

Books and Journals

The American Farmer
The Plough, The Loom and The Anvil
The Spirit of the Times
Daniel's Rural Sports—England
Horse and Horsemanship—Frank Forester
The Sporting Magazine—England
Bailey's Magazine—England
Racing in America (1866–1921)
Making the American Thoroughbred
The American Turf Register
The Turf, Field and Farm
The New York Sportsman
The Badminton Magazine—England
History of the British Turf
History of the Turf in South Carolina
The American Turf
The American Thoroughbred
Royal Studs of the 16th & 17th Centuries

Sport on Land and Water and other books by Frank Gray Griswold
Biographical Sketch of John Stuart Skinner by Ben. Perley Poore—1854
Reprinted by John L. O'Connor—1924
The Roanoke Stud
Early American Turf Stock
The Background of the American Stud Book
The Sportsmen Portfolio of American Field Sports
Reprinted by Ernest R. Gee—1929
The Thoroughbred Record

Horse and Hound—England
The Field (London)
Ill. Sporting and Dramatic—England
L'Illustration—Paris
The Irish Field

Authorities

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Stuart Greene
Pierre Lorillard
Mr. and Mrs. Francis Thornton Greene
Frank Gray Griswold
The late Sir Theodore Cook—Editor of The Field
John L. O'Connor
John Hervey—"Salvator"
Ernest R. Gee
Walter S. Vosburgh—"Vigilant"
Algernon Daingerfield
Walter P. Gardner
Harry Bland
Gurney C. Gue
C. F. G. R. Schwerdt
H. C. Whitehead (Brigadier General)
John A. Barry (Colonel)
David Wagstaff
Serge Ivanoff
Harry T. Peters
Robert Turnbull
Thomas Hitchcock
Edward Tayloe
Edward Megargee
C. Lee Lewis (Professor)
Walter Shaw Sparrow
C. L. Scott (Colonel)
A. A. Cedarwald (Major)

Part One

FIVE GENERATIONS OF SOUTHERN SPORTSMEN

BY

HARRY WORCESTER SMITH

CHAPTER I

F. G. S.

IN my foreword to the *Warwick Woodlands,* reprinted in 1921, I told of my early interest in sport being kept alive by reading the *Spirit of the Times* bought at the news stand of the old Post Office in Worcester where my brother, Dr. William Lord Smith, always bought the *Forest and Stream.* With these publications to inspire and guide us, I naturally became interested in horses, hounds, hunting and racing, while through life my brother pursued the sport of shooting and fishing.

Starting with the *Spirit of the Times* I never chanced to buy the *Turf, Field and Farm* as my allowance was limited; so it is only within the last two years that I have come to appreciate the value of that publication with its noble band of writers such as Old Dominion, Pious Jeems, Will Wildwood, Wynd'em, Nicholas Spicer, and F. G. S.

It is not the "Call of the Wild" in August each year that gets one; it is the Call of Saratoga; so as usual, I journeyed there in the summer of 1931 to pass a day or two with Mr. John L. O'Connor, and a few more with Mr. and Mrs. Riddle in their charming home at this racing center.

One afternoon in the lovely paddock of the Saratoga course as I joined the throng about the Whitney crack, soon to start carrying the familiar "Eton blue, brown cap," I met Mr. Pierre Lorillard. "I'm making some changes in my library at Tuxedo," he said, "and have many old volumes of the *Spirit of the Times, Turf, Field and Farm,* and the *New York Sportsman.* If you want them, I'll be glad to present them to your Lordvale Library."

Did I want them! Ever since I began to collect in 1909 I had been endeavoring to complete my set of *The Spirit.* I jumped at Mr. Lorillard's offer.

In a week or so came thirty odd volumes, great tomes, bound in half-leather, many of them three inches thick! What difficult reading those old weekly sporting papers are; type so fine that

even with my good eyes, I had now and then to use a reading glass.

In the 1884 volume of the *Turf, Field and Farm* I ran across an article signed "F. G. S." This was the first of a series entitled "Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman," which, beginning in 1884, continued through 1889, extending into forty-six chapters. I also located many other items on sport signed with the same initials.

Querying about the author, I dropped a line to John L. O'Connor, whose brain and library at Schuylerville are a gold mine of sporting information, and asked him what he knew about Colonel F. G. Skinner. Was he a son of John Stuart Skinner, founder of the old *Turf Register?* In my letter I went on to say that there was in one number a delightful story entitled, "Revival of the Washington Hunt," in which were these words:

"Those most interested in this hunt were G. H. D., and his cousin R. D., and G. W. These young men went from the cradle to the saddle, etc., etc."

I told O'Connor that after reading that paragraph I penned a line to my old friend H. Rozier Dulany of Oakley Plantation in the Piedmont Valley, Virginia, where his people have been great Landlords since before the Revolution, for in Washington's diary he tells of a fox hunt with his "friend Dulany." I asked Mr. Dulany if he could help me decipher the initials. He replied:

"Your letter of June 15th with clipping carried me back to the good old days when we had more play and less work, with life much simpler and more enjoyable.

"Answering your question from memory would state that F. G. S. was Col. Fred Skinner, editor of the *Turf, Field and Farm;* G. H. D. was Henry Grafton Dulany, known as 'Hal'; G. W. was George Whiting, and R. D. was my cognomen in those days."

To John O'Connor I said I had found Colonel Skinner's articles so interesting that I felt they should be published in book

form as they would make a most welcome addition to every sportsman's library; and continued:

"They touch as you no doubt know, in such an exquisite and thorough sporting way, upon shooting, fishing, boar hunting, fox hunting, duelling in France, bear hunting in Louisiana; and in addition to describing the lives of the people and the country, give advice in regard to guns and fishing tackle, with descriptions of flowers, the woods, and the fields; and especially, as only a truly cultured gentleman can, the proper methods of cooking and serving game."

Skinner's description of this latter art would bear comparison with the aperçus of Brillat-Savarin, the great French gourmet.

I also wrote that I was endeavoring to get John Hervey, "Salvator," of the thoroughbred world, to come east and journey with me to Schuylerville and Saratoga; and if Mr. O'Connor had any data in regard to Colonel F. G. Skinner, to let me know if we would be welcome at Fanoc Farm. Two days later I received this reply:

"Schuylerville, New York
July 16, '32

"Dear Squire:

"Your highly interesting letter just received strikes the flag for the start of 'Happy Days are here again' . . . .

"Col. Fred. Skinner was the son of John S., and was a ward of Lafayette while attending school in France. I can give you full information about him. Col. Fred's grandson, Col. Fred. Stuart Greene, has been for many years Commissioner of Public Works of New York State. No public servant has been so highly regarded as Col. Greene.

"'A letter from HWS' and 'Glad Tidings' are synonymous.

Hastily yours,
John"

I met "Salvator" in Albany, on his arrival from humid Chicago where he had been unable to sleep for three nights.

To cool my cultured friend off I drove about the country slowly. I say cultured, advisedly, for there are some even today who would object to a sporting writer being so called; but when

they know that the Academie Française in France, the foremost literary body in the world, awarded to John Myers O'Hara and John Hervey's translation of *The Trophies and Other Sonnets,* by Josi-Maria de Heredie, their medal of honor, they will agree that my use of the word is correct. This award was made in recognition of the translation and its merits as tending to extend the appreciation of French poetry in the U. S. A., and it was the first time that the Academie Française (whose awards are much coveted in all countries) had ever thus honored a book—namely the translation of a work written in French—that had been made in the United States.

When we arrived at Fanoc Farm, the charming home of O'Connor, and had dined, we went to the library where my worthy host brought out a brown envelope. On the outside were the words:

"Fred'k. G. Skinner"

CHAPTER II

JOHN STUART SKINNER

WHILE O'Connor and "Salvator" discussed thoroughbred problems of the past, I read again the *Bibliographical Sketch of John Stuart Skinner,* by Ben Perley Poore, first published in *The Plough, The Loom and The Anvil,* and in 1924 reprinted in book form by Mr. O'Connor who presented copies to those he honored with his friendship. The foreword was by Fred E. Pond ("Will Wildwood"), and there one reads:

"A glance at that pioneer publication, the *American Turf Register* fills one with wonder at the vision, forethought and inspired labor of its founder—John Stuart Skinner."

He quotes the latter's words, giving the reasons for the publication of the *Turf Register.*

"sensible for years past of the danger which threatens property of so much value by the loss of an old newspaper or memorandum book which contains pedigrees; and persuaded that it was not yet too late to collect and save many precious materials which would soon be otherwise lost."

"Will Wildwood" then mentions Colonel Skinner's contemporaries: William T. Porter, editor of the *Spirit of the Times,* a sporting journalist of great renown; Cadwallader R. Colden, "Father of the New York Turf," a close student of the race horse, authority on pedigrees, and publisher of the *New York Sporting Magazine*; George Wilkes, later owner and editor of the *Spirit*; Edward E. Jones, who followed Porter as its editor. There were also Sanders D. Bruce, founder of the *Turf, Field and Farm,* whose fame rests upon his great work *The American Stud Book* which he, in later years, sold to The Jockey Club; B. G. Bruce, his brother, founder and editor of the *Kentucky Live Stock Record*, now continued as *The Thoroughbred Record*; and Charles J. Foster, editor of the *New York Sportsman.*

Scanning the thirty-four pages in the book by Ben Perley Poore, we find these opening words:

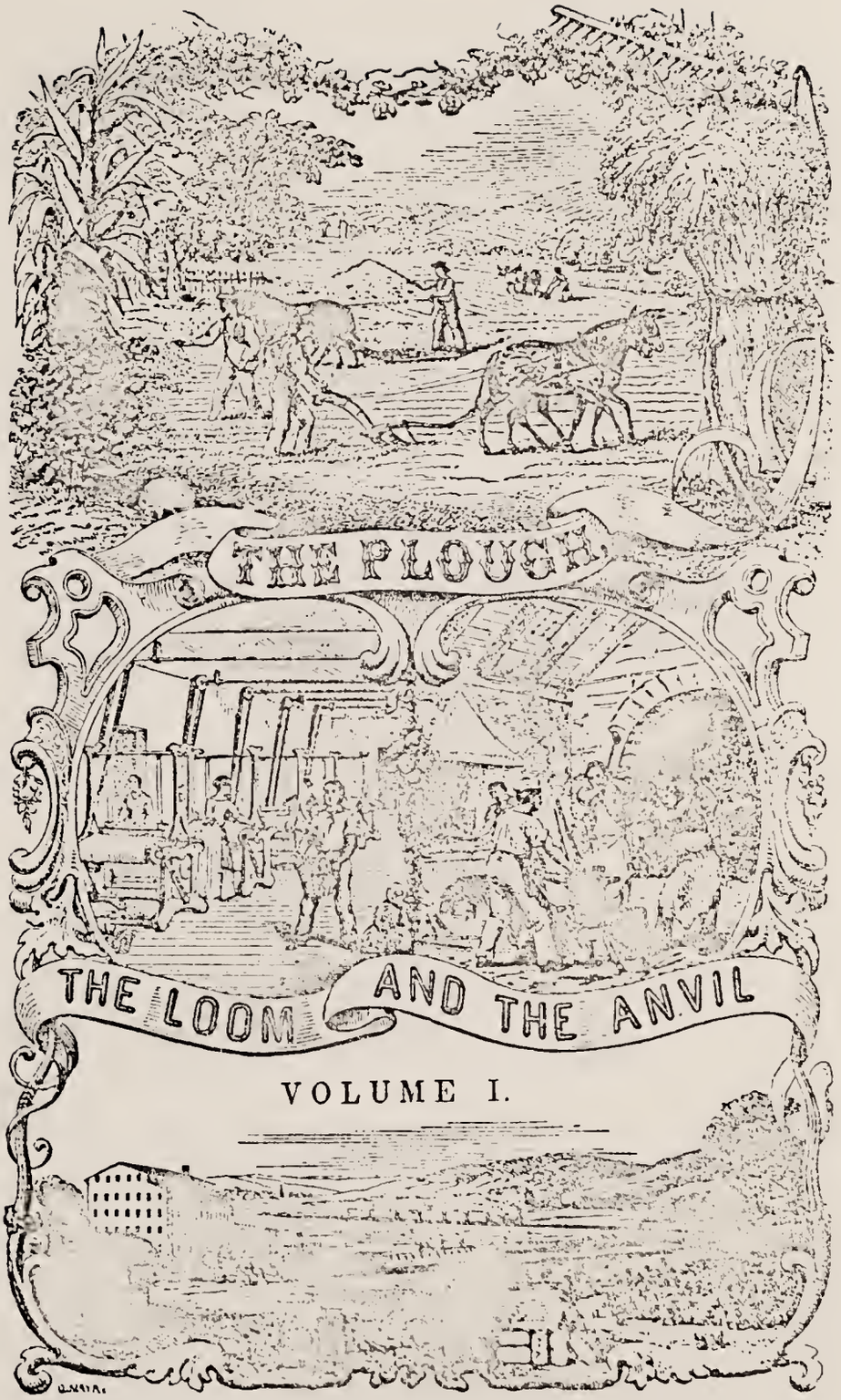
"John Stuart Skinner is one of those names which should not pass away without some embalming token of grateful recollection. The pioneer of the American agricultural press, the champion of those who nobly toil at 'The Plough, The Loom and The Anvil,' the faithful government officer,—the spotless citizen—the true friend and the kind relative, Col. Skinner's eminent talent and his useful life merit a record even though it must necessarily be brief. His forbear, Robert Skinner, an English country gentleman of considerable fortune was one of the first settlers of Maryland in the colony founded by George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, on a domain spreading over the peninsula between the Pawtuxet River and Chesapeake Bay.

"Frederick Skinner (great-grandson of Robert, and father of John Stuart Skinner) is described as a gentleman of strongly marked character—equally noted for his prompt decision, his old-fashioned common sense, mechanical ingenuity, and his open-hearted benevolence. Early in the Revolution he received a commission on the 'Maryland Line.' After independence was secured Mr. Skinner married the daughter of Capt. Stuart, whose brothers were men of distinction; one—Steven—a great merchant at Baltimore; and the other—John—a gallant though somewhat reckless officer in the Revolution, serving through the struggle with such courage and zeal as to win the commendation of his comrades, especially the heroic Lafayette. Congress voted him a medal for his bravery which was presented to his heirs by President Washington. One of the emblematic devices on this medal represented 'Colonl Jack' barefooted as he actually clambered up the parapet at the recapture of Stony Point.

"John Stuart Skinner, the subject of this sketch was named after his uncle, and was born the 22nd day of February, 1788, and was reared upon his father's plantation. He studied at Charlotte Hall, St. Mary's County, one of the best classical academies in Maryland. Read law at Annapolis in the office of Chancellor Johnson and was later made reading clerk at the Legislature. The next year Governor Wright voted him Notary Public to the city of Annapolis, overcoming objections made by some of the counsellors on the ground that he was yet in his minority and consequently ineligible. He was complimented on all sides by veteran members of the Bar, passed a triumphant examination at the age of twenty-one and commenced practice as a counsellor and attorney.

HEADING FRONT PAGE OF THE PAPER

Which printed, " Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman." Frederick Gustavus Skinner was field editor and a contributor to this journal for twenty-five years



VOLUME I.

J. S. SKINNER & SON EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS,
81 Dock Street, Philadelphia.

GENERAL CHARLES RIDGLEY

Of Hampton (1760-1829) on Tuckahoe, Champion of the Maryland turf (1813-1816)

LAFAYETTE
The youthful hero of Paris on his horse "Jean Le Blanc," from a print owned by Judge W. P. Gardner

"On the 10th of March, 1812, Mr. Skinner married Miss Elizabeth Davies, a step-daughter of Chancellor Bland, and during nearly forty years Mr. and Mrs. Skinner furnished an interesting picture of conjugal felicity united not only in affections and interest but in tastes and inclination.

"After the declaration of the war in 1812, President Madison appointed him agent at Annapolis to take charge of the arrival and departure of the British mail packets that were commanded to make Annapolis their American port, to receive and forward mail, furnish the vessels with the necessary supplies, etc., and to see that nothing transpired prejudicial to the interests of the Republic, or offensive to the enemies thus admitted under the guardianship of a flag of truce. He was later appointed agent to prisoners of war upon the nomination of General John Mason. Always alive to a sense of duty he never faltered in or shrunk from the performance of it. Even the British officers were captivated by his generous nature and with several of them official courtesies ripened into friendship which lasted through life.

"At the approach of the British forces upon Washington Mr. Skinner rode 40 miles in the night and first announced to the government their march after having warned Commodore Barney previously of their hostile intentions.

"In 1816 President Madison appointed Mr. Skinner Postmaster of Baltimore, then the third city in the Union. This office which was one of labor and high responsibility he held for twenty-three years when he was removed by President Van Buren in accordance with his 'system.' He was renominated as Postmaster of Baltimore by President Jackson just before the latter's term expired and was unanimously confirmed by the Senate."

The pages that follow tell of the founding of the *American Farmer* among whose contributors were Colonel Taylor, Thomas Jefferson, Timothy Pickering, General Armstrong, and others of great ability, including William Cobbett, an English writer whose book *Rural Rides* is well worth reading. To give American readers an idea of agriculture in England at that time, Mr. Cobbett wrote several able articles for Mr. Skinner over the nom de plume, "Ruta Baga."

Mr. Skinner's writings were mostly done in the evenings. He never neglected his duties as Postmaster and no one outside his

family knew how diligently he toiled late into the night. From Ben Perley Poore's interesting sketch we learn that in the summer of 1820, Mr. Skinner took a horseback trip to the Mountain Springs of Virginia and passed the months of August and September between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenys, in the country drained by the Shenandoah, bedded throughout with limestone and shaded with groves of sugar maples—the very country in which today is located Court Manor, the breeding stud of Mr. Willis Sharpe Kilmer, near Newmarket where stands Sun Beau, the greatest money winner of all time, and Sun Briar his sire, one of the most brilliant horses the American turf has known.

Not far off is Audley Farm, an old Washington homestead, now owned by Mr. B. B. Jones, one of our most successful breeders of the thoroughbred.

A few miles away at Mr. Kenneth Gilpin's Farm, stands the mighty stallion, Teddy, sire of Sir Gallahad III, and grandsire of Gallant Fox, winner of $368,365. Mr. William Dupont has also established a breeding stud in this section in addition to his Foxcatcher Farm in Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER III

JOURNEYS AND WRITINGS OF JOHN STUART SKINNER

NOW, following Mr. Skinner, we find that on leaving the valley he rode over the mountain to Charlottesville, where at Monticello Thomas Jefferson entertained him with his wit and generous hospitality. No doubt they talked of farming and perhaps Mr. Skinner told Jefferson that Coke of Norfolk, the great English agriculturist, was a subscriber to *The American Farmer* and in regular correspondence with its editor; that at one of the Holkham sheep shearings, Thomas William Coke, Earl of Leicester, had highly complimented the American editor on his publication.

Mr. Skinner was constantly on the lookout for opportunities to import stock which would improve the breeds of both cattle and horses in America. He brought over a pair of Tuscan cattle renowned since the days of Virgil as admirably fitted for the yoke. Later, in 1822, he imported three of the best shorthorns in England, namely, Champion, Wild Rose and Shepherdess. Before me is a letter written by Mr. Skinner, dated March 29, 1826, giving the average dead weight of five sheep, 167 pounds each, being a part of a flock he was about to sell a friend. The weight is given in detail, carcass and head, followed by loose fat or tallow. His letter states:

"These sheep would give you one-half more mutton at least in the same time and with much propensity of fat at an early age; and be always salable at an extra price. These are the first of the pure stock brought to this country. Colonel Powell's importation died on their passage, and he has now sent to England an authorized purchase of one at twenty guineas there.

Yours respectfully, J. S. Skinner."

Mr. Skinner was beloved by the officers of the Navy with many of whom he had official relations, and they were foremost among his correspondents. Commodore Jones and Captain Booth, U.S.N., presented him with a pair of "Tunis mountain broadtail sheep."

The Maryland Agricultural Society desired to show their appreciation of Mr. Skinner in his efforts to aid the farming community and on motion of George Calvert of Riversdale, voted Mr. Skinner three costly pieces of plate. This valuable testimonial was presented in behalf of the Society by General Ridgeley, of Hampton, Andrew Thompson, Esq., and Dr. Allen Thompson.

General Ridgely's country seat, Hampton, is still an interesting meet of the Elkridge Hunt, and I recall that while Master of the Loudoun in 1910 I came up from Virginia and had a fair day's sport at a joint hunt there of the Green Spring Valley and the Elkridge Hounds.

In 1824 Mr. Skinner, accompanied by his lady, visited the north, where in Boston, he records that he was

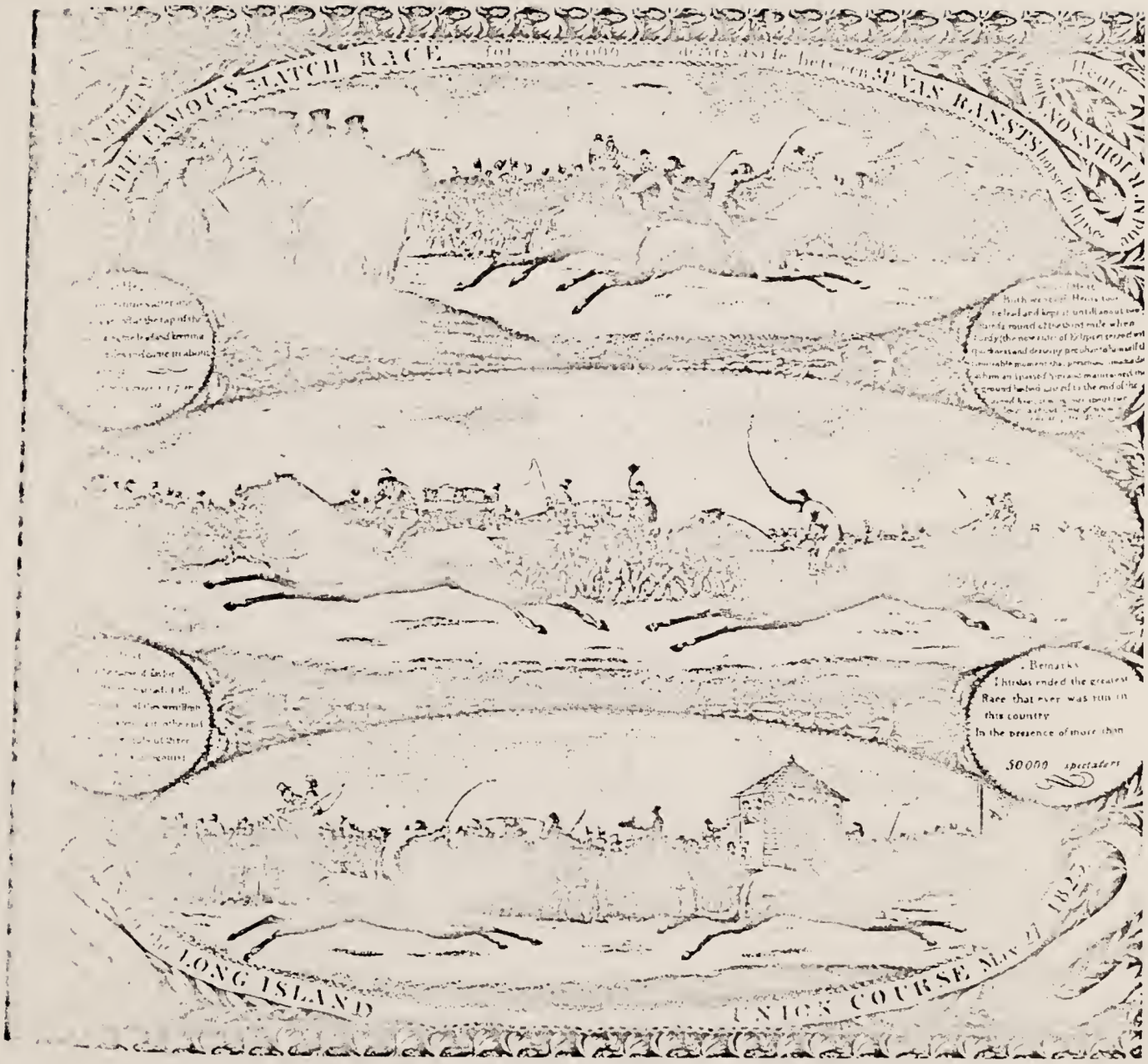
"presented by the Hon. Josiah Quincy to the Celebrated 'Oakes Cow' and to the venerable John Adams, the patriot who nominated George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary Army."

When Lafayette revisited America in 1825, through his personal regard for his old comrade, Colonel 'Jack' Stuart, he became a firm friend of John Stuart Skinner; and when Lafayette was received at Fort McHenry by Governor Stevens of Maryland, the latter introduced the old hero to the Society of the Cincinnati assembled under the very canvas in which Washington and Lafayette had shared their frugal meals together.

"This tent scene," writes Mr. Skinner, "was impressive beyond description; this meeting of a venerable remnant of patriot warriors in the headquarters of their ever-glorious leader to welcome his beloved ally, was one of the finest moral spectacles ever witnessed."

The Marquis, we learn, was so pleased with Mr. Skinner that he selected him as agent to manage the 20,000 acre grant of land voted him by Congress and located in Florida. This trust was retained through life and was performed with great fidelity.

On his return home, Lafayette requested Mr. Skinner to pro-



ECLIPSE-HENRY RACE
The Great North-South Match, 1823

cure for him some wild turkeys, so that he might introduce them at La Grange, also a pair of opossum for a French Naturalist.

Mr. Poore tells us:

"As might have been expected there was a generous response. Turkeys came by the score and Mr. Skinner was soon forced to publish a second card announcing that he had 'received opossum enough to stock all Europe.' One was left in the office of the *American Farmer* very securely confined in a box with her nine young ones as large as middle-sized rats. In the night taking her family in her pouch she ascended a chimney of a three-story house and made her escape."

Mr. Skinner was a regular visitor at West Point and a firm friend of Colonel Wade Hampton of South Carolina, Colonel Eustis of the United States Army, and the Hon Edward Everett. He was one of the honored guests on the 92nd birthday of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. We learn:

"At that time there was scarcely an Agricultural or Horticultural Society in Christendom of which Mr. Skinner was not an honorary member. The London Horticultural Society had only conferred the same honor on two other Americans, Dr. DeWitt Clinton and Judge Buel; and with the diploma of the South Carolina Agricultural Society came its large medal, by express, wrought of native gold."

John S. Skinner published the first number of the *American Turf Register* in 1829, and shortly afterwards disposed of the *American Farmer* for $20,000. In August 1835 he sold the *Turf Register* for $10,000. Both of these sums were enormous for those early days.

President Van Buren removed him from the Postmastership in 1837, but General Harrison had not been in the White House a week, in 1841, before he appointed Mr. Skinner an assistant Postmaster-General of the United States, which office he held with honor until the spring of 1845.

In his travels from time to time throughout the middle and northern states, Colonel Skinner was entertained on all sides on account of his generosity, courtesy and splendid efforts maintained

for the benefit of agriculture. In October, 1847, he was the guest of Samuel Lawrence, of Lawrence, Massachusetts, on the banks of the Merrimac, which at that time had the largest woolen industry in the world. In 1848 he launched his new publication, *The Plough, The Loom and The Anvil*, to which subscribers came at the rate of 600 a month.

When General Taylor was made President of the United States he directed the appointment of Mr. Skinner's oldest son, Frederick Gustavus Skinner, as Chief of the Agricultural Bureau of the Patent Office. In collecting and arranging material for the Annual Report, Mr. F. G. Skinner proved himself worthy, and well qualified to "follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor." One of his published works, translated from the French—*The Elements of Agriculture*—was pronounced by competent judges the best text work in the English language for those who wish to commence the study of agriculture as a science.

John S. Skinner continued for years his trips to the homes and haunts of his many friends, among them, to use his own words:

"A long-intended flying visit to the good old Eastern Shore of Maryland—the land of good hominy, good oysters, good ducks, good mutton, good men and, what is more, *gentlemen*."

Journeying north he visited the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association and gave an address at their triennial exhibition of domestic manufactures. While in New England he was honored by being a guest at the cattle fair of the Norfolk County, Massachusetts Agricultural Society. He also visited the fairs at New Bedford, Clinton, Lowell, Concord, and Salem, where he gained the respect of every one whom he met.

He then went on to the New York State Fair, and met a grandson of his old friend Lafayette, who accompanied him on his travels.

March 21, 1851, Mr. Skinner, as he left his wife remarked: "I am in better health and feel more like myself than I have for years." A few hours later he stepped through a door of his office—which was being reconstructed, and the usual stairway removed—and fell to the bottom of the cellar. His skull was

fractured and he never regained consciousness. His biographer writes:

"And thus in the full flush of health, ripe in years and honors, was snatched this true-hearted citizen."

* * *

In addition to the three magazines mentioned, John Stuart Skinner, whose energy was prodigious, edited and wrote articles for other important publications; his pen dealt chiefly with the horse, the dog, cattle, and especially with agriculture. He was the first man of prominence, certainly in this country, to declare that Agriculture was a science; that farming was not merely a means of gaining a livelihood. Among these publications are the following:

"The Farmers Library and Monthly Journal of Agriculture, of which he was American Editor, (1845)
"The Book of the Farm, John S. Skinner, Editor, (1847)"

These two were published by Greeley & McElrath, the senior partner being Horace Greeley who later became famous as Editor of the New York Sun.

"Memoirs of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, John S. Skinner, publisher, Philadelphia, 1824."

In this volume I was glad to find articles by Hon. Levi Lincoln who was President of the Worcester County (Mass.) Agricultural Society.

CHAPTER IV

THE AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE

THE American Turf Register is undoubtedly the most highly prized work on the American Thoroughbred Horse. Collectors of American sporting books and turfmen who care for the history of American racing are constantly on the lookout for volumes of this magazine. My own experience in endeavoring to collect a full set will show how difficult, if not impossible, it is to find any complete sets other than those mentioned later. It will probably astonish many of my readers to learn how valuable volumes of *The Register* have become.

The photogravure from the life portrait of John Stuart Skinner shows him to be a strong, well-built man, with a firm-set jaw, fine forehead, and personality possessing, as we are told, "the dignified manners of the old school without its formal stiffness." This portrait is used by the courtesy of Ernest R. Gee, 35 East 49th Street, New York, and appeared originally in his brochure, *Early American Sporting Books*, published by the Derrydale Press.

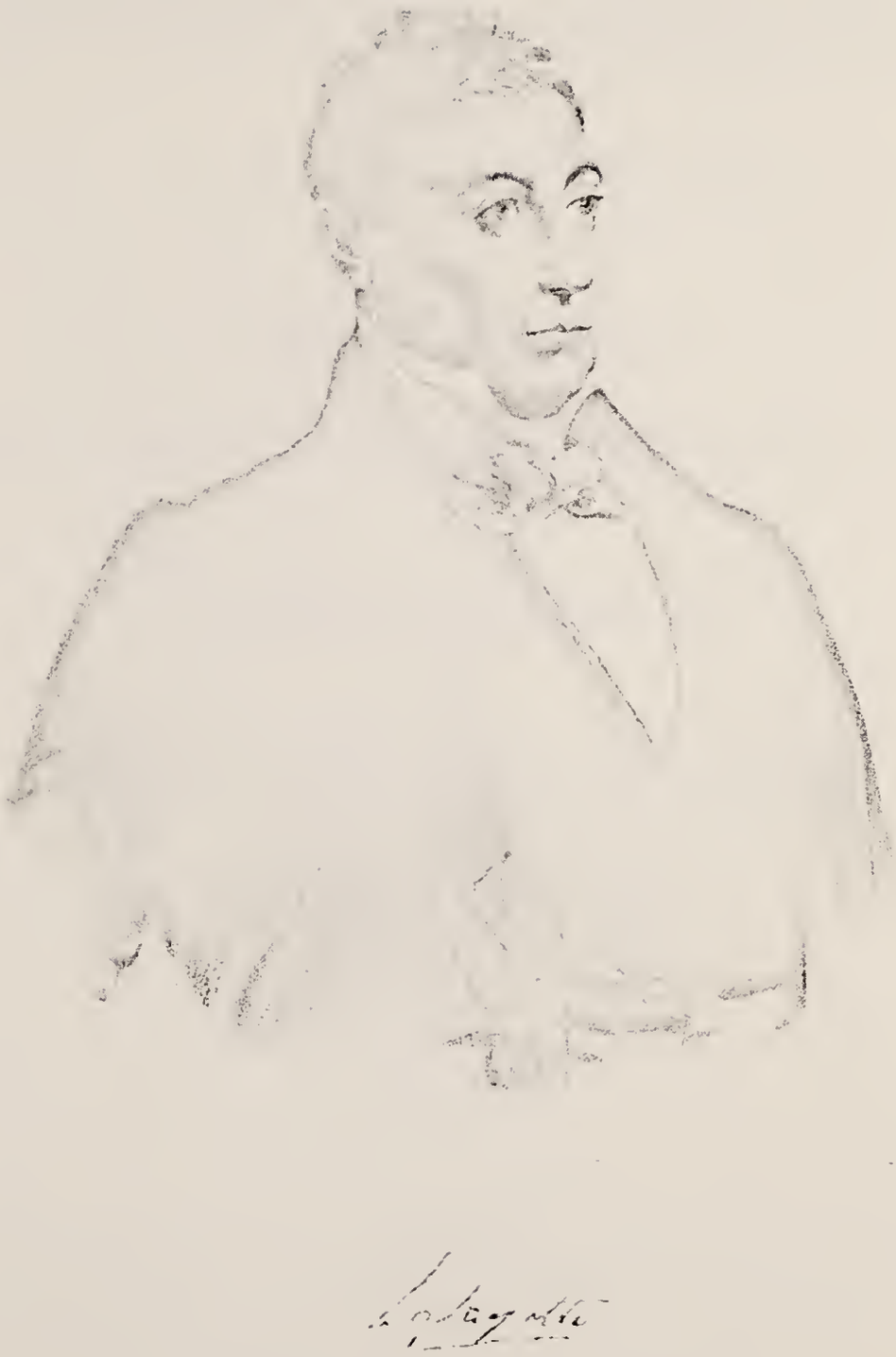
In chapter two of this work Mr. Gee gives the best history of the *American Turf Register* yet published:

"Colonel Skinner was proprietor with the first six volumes, the last number of which was published August, 1835, when he sold the *American Turf Register* for $10,000 to Mr. Pegram of Petersburg, Virginia, who afterwards sold it to Robert Gilmor, Jr., of Baltimore, and he in turn to William T. Porter, of New York."

In 1844 Mr. Porter sent out the following notice.

"The present number of '*The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine*' completes its fifteenth volume, and, at the same time, its existence.

"With a list of subscribers amply sufficient to defray the expenses of its publication, the Publisher is imperiously obliged to discontinue it, upon the sole ground of their neglect to pay their subscriptions. Hundreds of the 'patrons' of this magazine have



LAFAYETTE IN HIS OLDER YEARS

THE

AMERICAN FARMER,

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS AND SELECTIONS

ON

Rural Economy

AND INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS,

WITH

Illustrative Engravings

AND THE

PRICES CURRENT OF COUNTRY PRODUCE.

JOHN S. SKINNER, Editor.

"O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint,
"Agricolas.".....Virg.

VOL. I.

Baltimore:
PRINTED BY J. ROBINSON, CIRCULATING LIBRARY, CORNER OF MARKET & BELVIDERE-STREETS,
OPPOSITE THE FRANKLIN BANK.
1820.

"NIMROD" (C. J. APPERLEY)

The greatest sporting writer of all time—Friend of Colonel Skinner and an admirer of John Stuart Skinner

FREDERICK GUSTAVUS SKINNER
At the age of 15 — From a miniature painted in Paris 1829

paid no subscription for years! To those gentlemen who have supported and encouraged him by a prompt discharge of their dues annually, the Publisher begs to express his grateful acknowledgments."

Mr. Gee adds to Mr. Porter's valediction of the *American Turf Register* by saying:

"And so this great Sporting Periodical died and all we have left are a few badly stained volumes—some lacking plates, others title-pages and racing calendars. Of complete sets (and by that I mean sets with every title-page and engraving, every page of text and all the racing calendars complete with their indexes) I know but eight. In the near future I hope that the sportsmen of America will come to realize the inestimable value of this periodical, and that a new edition may be born, so that the traditions of American Sport will be worthily preserved for all time."

I have the first nine volumes in original calf, with the lovely gold-tooled backs, all in perfect condition, which were once the property of the late Breckenridge Viley, of Stonewall Farm, Lexington, Kentucky. In one or two volumes I find the owner's inscription, "Breckenridge Viley, Stonewall Farm, 1883." In others, on the title page the name "I. Cross" appears; another has the name "Major A. Harris"; and the last of the set, "Mr. Arnold Harris, Washington, D. C." I also have three odd volumes, III, VII, and VIII, with the signature, "James K. Maddux, Warrenton, Virginia," one of which also bears the label of James W. Humphrey. Last, but not least, I possess No. 10, of Volume IX, July, 1837, in the original blue paper wrapper, such as covered the monthly parts of the first nine volumes as shown illustrated in color by Mr. Gee in his book.

It makes me sad to think of the days not so long ago when I had the whole set except Volume XIV. Vol. I had been the property of Colonel R. J. Hancock, the father of Mr. Arthur B. Hancock of the Ellerslie Stud, Charlottesville, Virginia; Vol. XII had been given to me by Colonel John A. Barry, and was from the library of one of his illustrious forbears—the Hon. Balie Peyton (1838). Four volumes I bought for a song in Kansas City, and others in Baltimore.

In Georgetown, South Carolina, I was lucky to find Volumes XI and XII of the *Register*, which I purchased for $50.00. I had been guided to Georgetown by my friend Frank Hampton, a descendant of the famous Hamptons of the Palmetto State. He suggested that we return to "The Woodlands," his country estate. "I think we have some old sporting books there in the library," he said.

The house had long been closed, but upon arriving we threw wide all the blinds of the library and after a search Frank cried out excitedly: "Here, I've found Volume IX for you."

"Volume IX," I answered incredulously, "why Frank, that is the rarest of them all—it's worth around $500. I'm sorry but I can't afford to buy it."

He looked at me in surprise. "We Hamptons," he answered, "haven't sold anything as yet. This is a present to you, Harry, from my grandfather Wade Hampton."

These sportsmen of the Old South—impulsive, generous, delightful!

My fourteen volumes were burned in the office at Lordvale in 1924, where my secretary had collated them to prepare an index of the engravings with the names of the artists, following the manner of Sir Walter Gilbey's index of pictures in the old *Sporting Magazine*.

When these volumes went up in smoke a three-quarter perfect set of the English *Sporting Magazine* went with them. My sorrow can be appreciated when I received the wire telling of the loss while lunching at the Pickwick Club in New Orleans.

At the sale of the library, in 1922, of that sportsman and gentleman rider, Crawford Burton, twice winner of the historic Maryland Hunt Cup, there was offered:

"Item 31. American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine. Full-page steel engravings. Vols. 1–15. In the Original Parts as Issued. Fifteen vol., 8 vo., wrappers, uncut. In cloth slip cases. Baltimore and New York, 1829–1844.

"Of excessive rarity. It was edited and published by John S. Skinner, and in consequence of the nature of the publication, it is doubtful if a perfect copy can ever be obtained.

"The present set is in a remarkable state, considering the ephemeral nature of the work and its reference value, and while some of the wrappers are worn and a plate or two loose, it is in all probability as nearly perfect a copy as will ever be offered. We give as follows the major defects. . . ."

And although this set had something lacking in every one of the fifteen years, it was sold for $1,000.

Mr. C. C. Champaine in the *Thoroughbred Record* in 1934 wrote that he hoped to call on his friend, W. F. Patterson of Hempstead, Long Island, who has an entire set of the bound volumes of *American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine*, and in this letter he refers to a previous article dated October 20, 1934 which stated that he had recently run into a complete set of the bound volumes of the *American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine* while rummaging through the library of the University of Minnesota, Farm School, and that he believed himself to be the first person who ever asked to examine any of them. The story of these volumes follows:

"In the early days of Minneapolis there was a prominent sportsman named Colonel W. S. King. He was very fond of race horses and of pure-bred cattle and it was his custom to give an annual fair at his farm which is now a part of the present best and most thickly populated residential district of this city. Colonel King was an ardent admirer of the runners and during his life collected quite an extensive library. At his death the books found their way to the attic and later on Mrs. King sold the entire lot for $25.00 to Dr. C. C. Lyford, upon whose death his heirs presented the volumes to the University."

"Salvator," in the *Thoroughbred Record* of November 3, 1934, wrote interestingly of this find and then tells about the different volumes in his own collection, especially in regard to volume three, which runs from September, 1831, to August 1832. Across the title page is written in the bold characteristic penmanship of a century ago: "To Com. D. Porter, from the Editor."

On the inside of this volume "Salvator" also found:

"To Com. D. Porter from his constant friend the Editor. 28th September, 1832. Philadelphia."

and finally a third inscription written across the top of the page of reading matter:

"Com. David Porter to G. H. Heap,
Contantinople, July 1837.

"So it will be seen," writes 'Salvator,' "that Commodore Porter took the book to Constantinople where he kept it five years and presented it to his friend, Mr. Heap.

"It is possible that there are other volumes extant today that were presentation copies from Colonel Skinner to chosen friends, but I doubt if any of them were presented to so famous an American as Commodore Porter, the renowned Naval hero of the War of 1812, and the father of Admiral David Dixon Porter who with Admiral Farragut shared the honors of the greatest Commander of sea forces that the Civil War produced."

Mr. Ernest Gee tells me that of the complete sets of the *Turf Register,* one is the property of Louis Lee Haggin who bought it from Mr. Gee a few years ago for about $2,500 with his guarantee of perfect collation; and many is the time I looked it over and longed to own it, knowing it contained every item the most ardent bibliophile could demand.

Long before Mr. Gee came upon the scene with a shop of his own, Mr. John L. O'Connor had been making a specialty of picking up rare American thoroughbred items, especially the *Spirit of the Times*, *Turf, Field and Farm* and *Turf Registers*; and I feel sure his collection of *Registers* is by far the most valuable in America. I know that he has three or four perfect sets, some in original wrappers; for when I took Mr. Samuel D. Riddle, owner of Man o' War, to Fanoc Farm, Mr. O'Connor showed us with pride a complete set of them—the gem of his unrivaled collection.

Years ago August Belmont proudly showed me his set and later with William Woodward at his town house, I had a glimpse of his fifteen precious volumes. I am informed that "Jack" Peabody has probably the only set in the Windy City, Ill., while Robert L. Gerry has that wonderful set collected and collated by Gurnee C. Gue. Harry T. Peters, the well-known authority on sporting books and prints is the proud owner of three complete

Facsimile of Wrapper of Monthly Parts used for first nine volumes.

sets and many perfect and imperfect parts. Some day Mr. Gee should take up the work I had in hand of making an index of the plates, titles and artists with a perfect collation of the volumes so that lovers of these priceless books may be properly guided in their endeavor to complete their sets.

Mr. Gee has long had in mind the plan of bringing out a new edition of the *Register*, which he states in his *Early American Sporting Books*, "will worthily preserve the traditions of American sport for all time."

This learned bookseller was thoughtful enough to show me the letter printed in the *American Turf Register*, Volume II, July, 1831, written by the great English sporting author "Nimrod," (C. J. Apperley), a writer whose communications are said to have doubled the subscriptions to the *English Sporting Magazine* in eighteen months; and whose books, *The Chase, The Turf,* and *The Road; Hunting Reminiscences; Memoir of the Life of the Late John Mytton; Life of a Sportsman, Nimrod's Hunting Tours;* and *My Horses and Other Essays,* are the classics of sport with horse and hound for all time. In 1927, E. D. Cuming edited with additions, *My Life and Times* by "Nimrod" which every sportsman should read.

The letter which Nimrod wrote to John Stuart Skinner shows that he had just met the editor's son, Frederick Gustavus Skinner.

"Rue Française, Calais, France
April 11, 1831.

Mr. Editor:

Accident has thrown me in the way of your son who has been staying here a few days, on his road to England, with his mother. Having a few sporting friends to dine with me on Wednesday last, he gave me his company, and I do not flatter you when I say that his gentlemanlike, unassuming manners, were much admired and spoken off. He also betrays a degree of observation, added to a desire of information and knowledge quite beyond his years. I can only add, on this subject, my sincere wishes that he may live to be a useful member of society and a comfort to his parents.

I had never heard of *your* Magazine, but your son showed me four numbers; and I was so pleased with the one containing the race between Henry and Eclipse, that I asked his permission to keep it. *It is written in a style that would do credit to any periodical, for it shows a thorough knowledge of its subject.*

I have for the present, given up the pen of "Nimrod," and am about to publish a *Tour Through France.*

My friend Osbaldeston has performed wonders with Tom Thumb.* He is a most extraordinary animal.

Would not 'Characters of our first and most celebrated English Sportsmen' be a good subject for your Magazine? i.e. a short article in each succeeding number. (Most certainly.)"

In John Stuart Skinner's time there was still a desire to improve the American blood horse by the introduction of Arab and Andalusian blood; and an Arab from the stud of the King of Spain, which had the honor of unhorsing the Duke of Wellington during the Peninsula War, was in consequence sold for export to America and was a favorite covering horse near Philadelphia until 1819. In 1822 the Albemarle Agricultural Society of Virginia, desiring to contradict the "weedy" thoroughbreds, opened a community subscription for the importation of an Andalusian horse, and the minutes show that J. S. Skinner of Baltimore volunteered to go to Spain to make the selection.

That the Editor of the *Turf Register* is still remembered is shown by an exhibition recently held in Baltimore.

"JOHN STUART SKINNER
Father of American Turf Journalism

"The widely known Enoch Pratt Library, Baltimore, Maryland, is to observe the 147th birthday anniversary, February 22nd, of John Stuart Skinner by an exhibition of objects of interest relating to Skinner's life and work. The display is to open February eleventh."

* In a subsequent letter we find that Mr. Osbaldeston won a large wager that Tom Thumb would trot, in harness, from Leicester to Northampton, 32 miles, in two hours.

And Myrtle Helfrich, writing of the Baltimore Pioneer of Farm and Turf in a *Baltimore Sun* of February 17th, 1935, at the time of the exhibition stated:

"An ivy-covered tomb crumbling under the march of centuries in Westminster churchyard, a stone's throw from Poe's grave, and an old-fashioned brick house on a cobblestoned street in Old Town, hinting of bygone gentility in spite of gaping windows and bedraggled neighborhood, are the only two landmarks remaining in Baltimore to prove the eventful and honored life of the man whose name was once far more familiar.

"John Stuart Skinner was born February 22, 1788, the son of Frederick Skinner a descendant of Robert Skinner, a Maryland settler with Leonard Calvert and a grandson of that Captain Stuart whose shipyard on West River with vessels in the stocks was burned during the Revolutionary War. The Skinner estate of six hundred acres lay on a peninsula between the Patuxent River and the Chesapeake. At eighteen years of age he became assistant to the Clerk of the County Court, afterwards Reading Clerk in the Legislature and studied law and was admitted to the Bar at the age of twenty-one. At the declaration of the War of 1812 he was appointed Inspector of European Mail by President Madison with headquarters at Annapolis.

"When he heard that the English forces had landed he made a gallant forty-mile ride on horse-back to Washington and was the first to announce the enemy's approach. While he was away the British burned his buildings on his estate but he never sought reimbursement from the government.

"At twenty-eight he became an integral part of the city, lending his talents and interests invariably to her progress. He and his wife lived at the corner of Albermarle and Plowman Street in Old Town, cut off from the newer part by the Fallways which cut a deep horseshoe into the corner of Calvert and Lexington Street.

"In 1818 Mr. and Mrs. Skinner moved to 8 South Calvert Street where he lived over the Post Office.

"He was one of the group who formed the Maryland Agricultural Society which held its first exhibition in 1820 at the Fair grounds near Lexington Market.

"In October, 1824, the Maryland Agricultural Society arranged a special fair in honor of General Lafayette. Mr.

Skinner was the Chairman and later entertained the distinguished guest in his home.

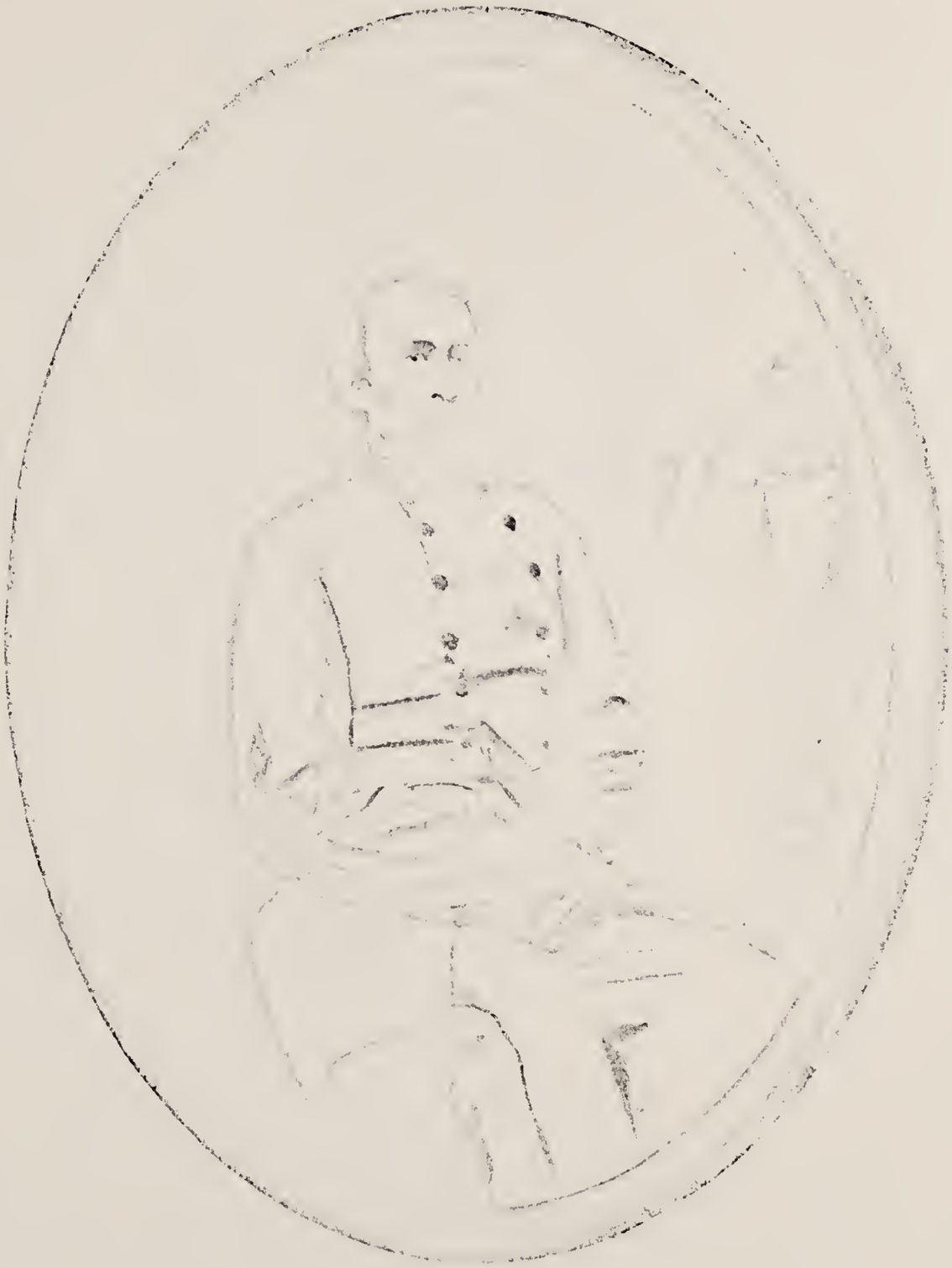
"It was Colonel Skinner's proud boast that his interest lay purely in the improvement of the breed of American horses, that he never bet a dollar on any horse race nor any living thing.

"He was interested in the first regular race course near Baltimore in 1820 on the Philadelphia Road, took active part in the proper development of Potter's Course which was built near Canton in 1823.

"In 1823 Mr. Skinner was one of the managers of an association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses; later that organization was merged into The Jockey Club with Colonel Skinner as Secretary."

FREDERICK GUSTAVUS SKINNER

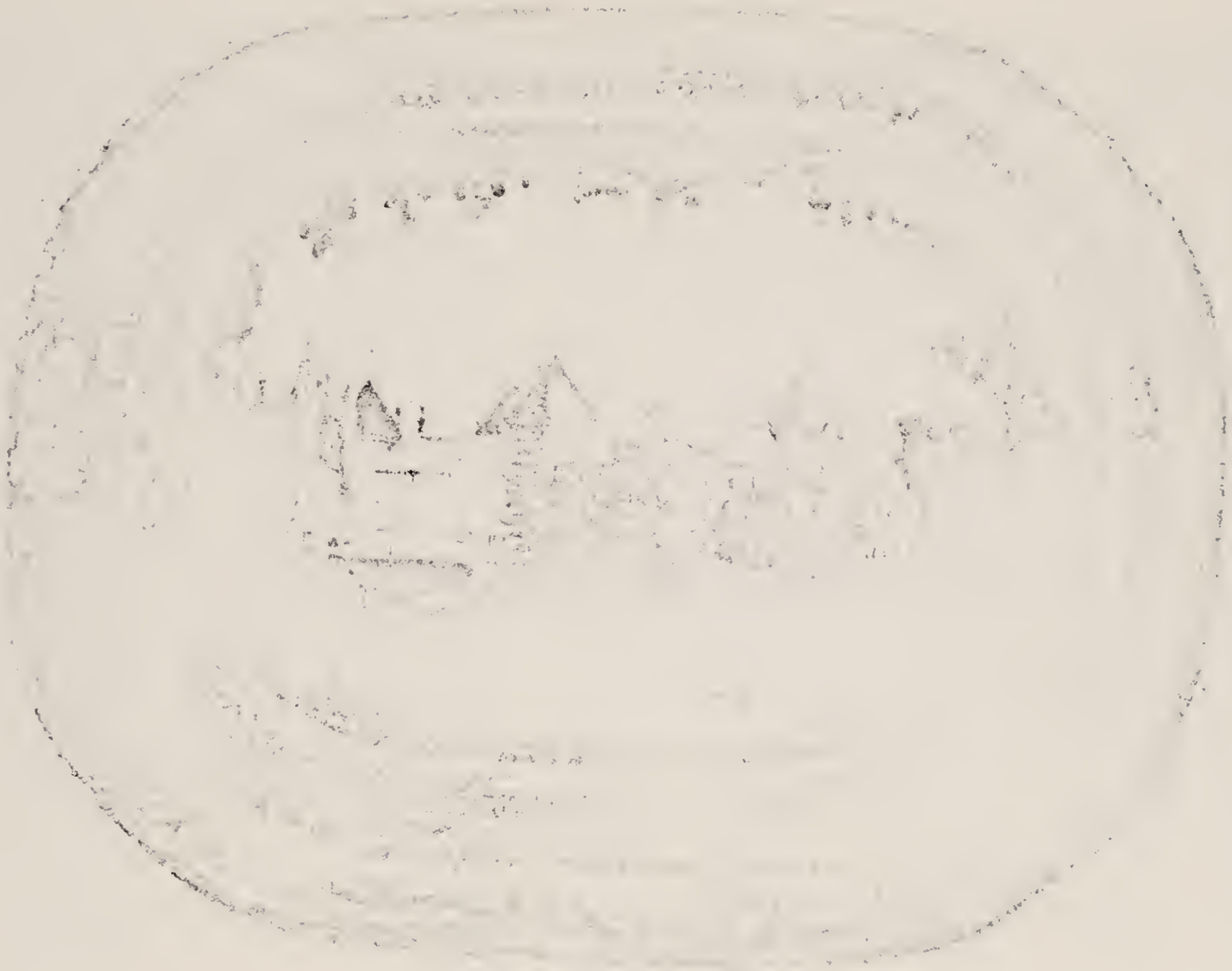
At 22 years of age — From a portrait painted in Baltimore, 1836, by the daughter of Rembrandt Peale



FREDERICK GUSTAVUS SKINNER
Colonel of the First Virginia Regiment, Confederate States of America

CHATEAU LA GRANGE — THE HOME OF GENERAL LAFAYETTE

One of the tower rooms in this Chateau was occupied for four years by Frederick Gustavus Skinner



THE LA GRANGE PLATTER

CHAPTER V

THE SECOND GENERATION

MY RESEARCH into the history of the Skinner family shows that Frederick Gustavus Skinner, the son of John Stuart Skinner, was a worthy successor to his father. Had he not hidden his identity under the intitals F. G. S., he would undoubtedly have become as well known a writer. The following pages will show he was first and foremost a sportsman in the truest sense. A lover of the Turf, he, like his father, never wagered a dollar on any horse. With the rod and gun he was careful to observe all the courtesies of the sport, both to his companions in the field and to the game they sought.

"A gentleman," he once told his grandson, "never shoots at a still, living target nor angles for a sluggish fish. Leave such practice, my son, to the ignoble pot-hunter."

It was through his persistent and energetic efforts that a law was passed in New York State making it illegal to dock horses' tails. He also protested vigorously against shooting live pigeons from traps.

In a word, Col. Fred Skinner was a soldier, a sportsman, a diplomat, a gentleman of the old school. I can find no better way to introduce this second generation of the Sporting Family than by quoting a letter written by Col. Skinner to Fred E. Pond, who was himself a famous writer on sporting subjects:

"Cincinnati Daily & Weekly Times
Cincinnati, Ohio
October 2, 1879.

"Fred E. Pond, Esquire.

"Your very kind letter of Sept. 11th has been entombed in my pocket for many days, and alas, I have no valid excuse to offer for my delay in answering it, but must lay the blame on that proverbial old thief, procrastination, which has stood in my way all my life.

"Of my father, the late John Stuart Skinner, you will find a slight biographical sketch in the American Encyclopaedia, but it does not refer to him as a Sportsman and his very strong proclivi-

ties in that direction. In the old *American Farmer,* the first agricultural serial published on this continent and of which he was the founder, he had a department devoted to sport which is today very interesting reading.

"After disposing of *The Farmer* for a large sum he founded the *American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine,* which like *The Farmer* was the first work of its kind published in this country. Like all southerners reared on the farm and plantation, my father was born with a love of field sports, but his passion was for foxhunting, and for many years he hunted regularly with the Baltimore and Washington City Hounds making frequent excursions to ride with the packs of his numerous friends in Maryland and Virginia.

"He always was superbly mounted on a weight-carrying thoroughbred, and always rode in the 'first flight' of the field. The services of the *Turf Register* were acknowledged by the breeders of thoroughbreds by the presentation to the Editor of a testimonial in the shape of a magnificent service of plate, to which Colonel Wade Hampton, father of the gallant Confederate General of that name, was the first subscriber.

"As for myself, I may exclaim with the knife-grinder, 'Lord, Sir! I have no story to tell!'

"My father took as much pains with my venatic as my literary education and I am sorry to say succeeded better with the first than the last. I could shoot, skate, swim and ride to hounds before I was out of my teens, and do so now when opportunity offers in my 65th year.

"When between 12 and 13, I was sent over to France and reared until my 17th year in General Lafayette's family, at the Castle of La Grange, where I became familiar with, and I may say an expert, in all the Gallic sports of the field, from the Royal Stag Hunt down to ferreting rabbits, and I did the same in England, and on the continent on a subsequent visit to Europe. And finally in a fourteen months residence in the land of the Pharoahs I became 'learned in all the (hunting) lore of the Egyptians.'

"My *literary* connection with field sports has not been extensive as at the termination of our Civil War, in which I am proud to say I gave my heart and energies to the Confederate cause, I found myself in New York still an invalid from wounds and broken-down in fortune. Then it was that I first put pen to paper to earn my daily bread. I was for several years the field editor of the *Turf, Field and Farm,* and I flatter myself gave the first

impulse which has lifted our field sports to their present high position in the estimation of the world. I started the first Bench Show which has added much to the value of the thoroughbred dog, of each species, and I first called attention to the value of certain breeds heretofore comparatively unknown in America.

"Leaving New York I came out here (Cincinnati) to pass my old age with my grandchildren, and rather than rust in idleness I have taken charge of the Field and Agricultural department of the Cincinnati *Times*. I am now waiting the summons from Gabriel's horn and in the meantime am teaching my 9-year-old grandson to follow as a sportsman the footsteps of his fathers.

Very truly yours,
F. G. Skinner"

To this personal information given of F. G. S. by himself, let me say in a word that the name of Colonel Skinner should go down for all time as the *one man* who brought about, through his writings for the *Turf, Field and Farm,* the first field trial, the first bench show of dogs, and the first international gun trials ever held in the United States.

My companion, John Hervey, on our trip to Schuylerville, called my attention to an interesting article in *The Horse Review,* January 6, 1915, written by Hamilton Busbey, who was chief editor of the *Turf, Field and Farm* from 1865–1903. He wrote of Colonel Skinner in an article headed:

"American Turf Journalism of the Past

"As a matter of course I did not know John Stuart Skinner who founded the *American Turf Register and the Sporting Magazine* in September, 1829, nor did I ever exchange words with William T. Porter, who established the *Spirit of the Times,* in 1831; but I lived to some extent in the reflected glory of these men. . . . In March 1866 Colonel Frederick G. Skinner, son of the founder of the *Register*, knocked at my door and strode with military bearing into the room. He explained he had come to New York to join in the struggle for his daily bread; and thought that the great need of our journal was a department of agriculture conducted by himself. After some discussion of terms he was added to the staff, and in the years that followed I heard so much of his father that I felt I had really met that remarkable man."

Mr. Busbey then tells of Colonel Skinner's early life, his visit to Lafayette, and concludes as follows:

"He commanded in the Civil War the First Virginia Regiment, C.S.A., and was made the hero of one of T. C. DeLeon's novels. After peace had come to a troubled land he came to New York. His knowledge of the world, of vintages, and gastronomy, with his polished manners, made him a welcome guest at exclusive tables. He was a charming writer and his Field Department was one of the widest read departments of the *Turf, Field and Farm.*"

Colonel Skinner's war record was brilliant. He was at the first battle of Bull Run, mounted on his thoroughbred charger "Fox," commissioned then as Major. As the day advanced, both the Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel of his regiment were put out of action, and Skinner soon found himself in command, promoted to Colonel for gallantry on the field. He served through two years of the war and at the second battle of Manassas, after killing a man with his French sword, he was unhorsed by two shots, the first in the chest, the second an explosive ball in his bridle arm. Late that night he was found lying in a furrow, unconscious from loss of blood, with his faithful horse "Fox" standing guard beside him. He was taken to a Richmond hospital where he suffered the loss of two ribs, and did not recover until some years after the close of the war.

In 1869 Colonel Skinner went as the agent of a leading firearms maker to Egypt and had nearly completed the sale of 30,000 rifles to the Egyptian Government when the order was stopped by command of the English Government. While in Egypt he became a friend of the Khedive who gave him a card granting him the freedom of Egypt, and a picture of his royal self which the family now has. A second photograph from those days shows the gallant Colonel Fred in Egyptian costume which he wore at one of the state balls in Cairo. On the back of the Khedive's photograph, in His Majesty's handwriting are the words:

"Presented to Colonel Skinner,
October 6, 1870."

Endeavoring to learn all I could about Colonel Skinner I wrote to Mr. Frank Gray Griswold, and from Bar Harbor, Maine, the 27th of July 1932, he advised me, writing a copy book hand in spite of his seventy-nine years:

"Dear Harry:

"I remember that Colonel Skinner was a celebrated fox hunter in the 70's and 80's, and unless I am mistaken he came to our kennels at Meadowbrook in '79 or '80 to see our hounds."

In his first volume of *Sport on Land and Water* Mr. Griswold tells us:

"In 1875-6 a few of us used to go to Hackensack, New Jersey, to join old Joe Donahue who had a few hounds with which he hunted foxes in the woodlands. He was very keen, hunted on foot until the hounds found a fox, then attempted to follow them in a buggy. He could find a fox more readily than any one I ever hunted with, but the woods were very thick and it was impossible to ride to hounds."

This Donahue pack on the edge of the Jersey Meadows at Hackensack was maintained partly through the subscriptions of Colonel Frederick Skinner who at that time was an ardent follower of the chase.

So, in addition to doing much for sport in Virginia, he helped support the Donahue pack where Mr. Griswold first became interested in the chase. From this start, shortly after in 1877, with Robert Center, William E. Peet and Belmont Purdy, Mr. Griswold established hounds at Meadowbrook, as a subscription pack.

Joe Donahue, while he hunted in a buggy, was a real "character," for we find in the New York *Sportsman,* November 11, 1876, the following notice:

"The famous New Jersey hounds of which Mr. J. Donahue, Sr. is owner and Master, will meet for the first time this season, Saturday, November 11, and in order to mark our appreciation of his public spirit and devotion of those gentlemen who will go to assist at that time, we have procured and published on the front page of this number a 'Foxhunting Scene' entitled 'On the Way to Cover.' "

On the Saturday previous to this hunt, Joe Donahue, Jr.'s Deadhead ran in a steeplechase against George Sutcliffe's Bullet, and was only just beaten. After the race there was an endeavor to get the steeplechase riders, young Donahue, Harry Blassom, George Sutcliffe, Pat Meany, and Tom Little, together and use their likenesses to make up a picture of the Donahue-New Jersey Hunt, but Old Joe objected strenuously:

"You are all wrong on this 'ere illustration of the hunt," he said. "My son Joe is well enough in his way but he can wait. Paddy Meany, he'll be riding steeplechasers in Ireland before you can bring it out. Harry Blassom doesn't belong to the hunt; neither does Sutcliffe nor Tom Little. Besides, for a proper picture of this hunt you must have age and substance, and dignity, especially the last and I'll be took myself."

They made fun of Old Joe and said that surely an artist would not want to draw a picture of a master of hounds mounted in a buggy. At this the old gentleman cried out:

"Buggy be damned! I mean to be drawed on Deadhead clearing a rail fence. The question is whether I shall be took in a scarlet coat or a green 'un."

In a later *Sportsman* there is an interesting article entitled, "Fox Hunting in New Jersey."

"The village of Hackensack was all alive at an early hour Thursday, December 30, 1876, the cause being a meet of fox-hunters in the neighborhood of this sporting rendezvous. Although it was not the first time that Hackensackians had feasted their eyes on the noble sportsmen arrayed in all the glory of top boots and breeches, (or as a contemporary puts it, 'swell huntsmen from the city attired in white canvas breeches, top boots and cut-away jackets'), it was by far the largest meet they had ever witnessed, being a holiday, and all with a taste for sport with the glory of war but 10% of its dangers, put in their appearance."

We learn that the master, having mounted his buggy, bump-jog-bumped his way to Sprout's woods, where a find was made.

Later it is recorded:

"Without much ado Joe Donahue dismounted from his buggy, gathered the pack together, and cheered them into cover. His

shrill voice echoing for miles around was enough to make the stoutest fox feel that his hour was come."

The steeplechaser on which Old Joe wanted to be shown in the painting was evidently a good deal of a horse; he was by Julius, dam Leisure, and Donahue, Jr., thought enough of him to send him up to the first meeting for races between the flags ever given at Newport, R. I., with George Peabody Wetmore, Fairman Rogers, and Henry S. Fearing as stewards, on September 8, 10, and 12, 1877.

That Colonel Fred Skinner accompanied Old Joe to this race, no one who knew the real friendship between these two fox-hunters will ever doubt.

In order to give my readers an idea as to how Colonel Skinner's writings were considered at the time his reminiscences appeared I quote from the *Turf, Field and Farm,* December 30, 1887, an article entitled, "A Holiday Greeting," by Old Dominion (W. C. Kennerly):

"After reading the Reminiscences of Colonel Skinner, what business have I boring your readers with anything from my pen?"

He continued:

"A long time ago, after Henry Clay had concluded one of his eloquent speeches from the portico of the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, to an immense concourse of people, there were loud calls for Sargent S. Prentiss who was known to be present.

"That prince of orators limped to the front, and after gracefully bowing, remarked that, 'When the royal eagle is soaring in mid-heaven, owls and bats should seek their caves.' Again bowing with the same grace he vanished from sight. And so Mr. Editor do I feel after reading the Reminiscences of that inimitable writer, that king of sportsmen, which have been appearing for some months in the columns of the *Turf, Field and Farm.*"

That Colonel Skinner's Reminiscences caused a great deal of interest among the sportsmen of America, the following by the Hon. Thomas A. Logan, ("Gloan") shows:

"Editors Turf, Field and Farm:

"I am another of those who would be delighted to have the Nestor of the field embody his reminiscences in a permanent form

and I know of several, yea, a very large number who hope that he will do so.

"Not only the sketches he has published, but the addenda he could make in the way of descriptions of guns, dogs, and game in his early days, would be most delightful. Those of us here who knew the Colonel while he made his residence in this city and vicinity, and who learned by pleasant experience how genial he is by nature, how charming in companionship and how sterling in character, would feel it a privilege to subscribe for a work which would be a souvenir, and which would serve to recall the presence of such a lovable and courteous gentleman.

"By all means let him write the book, a book which will be both a history and a precept. None can do it so well.

GLOAN"

This was written September 23, 1887, and I hope that if Heaven is to be perfect there will be a sporting library there so that "Gloan" can know that now, almost a half-century later, the pleasure of paying proper honor to this Nestor of the Turf and Field has been mine.

COMMODORE CHARLES MORRIS

THE BRANDYWINE

On the 8th of September 1825 after his triumphant tour of America from North to South, Lafayette sailed on the frigate Brandywine which was given the historic name in honor of the Battle of the Revolution in which Lafayette was wounded. This new ship was in charge of Commodore Charles Morris who was a great-grandfather of the late Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock.

The Naval authorities in selecting officers for the Brandywine chose them from as many different states as possible in compliment to The Marquis. Among them was David Glasgow Farragut who later emblazoned his name on the roles of Naval history by winning the Battle of Mobile in 1864. Admiral Farragut led the way up the bay on the battleship Hartford and when told to watch out for torpedoes rang the bell ahead with full speed with the words,—"Damn the torpedoes."

With Farragut was Matthew Fontaine Maury who later after being incapacitated by an accident from work at sea instigated the plan of charting the currents of the sea and the winds of the air. These charts in a few years saved the merchants and ship-owners of the United States over $2,000,000 a year and those of Great Britain over $10,000,000 a year. Maury also charted the bottom of the sea from Newfoundland to Ireland so that when S. F. B. Morse laid the American Cable he said:

"Maury furnished the brains, England gave the money and I did the work."

With these illustrious companions sailed the youthful Frederick Gustavus Skinner who had been given to Lafayette as a protege by his father. Young Skinner and Commander Morris on landing in France stayed with Lafayette at La Grange where in a few hours work the celebrated artist, Ary Scheffer painted a picture for Lafayette of the Commander which hung at La Grange and the copy which he presented to Mrs. Morris now hangs in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, founded through the generosity of W. W. Corcoran who married the only daughter of Commander and Mrs. Morris.

FERRET AND HARE

Drawn and engraved by John Scott, 1774–1827

CHAPTER VI

F. G. S. THROUGH HIS GRANDSON'S EYES

NOW, after a long diversion, let us return to the library at Schuylerville. The next interesting item in Mr. O'Connor's Skinner envelope was a letter from Frederick Stuart Greene to Fred E. Pond, editor of the *Sportsman's Review*, dated February 19, 1906. Mr. Greene, as the latter tells, is the grandson of Colonel F. G. Skinner, and is today Commissioner of Public Works for the State of New York; and, as Mr. O'Connor says in his letter, "no public servant has been so highly thought of as Colonel Greene."

The letter from Mr. Greene to Mr. Pond is as follows:

"151 West 28th Street,
New York
February 19, 1906.

"Mr. Fred E. Pond
"Dear Sir:

"Answering your letter of the 17th, I will send you three photographs of my grandfather, Colonel F. G. Skinner; the copy of the miniature, at 16, the war photograph and one in his later years. Just as soon as possible I will have the portrait of John S. Skinner photographed and will send you a copy.

"There is one incident in the life of John S. Skinner which we have always considered interesting. We are indebted to him for saving the words of the 'Star Spangled Banner.' The English warships were anchored in Chesapeake Bay, threatening to bombard Baltimore, and my great-grandfather was sent with Francis Scott Key to see if this bombardment could not be averted. After their council with the English admiral they started for shore in a small boat, but a fog came up and it was some little time before they reached shore, in fact, I believe they drifted about for the better part of the night. In the morning, as they neared Baltimore, my great-grandfather expressed the hope that our flag was still flying, whereupon Key took a small piece of paper from his pocket and dashed off the words of the 'Star Spangled Banner.' He passed them to John Skinner with the laughing request that he criticise the verses. My great-grandfather, being a literary man, at once saw the merit and strength of the verses and

returned them to Key with the remark that they were good, whereupon Key, in a laughing way, said that they were not good enough to keep, and was about to throw them overboard. This Mr. Skinner prevented, and the result was that these few words, written hastily on a piece of scrap paper in a small row boat have become our national song.

"There is also an incident in the life of my grandfather, Colonel Fred Skinner, which very clearly shows one of his strongest characteristics. At the age of 16 he was at the French Military Academy in Paris, under the protection of General Lafayette. Serious riots broke out in Paris which resulted in considerable fighting. General Lafayette was called on to take charge of the city's troops. Thinking of my grandfather, and remembering his excitable nature, the General sent a courier to the school to request the authorities to see that his protegé did not leave. The courier reached there at eight in the morning and was told that young Skinner had escaped at day break by climbing down a waterspout and the authorities of the school did not not know where he was. He was not found until six o'clock that evening, when he was discovered at one of the barricades fighting with an old musket which he had picked up. He was arrested and taken at once to General Lafayette's headquarters where he was kept in confinement until the riots had been quelled.

"A few days later he was given by George Washington Lafayette a long sword which he had picked up in the street on the day of the riots. This sword my grandfather afterwards used in the Confederate Army. It was the longest sword used on either side, and at the second battle of Manassas, while charging a battery, he killed three men with it. It is still in my possession, and is treasured as one of my most valued heirlooms.

"I think the readers of your paper would also be interested to know that at the age of 77 he rode in the fox hunt near Richmond, which they named after him, calling it the Fred Skinner Fox Hunt. This, I believe, was his last fox hunt, though there is no man in America who has ridden in more of them.

"Joe Donahue, whom you may remember as a race track hanger-on, having once been a jockey, told me that from 1870–1875 my grandfather attended some of the Long Island Hunts, but owing to some trouble with his leg was unable to ride at that time, and that he insisted upon making Donahue drive him across country in a Mineola cart.

"You are probably aware that as a young man my grandfather was sent to the court of Louis Phillipe as an attaché.

"I have, at home, a most interesting letter written by General Lafayette to my great-grandfather, thanking him for some animals and game he had sent over. In this letter the General regretted that a fine turkey gobbler died soon after reaching Paris, and said that he thought he was too near the wild state and requested that my grandfather send him over a turkey which had been domesticated for two or three generations.

"There are sufficient incidents in the lives of these two interesting men to make a series of articles. They were both prominent and when it is remembered that John S. Skinner cleared $115,000 with *The Plough, The Loom and the Anvil,* he must have been quite a good business man as well as a literary one, for $115,000 in those days was equivalent to a million at the present time.

Very truly yours,
Fred'k S. Greene"

This letter is instructive, and every one will be moved by the story of the authorship of the "Star Spangled Banner." Of the pictures mentioned, all three are in this volume. The sword shown in the military picture is that with which the men were killed at the second battle of Manassas.

The readers of this work will be interested to know that on July 1, 1926, Mr. Greene sailed from New York to visit La Grange, the home of General Lafayette in France, where his grandfather had passed so many happy days. This was Colonel Greene's third visit to France, his first visit having been as a boy of eight with his grandfather. Before starting this last trip he wrote, referring to his boyhood visit in 1878:

"We had been invited by the Lafayette family to visit them at La Grange, and were getting ready to leave Paris when we learned that the entire family had gone to England to attend the wedding of the Count de Lasteyrie. I was of course, terribly disappointed.

"While in Paris my grandfather put me in school at 10 Rue Saint Roch and at that time two of General Lafayette's grandchildren, Oscar Lafayette and the Countess du Beaumont, were alive and interested in this school. I was a very homesick boy and when my grandfather had to go to Brussels, as he frequently did, these two took me to their Paris homes.

"My grandfather, up to his death maintained a general correspondence with the family of General Lafayette. He told me

often of the Lafayette ancestral home, a fortified chateau, with its moat and portcullis, and now, forty-eight years later I am going back. Count de Lasteyrie, who now owns La Grange is asking us to visit him to make up for the disappointment I received as a little boy of eight, and just so there can be no question of identity I am going to take with me my letter of introduction—the letter Count de Lafayette wrote my great grandfather on the occasion of his son leaving France for West Point."

Colonel Skinner made a constant companion of his grandson. In one of his letters from Egypt he expressed a keen desire to return to America so that he might see his grandson, born during his absence. Later he taught him to sit in the saddle, hold the reins, shoot a gun and kill a bird on the wing, bait a hook and throw a fly.

In 1878 the Colonel took his eight-year-old grandson to Europe with him to visit the Lafayette family, but as they were out of town the boy stayed at a boarding school while his grandfather went on business trips to Belgium and other European countries. The youngster was taken ill and became unhappy and lonely. In his writings Colonel Skinner speaks of his friendship with "Prince Hal" Dulany of Virginia, who happened to be in Paris at that time and who, learning that his old friend's grandson was ill, immediately went to the school, carried the boy to his own apartments and nursed him back to health, keeping him there until his grandfather returned.

At the death of the Marquis de Lafayette, Colonel Skinner was appointed by President Jackson as United States envoy to carry messages of condolence from the United States Government to the family of the Marquis and the French Government. He was afterwards appointed a member of the Commission to pass on the monument to Lafayette which now stands in Washington in the park opposite the White House.

On account of the great regard for his father, felt throughout America, and respect for himself as a sportsman, as well as his sterling character as a man, Colonel Skinner was sought to judge leading livestock exhibitions—and as the official card here shows, was honored by being asked to pass on the exhibits at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876.

UNITED STATES
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION
PHILADELPHIA
Opening May 10th. Closing Nov. 10th.
1876
COMPLIMENTARY
Col. Skinner.
Judge.
Live Stock.

JNO. WELSH, Pres. Board of Finance. A. T. GOSHORN, Director-General. JOS. R. HAWLEY, Pres. U. S. Centennial Comm.

As one more insight into the character of "F. G. S.", I have learned that he was a continuous and omnivorous reader. His taste in literature was catholic, it included about everything found in the libraries of his day. Of course books on sport he eagerly devoured, but to this must be added Shakespeare, all the Victorian as well as the then modern French novelists, books on science, natural history, exploration, in short every kind of book he could procure.

His memory was remarkable, even until his last days he could and did quote from books he had read as a boy. This wide knowledge is shown in some measure in the Colonel's reminiscences, which make up the greater part of this volume. Here, in addition to his wide reading, we discover that he wandered all over Eastern America and a considerable part of Western Europe; as Major Livingston Mimmes of Georgia once said: "Colonel Skinner had roamed with Romulus and reamed with Remus."

CHAPTER VII

TRAILING THE OLD SPORTSMAN'S DESCENDANTS

AFTER my long and hard task to locate descendants of John Stuart Skinner, the reader can well appreciate my feeling of joy at starting in October, 1932 to visit Colonel and Mrs. Frederick Stuart Greene at Rensselaerville, New York.

At the Hudson River opposite Albany, I was held up on account of a gigantic bridge which was in the process of construction. Crossing at last, I wended my way up the street to halt in front of the splendid State Office Building, towering thirty-four stories above the attractive park which separates this skyscraper from the State Capitol. This great edifice was erected for offices and halls for meetings of those who have to do with the Government of the State.

Entering the building we were ushered into the private office of Colonel Greene, who as head of the Department of Public Works is responsible for the Canals, Highways, Engineering, Architecture and Public Buildings of New York State. Under his direction as much as one hundred millions of dollars have been expended in a year. The grand bridge where we were held up and the beautiful building in which Colonel Greene's office is located were both erected under his supervision.

Our greeting over, we left the building and were soon speeding through one of Albany's lovely parks. After a few miles we saw before us a great wall of hills which looked exceedingly formidable, and which, Colonel Greene informed me, was the Indian Ladder. This we skirted and sped still upwards until arriving at a tableland about 1700 feet above sea level. We then ran some ten or twelve miles through beautiful country, far more open than anything in Massachusetts; wonderfully well watered with streams and ponds, and in the distance stood clearly the blue peaks of the Catskills.

Before a first visit to a friend one often forms an idea of his home and the country roundabout; but never would it be possible for anyone to foretell where and under what manner of roof Colonel Greene lived. In my many trips over America never have

I seen a more picturesque village than Rensselaerville, over which the Huyck family have held sway for three generations.

The main street of Rensselaerville runs parallel to a turbulent river which boils down its rocky bed, leaping from ledge to ledge, not a hundred yards away; and the rushing waters give forth an alluring, dronelike roar heard all over the village.

My host, who had come from Long Island to take care of the important Department of Public Works some twelve years before, had been guided to Rensselaerville by Mr. Edmund Huyck of the family whose forbears had been manufacturers of felt, and generation after generation had carried the business to ever greater success. This family has always had a deep pride in the village as well as a fond interest for its inhabitants, so much so that they bought up some hundreds of acres in the vicinity, laid out trails and bridle-paths through the woods; developed the streams and lakes, and as far as possible had friends buy and live in the old places. To further and perpetuate the memory of Edmund Niles Huyck an endowment fund has been set aside so that the large preserve may be properly kept up.

Colonel Greene had bought a charming cottage made over from a building formerly used as the village blacksmith shop. It stands just below a grist mill where even today corn and wheat are ground daily for the country roundabout. The blacksmith shop, with its big windows, huge rafters, and odd-shaped rooms worked into a home which any artist would envy.

After a glance at the quaint house our charming hostess, Mrs. Greene, took us in a motor a few miles away to their summer camp on Lincoln Pond, a part of the Huyck holding. The way out led by a beautiful bit of water, Lake Myosotis, with green fields beside it. Kept in perfect order by the Huyck family are fields with tables, settees, etc., for picnic parties, access to which is freely had by all who venture there.

The camp too was unique. Only one story, it had a fine gallery, looking out upon the lake, where the dining table was placed. Not far off was the little training stable of two box

stalls and a tackroom on the edge of a quarter-mile steeplechase course where our host's son, Francis Thornton Greene, made his "chasers," before he went to his father's place in Virginia.

Entering the big living room, Mrs. Greene showed me a high, mahogany writing desk on which John Stuart Skinner had, with unwearied pen, written those editorials and pages which spurred the tiller of the soil, and the breeder of blood horses, to greater activity and more solid success.

Next to the President of the United States, to John Jacob Astor and one or two other leaders, no man in America was more widely known and respected in his day than John Stuart Skinner; and the following letter from Daniel Webster (found in the archives of the Greene family) shows that the great Statesman wrote to John Skinner, as one friend to another, and not as the greatest statesman and lawyer of America to the editor of an agricultural paper.

"New York, Nov. 4, 1840

"Dear Sir:

"I have looked through the 4th and 5th Nos. of the Farmer's Library and think I ought to take this occasion to express my sense of the value of the whole work. The plan is comprehensive and excellent, and the execution thus far successfully carried out. In my opinion the work ought to be distributed by the various Agricultural Societies, to the end that practical knowledge may be diffused, and a spirit of inquiry and improvement awakened among young farmers.

"There are two things which you appear to bear in mind, and which I think of great importance. The first is that as you republish largely from European writers, your readers should be constantly reminded that differences of climate and soil demand always, with us, well considered modifications of European practice, in most branches of Agriculture. A too close imitation of the modes adopted in other countries would often be quite injurious here. In addition to differences of soil and climate, the higher rate of wages, which, fortunately for the general good, exists with us, must itself make a material change in all Agricultural calculations.

"The second thing, which I would presume to suggest, is the importance of laying your stores of information before your

THE QUEENS COUNTY HUNT

In and out over the Jericho road. Frank Gray Griswold, Master — October, 1892. The first organized pink coat hunt in the U. S. (F. G. G.) From Sporting Incidents — Painted by W. S. Vanderbilt Allen

COLONEL THORNTON

From the painting by P. Reinegle, R.A., and S. Gilpin, R.A., showing the Colonel roebuck shooting in the forest of Glenmore with his twelve barrel rifle. The picture was painted in 1796

To Francis Thornton jun. Gent

Given under my hand and the seal of the Colony at Williamsburg this 12th day of August in the 16th year of his Majesty's Reign Anno Dom 1742.

William Gooch

APPOINTMENT OF FRANCIS THORNTON, JR.

GENERAL VAN RENSSELAER

readers in the plainest possible language. Many valuable treatises are to general readers, nothing but a sealed book, from the use of technical words and phrases. I may say this without disrespect to the intelligence or learning of farmers in general, since it is certainly my case. Scientific works on Agriculture must be abridged, explained, interpreted, translated out of technical language into our common mother tongue, or else their utility must always be in a great degree lost to the great body of actual farmers. Most of us are not chemists, for instance, and do not understand the technical language of that science; and the improvements in agriculture, which are every day resulting from chymical experiments, should be so stated, if possible, so that all may understand and apply them.

"With the best wishes for the continued success of your valuable labors, I am, dr. Sir,

Your ob. Servant,
Dan'l. Webster.

to Mr. J. Skinner, Esq."

In one of the bookcases was a set of *The Plough, The Loom and The Anvil,* and nine volumes of the fifteen of *The Turf Register.* As I looked at these priceless products of the pen of John S. Skinner, seated in the chair by the desk he had written on for years, I thought of how some fifteen years before, in endeavoring to complete my set of *The Turf Register,* I spent a few days in Baltimore, and was able to pick up only three or four of the early volumes at the old book stores. But nowhere (at the Public Library or elsewhere) could I find a trace of John S. Skinner or his descendants. Any question I put to sportsmen at the Maryland Club as to this distinguished writer brought no word of help. Finally, when Francis Byron Culver, of Baltimore, in 1922 published his *Blooded Horses of Colonial Days,* I opened correspondence with him and endeavored to solicit his aid in my Skinner research, but to no avail.

My heart leaped with joy to think that on this lovely autumn day I was with his great grandson, actually sitting at the famous writer's desk, and with a night and day before me in which to listen to stories of John S. Skinner and his distinguished son, Frederick G. Skinner. Also, from the archives, to read those

priceless historical human documents, which showed alike the culture and refinement of both men and their unselfish desire to lead the farmer and sportsman of America to higher levels.

Over the entrance door to the big room hung the great cavalry sabre presented to Colonel Skinner by the Marquis de Lafayette in honor of the young man's bravery shown in the Paris Revolt. Made in Paris, it bore the date, August 1814, the name of the maker being concealed by the hilt. The blade was thirty-eight inches long and surely made from Damascus steel, for when I took it in my hands and placed the point in the floor I was able to bow it to a great extent, and always it sprang back, perfectly straight, a quality found only in blades made from the best of steel. As noted elsewhere this was Colonel Skinner's sword of attack and defense throughout the war betwen the states.

On the wall was the portrait of Colonel Skinner in his Southern uniform, sword in hand. At that time the Colonel was forty-seven; with his sparkling eye and drooping mustache, he was the beau ideal of such a cavalry leader as "Ouida" made the heroes of her romances. The photograph is tinted to show the gold braid on the Colonel's arm and the Confederate Gray of the uniform which every chivalrous man of the South felt honored to wear. As I looked at the likeness into my mind floated the words of Bret Harte in "Her Letter," describing the father of "Old Follansbee's Daughter," "The Lily of Poverty Flat":

"If you saw papa's picture, as taken by Brady, and tinted at that—"

and I wanted to tear the paper from the back to see if Colonel Fred's wartime photograph was "taken by Brady, and tinted at that."

Both the camp and cottage were full of interesting pictures and pieces of furniture such as are always found where the forebears have been among the eminent people of their time; and surely Colonel Fred and his father had in literature, sport, adventure and war, on both sides of the Atlantic played leading parts upon the stage of life.

In one bedroom was a beautiful combination writing-desk and chest of drawers, of Santo Domingo mahogany, which has been in the family since 1812. Resting upon it, upheld by four brass feet, was a miniature chest of drawers with a shaving mirror above, which had always, within Colonel Greene's memory, stood on this mahogany chest.

Mrs. Greene, wishing to take advantage of the daylight, started us back toward the village where we walked up the main street and took a path which led us beside the noisy waters to what remained of an old dam, and there we saw the foundation of the first felt mills built in America and from which the fortune of the Huyck family had sprung.

Colonel Greene told us that in olden times, along the fifteen miles of falling water which extended below, some thirty water-wheels had turned. Mr. Huyck had flung a bridge across the stream at the site of the felt mill and, as one looks up the stream, he sees the silvery water dashing down in a cascade from two hundred feet above. Bounded by the green of the trees, the beauty of this lovely stream took me back to the fountain at the Wilhelmshohe, at Cassel, Germany. The latter, however, made by man, is far less lovely and impressive than that which lay before me, the work of God!

Now, leaving the natural beauty of Rensselaerville, we will take up again the trail of the descendants of John Stuart Skinner, of whom I learned much from my host. Naturally, he showed a feeling of pride in both John S. and Frederick G. Skinner, and also in Martha Stuart Thornton, who married Colonel Skinner in 1840. She was the daughter of Dr. Philip Thornton, a direct descendant of William Thornton, Gentleman of Yorkshire, England, who settled in York County, Virginia, now Gloucester County, in 1643. Colonel William Thornton, called "The Planter," was known as the progenitor of the "Rappahannock Thorntons" of Montpelier. The old Manor House, Montpelier, still stands near Sperryville, in what is known as the "F. T. (Francis Thornton) Valley." Thornton's Gap, through the Blue Ridge, was named for Colonel William Thornton, and

Mary's Rock, overlooking the Gap, was named for his sister, who was the first white woman ever to climb that dizzy eminence.

In our old American turf history the name Thornton ranks among the F. F. V.'s and Colonel Francis Thornton, Colonel Presley Thornton and Peter Presley Thornton were included in the list of Importers, Breeders and Sportsmen in Virginia before the Revolution. Colonel Francis Thornton's mare ran in the celebrated Sweepstakes, for fifty pistoles, December 1752, four miles over the Gloucester Course, against Colonel Byrd's Trial, Colonel Tayloe's imported mare, Jenny Cameron, and his imported horse, Childers, and Colonel Tasker's Selima (from Maryland), which won the race.

At that time Virginia, "Famous for her horses as well as her great Statesmen, furnishes the names of Colonels Tayloe, Byrd, Thornton and others who frequently contended against Maryland for the supremacy of the turf. George Washington, was a great admirer of fine horses and loved speed contests. During the early 'seventies' he came up regularly for the races at Annapolis, attended the theater, and the balls given on those occasions and was hospitably entertained by the social leaders of the town."

"In 1768 Francis Thornton's Merryman ran second in a race of two heats over a 'Ground, by fair measurement, full four miles.' "

Colonel Frederick G. Skinner, who married the granddaughter of this Francis Thornton, was revered by all, young and old alike, and we are told that he had:

"A figure that attracted swift attention whenever duty brought him to Richmond. He was a Colonel of that fine regiment, The First Virginia, which August, Mumford and Williams had before commanded. Immensely tall, great-bone, and of tremendous strength his grave, intellectual face swept by a drooping grey mustache made this soldier a marked man in any throng. Cadet of an old Virginia family, he was still a thorough Frenchman in many regards."

His daughter at the time of the Civil War, wrote of her father:

"At Manassas my father killed three men with his sword after receiving the bullet of each. He was so magnanimous that

one night when I thought him dying, and I was feeling such bitter resentment, as though in response to my thoughts he opened his eyes and said,

" 'I hated to kill those brave men. How splendidly they stood by their guns.' "

Colonel Frederick Skinner had two children, a son, Thornton, who fought all through the War Between the States, and was one of Jefferson Davis' bodyguard when the President of the Confederate States was captured; and a daughter, Elise Glenn Davies Skinner, who married Thomas Tileston Greene, of Montgomery, Alabama, a Major in the twenty-second Alabama Regiment, C. S. A. The result of this union of Major Greene and Elise Skinner was two children, Isabel Elliott Greene, a noted beauty whose likeness appeared in "Belles, Beaux and Brains of the 60's," by T. C. DeLeon, showing a charming woman, with a poise of head, neck and shoulders bespeaking the thoroughbred. The other child was a son, my host, Colonel Frederick Stuart Greene, who earned his title in the World War. He, though forty-seven (the same age at which his grandfather entered the Confederate Army), volunteered and served in France with the 302nd Engineers of the 77th Division.

To further trace the pedigree of this family, let it be known that John Stuart Skinner married the step-daughter of Chancellor Bland of Maryland, another family famous in colonial history, and this letter from him to the mother of his lady love shows that he was not lacking in the charming courtesy of that period.

"Sunday morn, —19th Sept.
1811

"Madam:

"I have been wishing for an opportunity of informing you in person of my attachment to your daughter. I should have done this in the commencement of my attentions to her but was restrained by certain prudential considerations having relation to her interest and which I am willing to explain to you. In the meantime I have addressed myself to her and she has referred me to you—Shall I have the happiness to obtain your consent?

"I have taken the liberty of writing you this note to request of you the favor to mention the subject in my name to Mr. Bland before he leaves here for Annapolis. In the course of conversation with which I hope you will favor me today, I am ready to make every necessary explanation with that frankness and unreserve which become an occasion so deeply interesting to yourself, to her, and to

Yours respectfully,
J. S. Skinner.

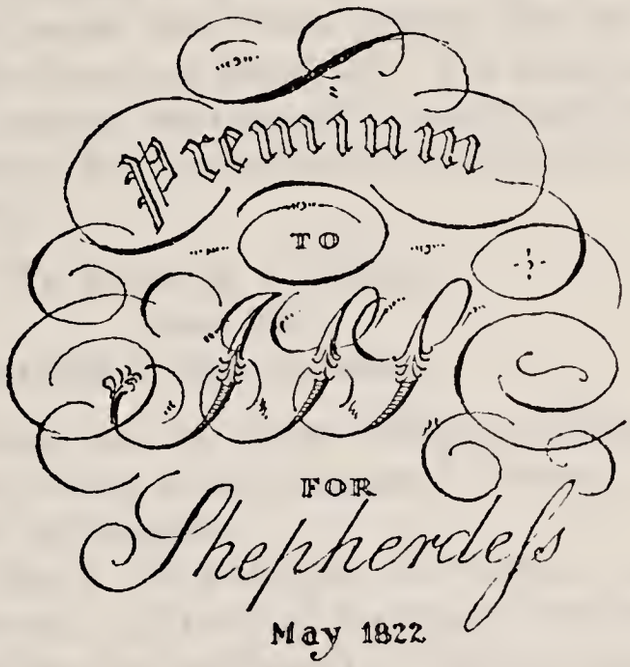
To:—
Mrs. Theodoric Bland."

After our walk through the village, while dressing for dinner, I felt that I should, in honor of John Stuart Skinner and Colonel Fred, have attired myself in the pink evening coat of the Grafton Hunt, with its red velvet collar, white waistcoat, gold buttons and black satin shorts, for in the Piedmont Valley, which Colonel Skinner loved so well, I as Master of the Grafton Hounds had hunted them on to victory over the pack of Middlesex-English Foxhounds; my crack horse in the match was The Cad, who bore me to victory in the Champion Steeplechase of 1900. The Cad was a descendant of Diomed, Sir Archy, Timoleon and the other historic blood horses that John Stuart Skinner loved to write about. But this coat of the chase was at Lordvale so I was obliged to put on my sombre dinner jacket.

During dinner I noticed that the silver was most unusual, extremely heavy, and of a different fashion from any I had ever seen. All the flat silver bore the Skinner crest,—a griffon's head with a hand, couped, held in the griffon's beak. My host explained the word "couped" means cut off, and the use of such a hand in a crest came from an ancient Scotch custom. A legend of that hardy country has it that when a warrior of olden times found himself faced by hopeless odds, he cut off his left hand, hurled it within the ranks of the enemy and followed the severed hand to his death. The Skinners were of Scotch origin.

Gracing the center of the table was a silver salver with an intricately designed border of rose blossoms, daisies and forget-

me-nots; the legs of this salver represented the cloven feet of a sheep. In the center, within a scroll was the inscription:



This inscription shows that John S. Skinner's wife was as much interested and successful in livestock as was her famous husband.

All of this Skinner silver was made by Sam'l Kirk, who for years was the master silversmith of Baltimore, if not of this country. On account of the unusualness of design, I sent one of the spoons to Samuel Kirk & Son, the present day successors of the original Sam'l, and they advised me that the assayer's stamp (which appeared on all this silver) was required in Maryland from 1814 to 1830, that each year the assayer adopted a dominical letter for his stamp. The President of the firm wrote:

"The Skinner silver was made in 1828, and to that date all our work was hand forged. The pattern was known as the old thread design, which we brought out in that year."

He also sent me a picture of two Lafayette goblets which his firm had made for the General in 1824, for him to present to David Williamson, a prominent resident of Baltimore, who had entertained him at his Country Seat, "Lexington."

After dinner I was shown a most interesting relic—a brief-case of brown leather, beautifully embossed with gold border, lined with watered silk, arranged with leaves to separate the writing paper, and an inner pocket for private papers. The case could be fastened by a gold chased and plated lock. The keyhole, differing from the usual pattern, was triangular, which made the picking of the lock difficult. Across the front of the brief-case, tooled in gold, was inscribed:

"To Frederick G. Skinner
from his
Paternal Friend, Lafayette."

Within the portfolio was the letter written by Lafayette to John Stuart Skinner whom he had appointed a trustee for the Florida lands given by Congress.

Few appreciate that it was Lafayette, the farmer, in France and Skinner, the farmer, in Maryland that made them kin. The Marquis was one of the first landowners in France to farm scientifically; and in his day people came from all over France and from abroad to inspect his farm and appliances. His cattle were yearly winners at the great Shows. When he returned from exile in 1800 he spent his declining years at La Grange, the grand old castle standing in a park among trees, some of the rare specimens planted by Lafayette himself. Up one of the walls creeps a noble old ivy planted there by the great Whig statesman, Charles James Fox, when he visited Lafayette in 1802 after the Treaty of Amiens opened France again to British visitors. Near the chateau still stand two trees from America. Though the record is not clear, it is thought these now large and tall trees were sent to the General by John Stuart Skinner.

To show the strong friendship that Lafayette had for his friend in Baltimore, there follows the letter from the Marquis to the editor of the *Record:*

"La Grange, April 28, 1831.

"My dear Sir:

"I congratulate you on the Happy meeting between you all, and to Mrs. Skinner, Theodoric, and General Bernard and refer

you for all news from this side of the Atlantic. Nothing but the thought of a reunion of the family can atone for the regrets to be parted from your dear Lady and her young Son. To my beloved Frederic I beg you to say everything that is affectionate and paternal.

"Gen. Bernard is acquainted with the low state of affairs respecting the claims. He will inform you of my ideas upon the sale of the Florida lands. This new revolution has not enriched me. It becomes necessary to our arrangements to dispose of a great additional part of my stock or loan on the bank, and as I would replace the whole of it as soon as possible, there follows an obligation speedily to sell Florida lands, reserving, however, a body of six or seven thousand acres in the more eligible situation to to become the property forever of myself and family. You have found in Mr. Graham's papers the convention made with European speculators for the conditional sale of 3000 acres to be cultivated by free white hands. The sooner the remainder is sold the better it would be, considering the interest I am to pay.

"My son is greatly obliged to Mr. Barry with whom we have had the pleasure of more agreeable personal acquaintance. I hear his son contemplates coming to France. Anything in my power to forward his purpose will be much at his service. It is superfluous to say, my dear Sir, how much pleased and even grateful I have felt on hearing of the just confidence the President and the Postmaster-General are reposing in you.

"Should you take a trip to France, how happy I would be to show you my farm! Remember me to our friends in Baltimore and Washington.

Most affectionately,
Your friend,
Lafayette.

to Mr. J. S. Skinner"

I am also inserting two letters, dated Monticello, November 12, 1824, and Washington, August 27, 1825, written to J. S. Skinner by Lafayette; these were brought to my attention by Judge Walter P. Gardner, President of the American Friends of Lafayette. The letters were written while Lafayette was the guest of the United States on his memorable final tour of our country.

"Monticello, November 12, 1824.

"My dear Sir:

"Your kind letter has found me at Mr. Jefferson's Seat, from which I am to go for a few days at Mr. Madison's, Monpelier. I am engaged at Orange Court House, Fredericksburg, and Washington, before I can hope to attend the Agricultural Meeting. You see I cannot this time contemplate the journey to * * *, Annapolis or Fredericktown. The question for me is how I can manage to reach the Exhibition near Baltimore before the last day, after which I must visit General Washington's family as are at Mount Vernon and be returned at Washington City the first or second of December. It is not therefore this time I can indulge the desire to see my friends at Baltimore, to partake of the Masonic Dinner, etc. Be pleased to let me know what is the conclusive day and the place of Exhibition, which, I understand is at some distance from Baltimore on the Washington side. Your answer would reach me at Montpelier, Orange County, in the first days of the next week. I hope my Baltimore friends will excuse me not to indulge my eagerness to spend some days with them.

"Pressed as I am with pre-engagements and a sense of duty towards the members of both Houses of Congress before they are taken up by business, they will do justice to my Baltimorean feelings and be assured I highly value the enjoyment of their most agreeable and affectionate society. Receive yours, dear sir, my best acknowledgment and regard.

LAFAYETTE.

John Stuart Skinner
Baltimore, Md."

"Washington, 27th August 1825.

"I have just returned from my Virginia visits, excepting Mount Vernon; there I must go—dine on Thursday with Comodore Morris, and a large company on the sixth of September, my birthday, at the President's house. I leave the seat of the United States Government the next day, seventh, to meet the Brandywine at the nighest place on the 8th. You see how few days remain for me at Washington City, where I have several things to do, yet it grieves me to the heart to leave this shore before I have paid one more visit to my Baltimore friends. I expect to hear from you.

Believe me forever,
Your affectionate friend
LAFAYETTE.

to Mr. J. S. Skinner"

The next day was bright with sunshine on the red maple leaves as I looked out my window; and, I am frank to say, that morning was one of the few in my lifetime when I preferred to stay indoors and worship the memory of Colonel Fred and John Stuart Skinner, rather than enjoy the lovely world outdoors.

The reader has heard elsewhere of young Frederick Skinner staying with the Lafayette family at La Grange. Once while he was domiciled there Sir Walter Scott made a pilgrimage thither to visit Lafayette, and the latter told the Bard of Abbotsford how interested the boy, then fifteen years old, was in the author's Waverley novels. This greatly pleased Sir Walter. "I think there's one," he said, "that you haven't read: 'The Antiquarian.' "

"Oh yes! Sir Walter, I have!" answered the young American, and immediately quoted a paragraph from one of the stirring parts of the novel.

Colonel Greene showed me a most interesting letter written from France by Colonel Skinner. As foreign postage was expensive in those days, the young man wrote on the first page to his father, on the second to his mother, and on the third to his brother. In the portion written to his father he asked that he procure a young thoroughbred for him, have him broken and ready for his return, which shows that in his early days he was a lover of the blood horse.

It is difficult without a diary to follow Colonel Skinner's travels and adventures year after year. We know that he went abroad and on his return, his father, aided by the President of the United States, secured for him an entrance to West Point. After staying there for about a year he was given an appointment as military attache to the court of Louis Philippe, where he remained for a number of seasons, making a splendid impression with his unfailing courtesy and extraordinary command of the English and French languages.

After leaving the legation he made a tour of the Continent and enjoyed himself through partaking of field sports in the different countries he visited.

* * *

Grant me yet another word about Rensselaerville. The land for miles about this quaint Dutch village—originally known as "The Manor of Rensselaer Wyck," (1791)—was owned by the first *Patroon* Van Rensselaer, who secured it by grant from the "West India Company." For years the Van Rensselaer family held possession, having all the rights and powers exercised by the *Patroons,* or *Lords,* of the many feudal Manors then existing in Holland.

It is an interesting coincidence that the great grandson of John Stuart Skinner should have selected this out-of-the-way, northern village as his home, for General Steven Van Rensselaer, son of the original Patroon, and Colonel John Stuart Skinner were firm friends. This I learned from reading the *Monthly Journal of Agriculture* in which, speaking of a journey made by the General, I found:

"He called on the writer of these remarks, (then conducting the old *American Farmer,* John Stuart Skinner), as was his wont in passing through Baltimore to and fro between Albany and Washington, to converse on his favorite topic, agriculture."

CHAPTER VIII

THE FOURTH AND FIFTH GENERATIONS

BUT little is said in this volume of the third generation of this unusual family as, unfortunately, their love for sport had to be foregone because of financial stress; the fortunes of the Skinners, the Thorntons and the Greenes having been swept away by the Civil War. Like so many who loved their native South, the resources of these three families were converted as far as possible into Confederate bonds which, after Appomattox, became but worthless, sad reminders of the Lost Cause.

Both of Colonel Fred Skinner's children were good horsemen and foxhunters, his daughter, Elise, especially so; she is said to have been the only woman (girl, in reality) who could ride the Colonel's spirited hunter, Fox. His son, Thornton, enlisted in the Confederate Army at the age of fifteen.

Elise's husband, Thomas Tileston Greene, was a fine shot and, like all Southern boys, was at home in the saddle, but he lived in Alabama where foxhunting was unknown. As was the Southern custom before the war, Thomas Greene made the grand tour of Europe. He journeyed, however, to more lands than the usual path prescribed, and it is on record that while in Russia he took part in one of their national shooting contests at St. Petersburg, which he won by an unusually high score. This was a live pigeon match, and that the young American defeated all contestants is proof of his ability as a sportsman with the shotgun. His father, Joseph B. Greene, owned for many years a racing stable and his colors were seen not only on the courses of Charleston, Montgomery and Mobile, but he raced during several seasons at Saratoga.

Following Lee's surrender in 1865, it was fourteen long years before the son, the granddaughter and the great-grandchildren of John Stuart Skinner, then all living together at Fernbank, Ohio, could afford the pleasure of hearing the neigh of their own horse, sounding from their own stable.

On my return from Rensselaerville, I took pains to look up for my own satisfaction Colonel Greene's record as a public official, and found in an article in the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, March 29, 1936, an enlightening synopsis of his character:

"The man who has spent more of the people's money than any engineer in the history of civilization, sits in the State Office Building, Albany. Sometime this year, the official record will show that Colonel Frederick Stuart Greene, State Superintendent of Public Works, has spent one billion dollars of taxpayers' money. To date it is $959,000,000, just $41,000,000 to go to the billion mark.

"Beside this enormous expenditure, the Panama Canal, the Hoover Dam, the Suez Canal, and other great engineering feats, sink into comparative obscurity of money actually spent."

Elsewhere I learned that the Colonel began work as a civil engineer, starting as a levelman for the Georgia Central Railroad. He was named Commissioner of Public Works by Governor Smith in 1919, on his return from the World War, after the Armistice.

On Sundays and holidays, Colonel Greene used to write, evidently following in the footsteps of his grandfather. One of his early stories, "Stictuit," appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and he was a frequent contributor to the *Century*, the *Metropolitan* and to *McClure's*. "The Cat of the Cane-Brake," *Metropolitan*, August, 1916, was ranked by Edward J. O'Brien as a leader in over two thousand stories appearing that year, and has been reprinted in short story anthologies no less than seven times.

One of the Colonel's outstanding narratives appeared in a book of short stories edited by Blanche Colton Williams, Ph.D., instructor in short story writing, Columbia University. It is entitled: "Molly McGuire, Fourteen," and is a thrilling story about the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va.

At the time of my visit to Rensselaerville, Mrs. Greene confided to me that for many years she had had a great desire to live in the South; this desire was naturally shared by Colonel Greene who, through his grandfather, had many associations in Lexington, the Piedmont Valley and Warrenton. They also wanted a

home in the South in order that they might bring back to their native habitat the lovely old furniture, portraits and silver inherited from the Thorntons and the Skinners. After looking carefully, Colonel and Mrs. Greene finally decided upon Warrenton, Virginia, and purchased property formerly the residence of the Maury family, and appropriately named their southern home, "Hunting Ridge," after a country place of John S. Skinner's near Baltimore.

I was pleased indeed to read in the *New York Times* of March 15, 1933, the editorial which follows, headed "Greene and the Highways," which plainly shows that the characteristics of honesty and forcefulness so marked in John Stuart Skinner and in Colonel Fred, have descended to the former's great grandson.

The New York Times

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1933.

GREENE AND THE HIGHWAYS.

Colonel GREENE, State Superintendent of Public Works, has a way of saying what he thinks and often acting accordingly, which is highly disconcerting to the politicians. Not many moons ago he wrote a letter to THE TIMES calmly asserting that practically no applicants for responsible posts who came to him with political endorsements proved more than 30 per cent efficient. He long ago deprived the up-State bosses of their canal patronage. Last year, in his annual report, he paid his respects to the town superintendents of highways, elected officials generally chosen for their "ability to secure votes" rather than to build roads. "I am informed," he declared, "that this position has been "filled in the past by grocers, under-"takers, barbers, dentists and men fol-"lowing other occupations as foreign to "highway work." He thought it might be a good plan to make him responsible for all highway improvement, State or local; this recommendation went unheeded, however, since it was considered "too dangerous politically" to "openly advocate the elimination of "933 elected officials."

So the politicians, whose regard for the Colonel is matched only by the feeling some hay-fever patients have for ragweed, will eagerly scan his latest annual report to discover what new poison it contains. The full text is not yet available, and the summaries and abridgments of the Albany dispatches can scarcely be expected to do justice to the full flavor of the original. We judge, however, that the hunger of the favored—and the less favored too, alas!—for highways and highway jobs will have to go unappeased this year. Already Governor LEHMAN has ordered the State's contribution to town and county highways sharply curtailed on account of the depression. Now comes the Colonel with the intelligence that out of 1,650 miles still remaining to be improved in the State highways system, "750 could "be removed from the map without any "great harm to the traffic of the State."

Shades of Senator EMERSON, what a confession is this! Moreover, the "construction of most of the remaining "900 miles could be deferred some "years." Well, thanks to Colonel GREENE and those who have shielded him from the darts of vengeful politicians, the State has today 12,500 miles of magnificent highways in its own system; with double that mileage of improved town and county roads, it need not fear for a few lean years.

On December 27, 1935, again in the editorial column of the *New York Times* appeared the following testimonial, "Colonel Greene to Stay."

The New York Times

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1935.

COLONEL GREENE TO STAY.

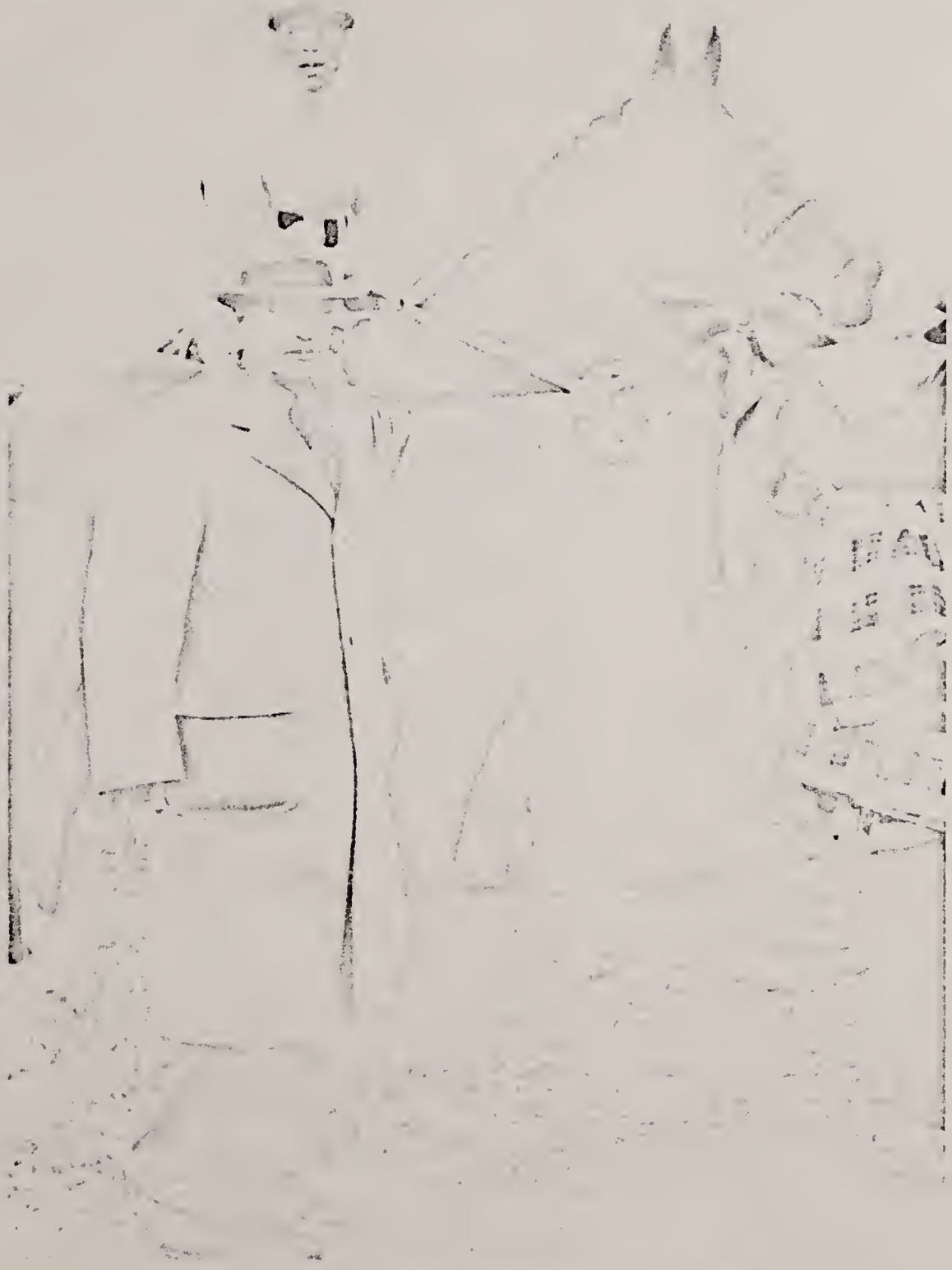
Colonel FREDERICK STUART GREENE, State Superintendent of Public Works, denied the other day that he had any intention of resigning. That is bad news for the politicians and good news for the public. The Colonel is 66 years old and going strong. He has been in the State service with only a brief intermission since 1919, when Governor SMITH, who had never seen him before, sent word to the military hospital at Camp Dix that he would like to have a talk with him, and appointed him forthwith State Commissioner of Highways. When the State government was reorganized he succeeded to his present job. From the outset he entertained the extraordinary notion that an applicant for the job of lock-tender on the up-State canals was no better qualified for that post because he happened to have the endorsement of a political leader, whether Republican or Democratic. His sentiments regarding the qualifications of men called to work on the highways of the State were of a similarly unorthodox order. Entertaining these strange beliefs, it never occurred to him not to recognize them in the conduct of his office.

Nor did his army training make it difficult for him to put into simple and vigorous language exactly what he thought of the politicians. Sometimes he even went so far as to tell them to their faces precisely what he thought of them. As a result they did not waste any affection on the good Colonel. Some of them would like nothing better than to run one of his steam rollers over him, or to let the water out of one of his locks, place him in it bound and gagged and weighted down, and then let the water in again. So far they have had no opportunity to do anything of the kind, even figuratively, since he has had the unwavering support of successive Governors. On the side, the Colonel is a writer, a playwright, a foe of all billboards and a believer that the Rhine would not really amount to much if it weren't for the castles. Ergo, it is man's business to improve on nature; ergo, a lighthouse on top of Whiteface Mountain would be a fine thing. "These rumors about my resignation make me mighty sick," says the Colonel. They make us sick too. Without the Colonel public life in this State would lose much of its zest.

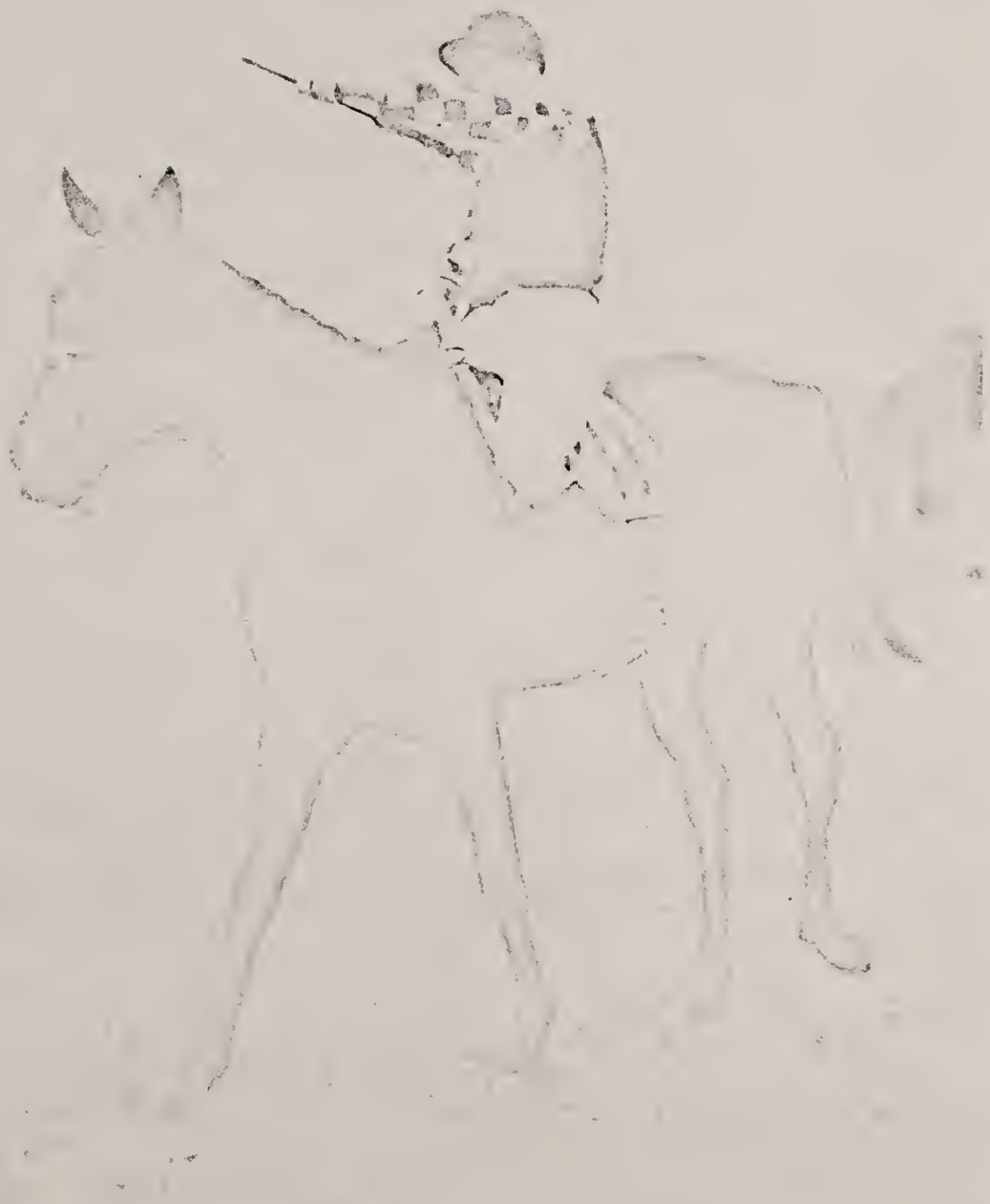
Colonel Greene was the first public official in this country to make a vigorous fight against highway billboards. He was the author of and had introduced in the New York Legislature the first measure to regulate and tax these scene-destroying devices. He has ordered billboards torn down and for this act has been hauled into the courts. The case was fought up to the highest tribunal, where finally the determined Colonel gained a decisive victory, important to the cause he championed.

"Fair enough for an engineer and public official," the reader may say, "but what has all this to do with your subject? Is this man of the fourth generation a sportsman?"

The answer is easy.

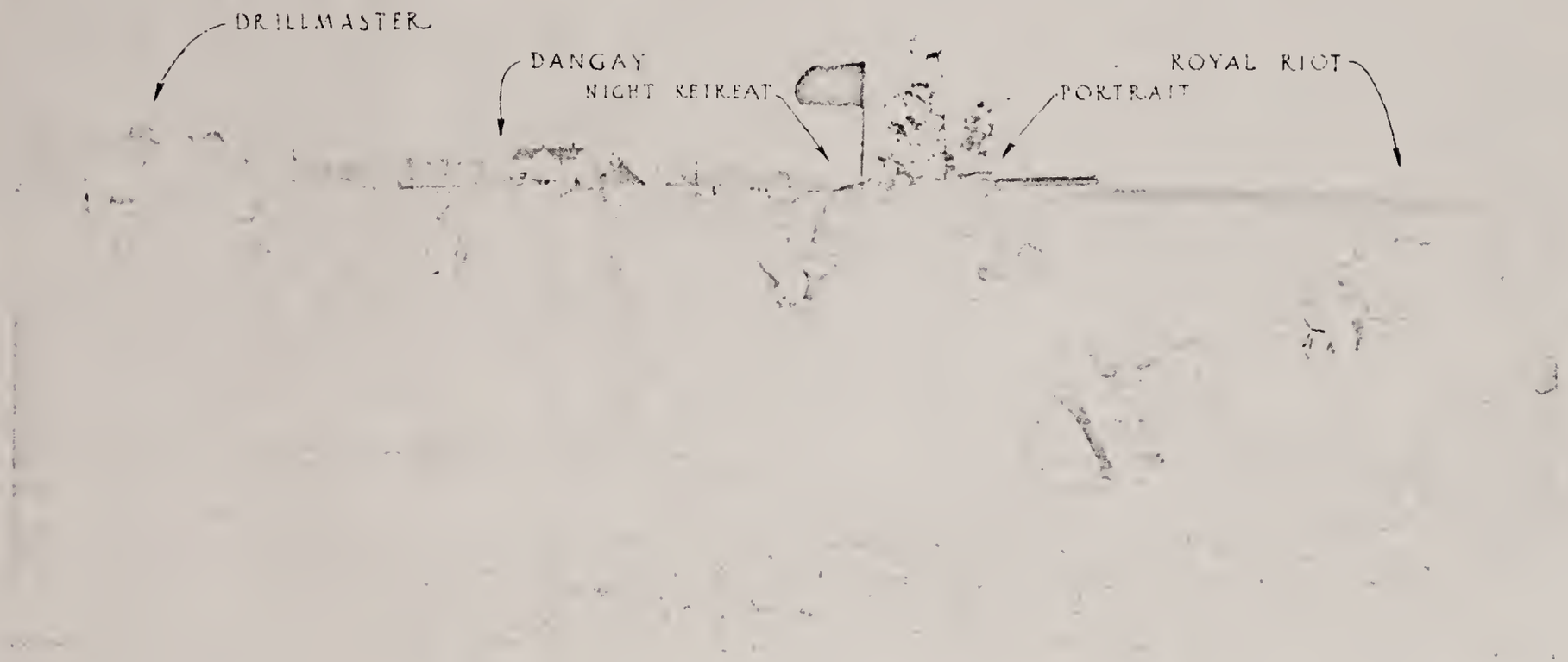


COLONEL FREDERICK STUART GREENE
And Francis Thornton Greene, with Drillmaster



FRANCIS THORNTON GREENE

Asking permission to dismount from Rond du Roi, after winning the Connecticut Cup, 1933



DRILLMASTER WINNING THE LOUDOUN PLATE — 1936

Rotofoto

Having ridden the Meadow Brook Cup, which I won on "Palmer" in 1898, and with my own horse, "Jack Dandy" in 1899, it is natural that whenever possible I attend the meets of the Meadow Brook Steeplechase Association, held each autumn on the Long Island estate of that great horseman, F. Ambrose Clark. On the last of these happy occasions I noticed that the program announced as one of the stewards:

"Colonel Frederick S. Greene
Representing the New York State Racing Commission"

Upon inquiry I learned that the Colonel had been officially appointed by that body, that during the three years the new commission has existed he has represented the State at all hunt race meetings held in New York. This appointment was in nowise political. It carries no salary. The Colonel was selected by the Commission solely because of his wide knowledge of racing.

I also learned that for the past four years Colonel Greene has acted as official timekeeper for our greatest steeplechase, the Maryland Hunt Cup; a graceful tribute by the officials of that race to this descendant of those native Marylanders, John Stuart and Frederick Gustavus Skinner.

Colonel Greene also serves as a judge on the great race day in Warrenton, when the Virginia Gold Cup is run. And finally, the Colonel has a small stable of his own, where he has begun to breed thoroughbreds. At his Warrenton place he now has a promising stud foal by "Dan IV" out of that game, fast mare, "Corinne Dailey," whose sire was "Swift and Sure."

It is not surprising that this engineer should be a horseman. It would be remarkable were he not, as he inherits his love for the turf from a long line of sportsmen on both sides of the house.

Francis Thornton Greene, the Colonel's only child, graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1930, exactly forty years after his father graduated from that famous college in 1890. He has also graduated from the Harvard Law School at Cambridge.

Of this young sportsman, John L. O'Connor, the Sage of Schuylerville, wrote the following article in 1932, which shows that "blood will tell."

"WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE"

By J. L. O'Connor

"At Saratoga Springs' beautiful race course during the last season it was freely remarked that the work of gentleman riders in the steeplechase events was quite on a par in horsemanship with the professionals. Together with Mr. Bostwick and Mr. McKinney, the Jockey Board listed more than once the name of F. T. Greene. From racegoers, an unknown rider receives little consideration, but when Mr. Greene was noted on the program as also the owner and trainer of his mount, and further, that the pedigree of the entry was given as 'unknown,' there was comment from the wise ones.

" 'Who is this Don Quixote Greene?' it was questioned, 'who invades the exclusive precincts of the Saratoga Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses to tilt a lance on an animal of "pedigree unknown?" ' The press stand merely ignored the combination, but curiosity drove the writer hot-foot to the park-like paddock to view this strange rider and his strange horse. On my way I stopped in the shade of one of the numerous trees to greet Colonel Fred Stuart Greene, Commissioner of Public Works for the State of New York. As we chatted a lithe, red-headed lad in racing colors joined us, and the Colonel said—'my son Thornton.' In shaking the hand of Don Quixote I was for the moment abashed under the realization that I stood covered before racing royalty; the unknown jockey proving to be no less a turf personage than the great, great, grandson of John Stuart Skinner.

"It is unreasonable to expect to find among the innumerable interested followers of racing events more than a surface knowledge, when even keen votaries of the turf are satisfied with findings within their own experiences. Yet happily there is still another class of racehorse lovers, very limited in number, that are delvers, and have familiarized themselves with the men as well as the horses that went into the foundation on which is built the history of the thoroughbred in America. But much of research labor would have come to nought had it not been for the vision, forethought and inspired labor of the man that

founded over a century ago the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine; and that man's name was John S. Skinner.

"No visionary, however, was Skinner, for his plans were born of experience with the needs of his country. It was he that published the first farm journal to appear in America, the American Farmer. That was in the year 1819. In 1829 he started the American Turf Register for the unselfish reason that he was, to use his own words, 'sensible for years past of the danger which threatens property of so much value by the loss of an old newspaper or memorandum book that contains pedigrees, and persuaded that it was not yet too late to collect and save many precious materials that would soon be otherwise lost.' Today the American Turf Register is the accepted first testament of the American horse-breeder's bible: As a complicated and difficult pioneer enterprise brought to a successful conclusion, booklovers treasure the 15 volumes of the Register as an invaluable piece of Americana.

"But an inkling has been given of the debt that the turf owes to Thornton Greene's great, great grandad Skinner. Still, enough has been made known to give rise to the thought and to wonder how deep might be the frown on Colonel Skinner's brow were he to observe his descendant astride a horse of 'pedigree unknown.' "

The racing charts show that young Thornton Greene took his winnings and his falls alike for two or three years. In 1933 he won the Connecticut Cup at the Adjacent Hunt Meeting near Greenwich, Conn., riding Rond du Roi. This spring he has been most successful riding his father's Drill Master to victory in two out of three starts, at the Malvern Hill Steeplechase at Curles Neck, under the auspices of the Deep Run Hunt Club; and the following Saturday, at that gem of a course for Hunt Races laid out by "Dan" Sand at Middleburg, Va., he won the Loudoun Plate, and his riding at the finish, beating Carroll Bassett, was a treat to see.

The young Gentleman Rider is here shown on Drill Master while the proud owner and father of the boy stands at the horse's head.

Thornton now resides at Hunting Ridge with his bride of a year or so, Byrd Harrison, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Randolph Tucker of Richmond, Va. This great, great grand-

son of John Stuart Skinner is now a member of the legal staff of the Securities and Exchange Commission at Washington. I hope young Thornton will exchange the white, red blocks between green hoops, the racing jacket of his father, for the Pink Coat of the hunting field and give up taking chances between the flags, for

> "The rider, the steeplechase rider,
> He rides with his life in his hands."

Part Two

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN

written by

FREDERICK GUSTAVUS SKINNER

for the

TURF, FIELD AND FARM

In Forty-six Chapters

Beginning December 10, 1886

and

Ending June 7, 1889

(Turf, Field and Farm, December 10, 1886)

CHAPTER I

How the Old Sportsman—With a valued friend crossed the Blue Ridge to visit and shoot in the Shenandoah Valley, and of the game found and the lovely damsels seen

THE winter visitor to Washington City, if at all observant, cannot have failed to notice one of the most striking figures in the flowing tide of humanity which on a bright day makes the broad thoroughfare of our national metropolis so attractive to the eyes of a stranger, a tall, stout man, with a cheerful bright blue eye, a florid complexion—florid with health and not from too frequent potations—a power of Dundreary whiskers white as snow flowing out like banners over his stalwart shoulders, the while partially shaded by the rather wide brim of a tall, well brushed shining beaver. If the weather be at all inclement, his feet are encased in neat overshoes and his ponderous torso is wrapped in an ample overcoat. His gait when not impeded by that envious Nemesis of all good fellows, fell Podagra, is slow, deliberate and even majestic; indeed a Chief Justice, a Senator, nay a President, might be flattered to be mistaken for him, so imposing is his presence. Withal he is unostentatiously pious and is regular in his church attendance. His orthodoxy is unquestioned, though it has been hinted by some that he entertains a secret belief that in addition to the rivers of milk and honey through the promised land there are others which flow with his favorite "champion," as he calls the divine vintage of Champagne which is a-top of his own ever-effervescing and sparkling wit.

Such, gentle reader, is the outward appearance of Beverly Tucker, the shooting companion of my youth and the Fidus Achates of my old age. As for the inner man I have only to say, that children, dogs and servants all fall in love with him on sight, and better judges than these of the highest moral worth do not exist; their judgment has the infallibility of instinct. For years at the opening of every shooting season B. would wend his way to my secluded home in the mountains of Rappahannock

ok

and his coming would be hailed with equal delight by both whites and blacks; even the dogs seemed to know instinctively that his coming would relieve them from the restraints of the kennel and restore them to the freedom of the woods and fields.

Our custom was to reserve the home birds for expected guests and as a bonne-bouche for the winding-up of the season, and to seek our game at a distance. On one occasion two or three years before the war, after getting our dogs in good working order by a few days' shooting in our own valley, we harnessed a pair of clever nags to a strong shooting wagon that could stand the shocks of our rugged mountain roads and followed by "Smike," a white pointer, and "Carlo," a black setter, started off after an early breakfast for the magnificent estate of Mount Airy, then belonging to the Meem family and now owned by that true-hearted sportsman and gentleman, Mr. H. Grafton Dulany, of Washington City and Loudoun County.

For quantity and variety of game and black bass fishing Mount Airy is the finest sporting property in all Virginia, the extensive low grounds abounding in quail and woodcock and the hills with ruffed grouse, turkey and deer, while Smith's Creek running through it swarms with black bass.

At Sperryville village, at the foot of the mountain, we commenced climbing the Blue Ridge by an excellent road leading through Thornton's Gap to Luray on the Hawksbill, a beautiful tributary to the Shenandoah. Knowing this to be dried up in dry weather, a favorite dusting place for the ruffed grouse, we went prepared for them; my comrade carrying his loaded gun across his knees while I handled the reins. Our precautions were soon rewarded, for not a mile from the village at a sudden turn of the road was a fine pack of grouse flitting up the dust into a miniature cloud. They flushed with a tremendous whirr, and two of them were cleverly dropped, clean killed within 40 yards from where we sat. The dogs leaped out and each retrieved a bird in very pretty style and we were off again in less time than it takes to relate the incident. Our horses, trained to stand fire, were as steady as rocks. When near the top of the Ridge we

heard a faint cry of hounds coming nearer and nearer and growing in volume which became, as it was echoed and reechoed by the mountain gorges, a perfect thunder of clamorous music; presently a gallant red fox leaped into the road as lightly as a thistledown floating on a gentle breeze, at the sight of us he gave his white-tipped brush a defiant flourish and immediately disappeared in the laurel thicket which lined the road. Not two minutes in the rear followed the clamorous hounds like a cyclone bent on destruction. What doubled the interest to me was that I could call every dog in the chase by name for I had hunted with them and they belonged to my neighbors, now alas! all gone to the happy hunting grounds, Col. Chas. Green, Willis Browning, and Berryman Hughes.

Dramatic as this scene was, it came very near putting a disastrous end to our expedition, for the horses habituated to run with hounds, became tremendously excited and it was with the utmost difficulty and by jumping to their heads that we managed to control them. I had not then learned, as I subsequently did with that dare-devil Irishman, Joe Donahue of Jersey City, to ride to hounds in a buggy!

Soon after this we reached the summit of the gap, and there the mingled grandeur and pastoral beauty of the scene compelled us to halt. Threateningly towering immediately above our heads stood Mary's Rock, an awful, rugged crag which looked like a ruined thunder-river tower, raised by the hands of the rebellious giants in defiance of the Omnipotent. To the east was the boundless champaign country, stretching beyond the reach of human vision from the Blue Mountains clear away to the shores of the majestic Potomac; to the west, as it were, immediately beneath our feet lay the bright little town of Luray embosomed in the lovely and fertile valley of the Hawksbill, which like molten silver gently meanders through it on its way to the Shenandoah. No one but a born poet can conceive the peaceful pastoral beauty of that secluded vale. Moses from the summit of Pisgah could not have looked down upon so lovely a picture.

Having feasted our eyes upon this grand panorama, we put on the brakes and made a rapid descent of the Western slope of

the mountain and were soon at its foot. Nothing of note occurred by the way save the appearance of three bearded gobblers, which crossed the road ahead of us, but out of the range of our No. 8 shot. Had we been loaded with double BB we might have added certainly one, if not two of these noble birds to our bag to keep company with the brace of grouse.

As it was yet early in the day, not later than noon, and as the remainder of the road to Luray was bordered on either side by broad stubbles and fields of maize already in the shock, all of which was as yet virgin to the foot of a sportsman, we determined to drive leisurely along while our dogs ranged the most promising covers on either side. Engaging a darkey who happened to be passing to mind the horses, when we got out to shoot, we cast off the dogs and resumed our journey at a snail's pace. We had not advanced more than two hundred yards when the dogs came to a magnificent stand close to the fence, and in climbing this we flushed a large bevy of birds which scattered in all directions, not, however, without losing two of their number, which were neatly dropped right and left by old B. as he sat on the top rail of the fence. We now had some of the very best single bird shooting it ever has been my good fortune to enjoy and as we put up two additional bevies in the same field, we were kept busy until the sun, sinking behind the Manasutten mountain in the west, warned us to stop.

We discharged our impromptu groom with the donation of a quarter at which he grinned with delight. We then resumed our seats in the wagon and letting our team out to its best in 30 minutes we pulled up at the door of Mr. Jordan, the father of General Tom Jordan, now, I believe, a journalist in New York. We were in ample time to dress for dinner, and after it passed a most delightful evening with one of the most hospitable and cultured families in the Valley of Virginia.

Next morning while the distant peaks of the Blue Ridge were yet rosy with the light of the rising sun, a venerable old darkey, one of the old time aristocrats of his race, with all the dignity and grace of a Chesterfield and the major domo of the establishment entered our room with a salver in his hands on which

glittered like gems from the Orient two capacious silver goblets covered with hoar frost and crowned with green fresh mint and fragrant rosebuds; it was the matutinal julep made by the fair hands of the ladies of the house. The very memory of that julep makes me thirsty as I write. Alas! that I should have lived to see this beautiful custom already falling to decay. The divine nectar is to be only had now in those old aristocrat families which, unchastened by the calamities of war, are still "unreconstructed" and remain still faithful to the traditions of the dead Old Commonwealth.

It lacked an hour to breakfast when B. and I turned out of bed. Resuming our hunting rig and calling up our dogs we strolled out to see the town and in doing so came upon the booth of a peripatetic photographer, and the freak took us to have ourselves "taken" in our shooting-jackets and with our faithful dogs beside us. As luck would have it our wandering artist turned out to be very clever in his line and produced one of the very best sporting pictures I have ever seen. Did not modesty forbid I would send a copy of it to the TF&F as a sort of antidote to the extraordinary "lusus naturae" which appeared in it a short time since—a jet black mastiff. Such a dog should be decorated with blue dahlias.

After a glorious breakfast, of which our grouse and quail formed a part—such a breakfast as the Land o'Cakes alone could rival and the pen of "Kit North" describe—we went our way rejoicing over the Manasutten mountain, bagging by the way a couple of brace of grouse and killing a whopping big rattler, down to the now historic town of Newmarket, and so on to Mount Airy.

Little did we anticipate, as we drove merrily along, that this lovely peaceful valley was so soon to be laid waste by the dread of contending armies, and the surrounding hills made to shake from base to summit by the thunders of conflicting artillery! Little did we dream as we sat down to lunch on a gentle knoll, carpeted with grass resembling green velvet, that we were seated on what was soon to become holy ground to all Southern hearts, ground consecrated by the blood of fifty-six beardless school-

boys from our Military Institute who fell while triumphantly storming a Federal battery. The taking of that battery by these boys decided the battle of Newmarket and saved for a time the Valley of Virginia.

Early in the evening we reached Mount Airy; the house as usual was crowded with young company, and yet while in possession of the Meems it was never so crowded as not to have room for another guest. Within the mansion and under the inspiration of our fair hostess and her guests, a quartet of the loveliest girls of Virginia, all the pleasures of refined society, music, dance and even flirtation—that innocent but dangerous semblance to love making, reigned supreme; while on the broad domain without, of plain and hill, of forest and mountain, the sportsman realized the red man's wildest dreams of his happy hunting-grounds.

We passed eight, alas! all-too-brief days, ever to be remembered as among the brightest of a life already extended beyond the allotment of man.

We might, had we wished to descend to the level of pot-hunters, have slaughtered hecatombs of feathered and ground game, for such shooting it has never been my lot to witness, but the attraction of the mansion and its lovely inmates, fairly balanced those of the field, and we divided our time between the two, shooting and deer driving in the morning, and devoting our evenings to the ladies. Where, oh where, in all the world will we find the peers of our beautiful, frank and unaffected Virginia girls? And where such sweet music as the intonation of their Southern voices? Lucky it was for my friend B. and myself that we were both Benedicts, for our hearts would have been irretrievably lost. As it was I must confess that my own was slightly scorched, for even now when I am full of years it is highly combustible.

And so fled away on the wings of envious Time those halcyon days at Mount Airy. We shot and we hunted, we rode and flirted, we sang and we danced until the sad day of our departure came and then with smiling faces but sad hearts we went forth to encounter the world and its cares; B. with half a dozen

of his beloved "champion" in the wagon box to console him by the way, and I with a tiny slipper, surreptitiously procured, in my breast pocket as a memento of a fair girl who tripped in it through the dance with an airy lightness and grace that Terpsichore herself could not have excelled. Alas! that fair girl is a grandmother now and her grandson and mine are comrades at the Virginia Institute—each secretly cultivating an incipient mustache which won't grow.

As for my prized memento, the tiny slipper, it mysteriously disappeared from beneath the glass case under which it reposed, and though strenuously denied, I believe it was made away with by one of my four charming nieces—all staid matrons now—because like Cinderella's jealous sisters, they could not get it on.

What pity it is that Time is the only winged personage in mythology that cannot fly backward, for as I write these reminiscences of my past, I feel like seizing old Chronos by his forelock, smashing his hour-glass, breaking his scythe and forcing him to fly back with me to the days of my youth and to dear Old Virginia in her ante-bellum felicity.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, December 31, 1886)

CHAPTER II

How the Old Sportsman—And Johannes Cygnus missed witnessing a prize fight, encountered peril in a crowded schooner, but got a good day's duck shooting

NOT since the great sectional match between Eclipse and Henry on Long Island had there been such excitement in Baltimore as when, in the year of grace 1849, Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan selected the State of Maryland as their battle-ground. The excitement was of a dual nature, one in favor of the combatants and the other of hot indignation that the sacred soil of Maryland should be desecrated and her laws set at defiance by an insolent mob of New York roughs.

The State and the municipal authorities made every preparation to repel the threatened invasion. The Governor chartered a steamer to transport a crack regiment of volunteers to Pool's Island, the place appointed for the conflict, ball cartridges were issued to the troops, there was a decided savor of war, Mars and Bellona were in the ascendant, and the expedition embarked on the path of glory amid the enthusiastic cheers of their fellow citizens.

Colonel Davies, the then-Mayor of Baltimore—who, as a private citizen, would have enjoyed the mill as much as any one—felt wounded in his dignity as a high public functionary by the selection of a city under his rule as the rendezvous of the swell mob, so resolved to put it down by all the means within his control. He accordingly issued a ukase, enjoining on his policemen extra vigilance.

Now the writer of this, and his friend and crony, Johannes Cygnus (John Swan), both young men then, without municipal or other official dignity to be compromised, resolved to witness the fight at all hazards; but unfortunately for them, this resolve reached the ears of the old Colonel, who, being uncle of the one and father-in-law of the other, vowed they should not disgrace the family by attendance on a prize fight, and private

orders were issued for our arrest. Warned of this by a policeman, a jolly Irishman devoted to Cygnus, we kept out of the way of the Mayor and his myrmidons until dark; then we issued forth from our retreat and made for our place of embarkation.

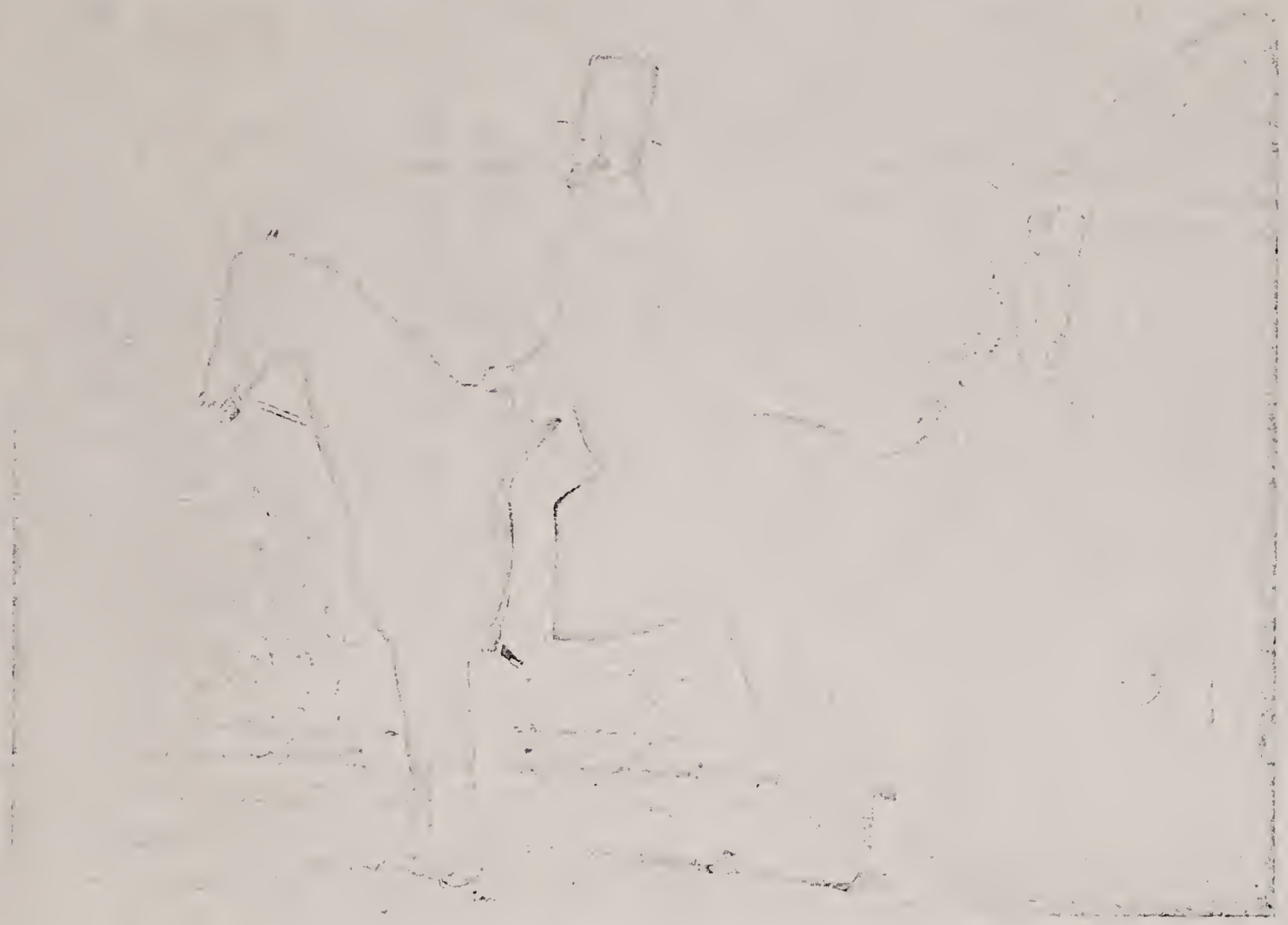
The night was as black as the shaft of a coal mine, the street lamps were dimmed by a freezing fog that penetrated to the very marrow, but, thanks to that fog, we passed unchallenged within a few feet of the old Colonel, who, with two of his most trusty agents was going from wharf to wharf in pursuit of me. We found our boat in one of those obscure, dark narrow slips running up from the Basin to Pratt street, and hurrying on board, dived without more ado into the cabin, and oh such a cabin! Fancy the black hole of Calcutta smelling of stale fish and rotten oysters, and these delectable odors made still more acrid and pungent by the suffocating heat of a small, rusty, smoking stove! Our craft was a leaky old wood boat, manned by a negro with a game leg and a half-grown boy.

We inquired of our sable skipper why he did not cast off and make sail? He was waiting, he said, for some gentlemen, and just then the expected gentlemen came on board, most of them half drunk, and it is no exaggeration to affirm that if all the penitentiaries and penal settlements in the world had been culled over they could not have furnished a more villianous looking crowd. These fellows took possession of the boat and apprehending the pursuit of the police, cast loose her moorings and immediately got under way and then, to escape the cold, crowded into the hold, which at once became a floating Pandemonium, in which the smell of rank tobacco and bad whiskey, added to that of the stale oysters and fish, made the air too fetid to breathe. We rushed on deck to escape suffocation and stowed away under the lee of the taffrail wishing ourselves at home in bed. Off Fort Henry we were struck by a violent squall and the old tub of a boat careened over until she was nearly on her beam end and would have capsized had not Cygnus jumped to the halyards and let the mainsail go by the run. Had he been two seconds later we would all have gone to kingdom come and in such company good Saint Peter would have refused to recognize us; but repent-

ance was too late and as the French proverb has it, "We had drawn the wine and had to drink it."

Without further mishap but in an intense state of disgust we arrived at the island about sunrise. We found the ring already pitched up, the fighting birds had flown, and were on a schooner which at sight of the smoke from the steamer, had slipped her anchor and made sail for the Eastern Shore, where the battle was fought, and of course without our seeing it. The steamer could not follow for with her freight of warriors she lay hard and fast aground there to remain in inglorious inactivity until the turn of the tide. We were now in an ugly quandary. To remain on a little sand-spit of an island without shelter or food meant freezing and starvation; to paddle out to the steamer meant surrender to the Mayor and become the laughing stock of the town. While in this dilemma Cygnus found a means of deliverance; he engaged a seine hauler to take us to Baltimore in his boat. She was without a deck and anything but comfortable or even safe, for it was blowing half a gale when we started and when we reached North Point more than half way to our destination the wind increased to such a degree that we had to put by and run before it to save our lives; we brought up on the bar of Carroll's Island and even then had to wade waist deep in slush ice to reach the line. And here our disastrous prize-fighting experiences ended, but we had reached a haven of rest where we were both at home. We were not long in getting to the club house, into dry clothes, and outside of several hot toddies. Here we found several of our friends; among them the late T. H. M. and Uncle John Duval, who were anticipating a great day's shooting on the morrow for the ducks were numerous and the wind and weather for shooting could not be more favorable.

After a Gargantuan supper of canvasback and hominy, all the more enjoyable from our previous starvation on the island, we went to roost early, as all true duckers do at Carroll's Island. The next morning we had our cup of coffee and were in our boxes on the bar while it was yet too dark to see the ducks, the twitter of whose wings we could distinctly hear just above our heads.



GENERAL CADWALADER

Mounted on Edwin Forest — Record to saddle in 1843, 2.31½, and was driven two miles in harness 5.14. From an old oil painting

And here it may be as well for those who have not been there to give some description of the island, which when we take into consideration the *quality* as well as the number of wild fowl is probably the very finest ducking ground in the whole world. As an agricultural estate the island is of little importance while its riparian rights of fishing and shooting are altogether unique and of great value; its boundaries are so irregular that it has never been accurately surveyed and while it has very little arable land its coast line is said to exceed 20 miles in extent. And this coast line is indented by coves and creeks which, abounding in the valisneria, are irresistably attractive to the wild fowl and here they have been shot in numerous numbers over decoys. But the great feature of the property is Carroll's Island bar, a neck of land scarce a pistol-shot wide, which runs out for a mile dividing the Gunpowder River from the Bay. Over this narrow strip of land and under certain conditions of the weather which make the ducks restless they pass in immense numbers and afford fair mark to the sportsman.

In the line by the bar, about a gunshot apart, are the blinds or boxes with seats where the shooter warmly clad and partially sheltered from the wind waits the passing of the birds to and fro between the river and the bay; and squatted under the lee of these blinds lie noble Chesapeake dogs, the hardiest, boldest and best retrievers in the world, watching with almost human intelligence the flight and the fall of the swift-winged game. In drawing lots for choice of blinds the writer found himself between T. H. M. and Johannes Cygnus; further on was Uncle John Duval. Presently it became light enough to give us faint glimpses of the fowl passing in numerous numbers and variety, apparently not 40 yards above our heads, and then the firing continued with brief intermissions, as fast as we could load, until the guns got hot in our hands. Red-heads, canvasbacks, bald-pates, and blackheads fairly rained down and faster than the dogs could have retrieved them had they fallen into the water, in which there was a considerable running tide and much floating ice. The wind was bitter cold but warmed by the excitement one by one we took off our wraps;

first our comforters were thrown aside, then our thick gloves and finally our great coats. In the short intervals between the fires we could hear the distant boom of the heavy eight-bore guns from Back River and Maxwell's Point where General George Cadwallader and his Philadelphia friends were as busy as we were.

During the short lull in the storm of firing old Uncle John Duval, the predecessor of Mr. John Frick as a master ducker of the Chesapeake, cried out "Mark bay!" and prepared to shoot —coming from the Bay was a line of blackheads and as straight as a company front of the Fifth Maryland Regiment it passed immediately over his head. A tyro would have fired at once, but the old veteran knew better, he held his fire till it passed him and when it reached the angle that suited him he blazed away and had the pleasure of seeing seven of the nine birds which made up the string fall, clean killed, into the river. At another time T. H. M. called out "Mark river swan!" The grand old fellow passed between Cygnus and the writer and received the fire of both, the shot rattled against the tough old fellow like hail against a window pane, but he pursued the even tenor of his way as if nothing had occurred.

This phenomenal flight of ducks was kept up for over two hours with scarcely any intermission and the slaughter was tremendous. The number killed is not remembered but we had to send a cart down to bring them to the house. We breakfasted that morning on redhead ducks, *broiled, they were on the gridiron before they lost their natural taste.* Wild ducks properly roasted are certainly delicious, but a duck from the wild celery beds about Carroll's broiled as above is supreme.

The evening flight was nearly as good as that of the morning and we determined to remain a couple of days longer, but the wind shifted in the night, stopped the shooting, and we returned the next morning laden with ducks, half a dozen pairs of which propitiated His Worship the Mayor.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, January 21, 1887)

CHAPTER III

How the Old Sportsman—Tells of the Pewee Club cruising the Chesapeake and how they used a cow's tail to awaken Annapolis

ONCE upon a time in the long, long ago, there existed in the fair city of Baltimore a club of young fellows who had just about reached the age at which the ancient Romans discarded the habiliments of boyhood to assume the *virile toga.* This club flourished in the utmost harmony without a house, without officers, without a ballot-box, without a treasury, and without other than the unwritten laws by which gentlemen of like caste and refinement are usually governed; and, from its beginning to its ending, no club in the country founded with a view solely to social enjoyment has been more successful.

The members never dreamed of winning each other's money at cards, indeed, neither cards nor any other game of chance was tolerated, fraternal companionship was all that was sought for. In no club was there ever a greater variety of character, or the separate individuality of each member more distinctly marked; and yet when the members were brought together they formed an harmonious whole, like the ingredients of a delicious stew mixed by the skilled hand of Johannes Cygnus, or an elaborate punch conceived and compounded by a certain festive Senator of Harford County, Maryland, who will be known to his innumerable friends, by his initials, J. C. W., but whose full name discretion compels us to withhold. Such was the ancient and famous Pewee Club, the predecessor of the many solemn institutions of the kind now existing in the City of Monuments.

As already stated the Pewees had no building of their own, but wherever they assembled—and they were inseparable—whether at a restaurant, a shooting gallery, a billiard or a barroom, there for the time being was their club room, but usually every evening after sundown, when the graver pursuits of the day were over, they congregated at a cellar under the Gilmore

House, in Court-House Lane. It was plain, old-fashioned, low in the ceiling, with a sanded floor, a row of curtained boxes on one side and a bar and oyster stand at the far end, presided over by a merry, quick-witted Irishman, who was devoted body and soul to the club. Gradually the Pewees usurped exclusive possession of the place, dictating to the proprietor the quality and variety of liquors and food he should furnish, and on one occasion they went so far as to compel the ignominious dismissal of a poor devil of a cook for stuffing a wild duck with sage and onions. To do the club justice, it never assumed these privileges until after the gas was lighted, but from that moment till the clarion of chanticleer heralded the coming of a new day, the cellar became its own exclusive "free and easy" and then woe to the unknown stranger who, without the invitation of a member, ventured into its sacred precincts, for he inevitably became a butt for the quizzing and practical jokes of the roystering Pewees.

Indulgent readers will excuse this long exordium, but it was thought necessary, as all the actors in the story about to be related belonged to the Pewee Club.

The writer's family owned, at the time the following events occurred, a large farm in what was called the "Swamp," a remarkable tract of land on the South side of West River in Anne Arundel County, Md., immediately across the river from the estates of Hon. Virgil Maxey and Colonels George Hughes and Mercer, a settlement famous for the fertility of its high rolling land, its high living and generous hospitality.

This swamp, as it was called, for there is not one acre of marsh on its vast extent, was at one time an unbroken forest of magnificent white oak timber, which has long since been culled out by the ship builders, leaving standing at wide intervals great gum trees of primeval growth, which together with the grain farms between, are a favorite resort for Bob White and once flushed he may be marked down as far as the eye can reach, for the plain is as level as a billiard table, and without second-growth pine or underbrush impenetrable to dog or gun; in a word, it is the finest shooting ground in the whole State.

As a sort of tender to the writer's farm was a fifty-ton schooner, plying between the river and Baltimore for the use of himself and neighbors. This dilapidated old craft was registered at the Custom-House as the "Virgin," and was spoken of with some ostentation by her owner as his yacht; but he never entered her at the New York clubs. The skipper of the "Virgin," was an old, stumpy, bow-legged, pop-eyed, little negro, named by his mother after the great Greek philosopher, Socrates, which soon, however, degenerated to "Soc" and as he was vain beyond measure of his command, he exacted from all the negroes who addressed him the title of Commodore; and so he became known everywhere as Commodore Soc. He rolled in his gait like a veteran salt, and interlarded his speech with nautical terms so absurdly misapplied as to make himself both ridiculous and unintelligible; and to add to his ludicrous importance he donned on Sundays and all great occasions a threadbare undress uniform coat and a shabby cocked hat presented to him by the late Commodore Ballard, a frequent visitor to West River, to whom old Soc was a source of endless amusement. With all his vanity Soc was as smart as a steel trap, and overflowing with that peculiar African humor which made him a great favorite with all who knew him.

One night late in October, when the Pewee symposium was crowded with members, much to their surprise and amusement in entered Commodore "Soc," in "full fig." With an assumption of great dignity and with the grace of a Chesterfield he doffed his shabby old cocked hat and bowed around to the company, with most of whom he was acquainted. He was received with shouts of laughter but not in the least abashed, he announced that the "Schooner Wirgin had 'rove arter a quick run and beaten all dem ar Eas'n Sho' bumboats, and he had done lef her in charge ob de bo'sen an de after guard." Now de bo'sen was no other than Mrs. Soc and the after guard her twelve-year-old son, and these two constituted the whole crew. "I is come," the old fellow continued, "accordin to instructions from de oberseer to git nabigation orders from Marse Fred." The grave and confident manner in which this speech was delivered was so irre-

sistibly comic that a dead man might have laughed at it. Soc was such a favorite with the boys that they refrained from making a butt of him and the only joke they cracked at his expense, and it was much to his taste, was to make him half drunk, to compliment him on the magnificent uniform and to confer upon him with absurd and mock ceremony the exalted office of Commodore and Chief Naval Director of the Pewee Club, and the privilege to wear on his left breast a bunch of red ribbon in testimony thereof; the old fellow took all this in serious good faith, and was never thereafter seen without the red ribbon, but his libations in honor of the event were so potent and so frequent as to increase the nautical roll in his gait so that he could not "navigate" as he termed it. To prevent his arrest by the watch for being drunk and so absurdly dressed, they consigned him to the care of an eccentric old hackman known to all of the rollicking young fellows about town as "Old Midnight" because his equipage was too shabby to bear the light of the day.

Before our sable Commodore had reached the glorious condition of the late Mr. Tam o'Shanter, of jovial memory, it was moved by a popular member, C. H. W., called "Whitenose," on account of the pallor of his countenance, and also Admiral because of his supposed nautical skill, that the club in a body should embark on the "Virgin" the next day with dogs and guns, take a cruise down the bay, and get some good shooting. The motion was carried nem. con., but when the pinch came only six members were on time. There were T. H. M. and his brother Big Jim, the first, the handsomest man in Baltimore, one of the most cultivated, and withal a good sportsman, and a charming companion; the other a most inveterate practical joker, with much of the fat but all of the wit and humor of Falstaff and the courage of Prince Hal; there was H. D. G. C., a lovable, refined, thoroughbred gentleman, a fine horseman and fox hunter, but no shot, and with him his family physician, who even in boyhood was called "old Bob P;" he was chiefly remarkable for a bonhomie and simplicity of character which concealed first-rate talent as a medical practitioner, and for a habit of asking for a chew of tobacco from any one he met—and so confirmed

was this habit that on one occasion when introduced to a lady he asked her for a chew. Then came Johnny O'D., one of the most amiable and popular of the Pewees; and, finally, the writer, whose club pseudonym was Heron, with the accent on the two final letters.

On organizing the expedition, "Whitenose," to avoid wounding the pride of Commodore Soc, was made grand admiral; Dr. Bob. Surgeon; Heron cumulated upon himself the triplicate duties of steward, chief cook and bottle washer, while J. O'D., T. H. M., and H. D. G. C. were registered as gentlemen passengers.

Before he got drunk, Soc got his orders to discharge his freight, get his West River cargo on board, and be ready to sail at the commencement of the ebb tide at 2 P. M. sharp the next day.

Heron, the owner, was on board by noon, found old Soc ready to receive him, and the schooner in tip-top order. Punctually at two P. M. the party was all on board except the medico; but just as the order was reluctantly given to cast off he made his appearance in a plug hat, an old swallow-tailed dresscoat and low-quartered shoes. On his shoulder was an old-fashioned single-barreled, flint-lock, squirrel gun, about five feet in length; under his arm was a can of powder and in his disengaged hand was a bag of shot. A more ludicrous picture of a cockney sport never was seen. He was followed by a bob-tailed pointer called "Ponto" toothless from age and so fat that he could hardly waddle about, but Ponto's master sincerely believed that this decrepit old brute was the champion bird dog of all Maryland. "He is no longer young," said Bob, looking at the old creature with great affection, "He is out of condition but he has so much experience and is so steady you will find him invaluable in the field." But to make matters still more preposterous and absurd, close upon the Doctor's heels followed a half-grown negro boy, very black, very dirty, and very ragged; dragging at the end of a rope the ugliest cur that ever sucked an egg or bayed at the moon. These were loaned to our medico as he explained, by the boy's father, (a patient of his), as a great favor. The boy was

a great rabbit hunter, could save poor Ponto the labor of retrieving and would prove generally useful; and for the dog, he was the champion coon dog and fighter on Elk Ridge. He was raised by A. K. ("old Squire Jim") Cook, of Ellicott City, who had taught him to fight for "pints." He could whip any dog in Anne Arundel County and if we could get a match on him we could win a pile of money. The medico was so much in earnest and we in such a hurry to be off that the darkey and the dogs were admitted without further protest.

At a whispered order from Admiral Whitenose, old Soc, assisted by Mrs. Soc and their son, Soc, Jr.,—a miniature of his sire—got under way in fine style and the venerable "Virgin" ran down the harbor, passed Fort McHenry with a spanking breeze on her quarter, and was soon dancing on the broad waters of the bay.

How delightful the change from the close atmosphere of stuffy counting-rooms and law offices to the heaving deck of that old schooner as she merrily cleaved her way through the sparkling bosom of that noble estuary, and how we enjoyed the invigorating breath of salt water.

Off the mouth of the Macothy River the breeze slackened with the declining sun and we were threatened with a dead calm, yet far from our destination when, probably inspired by the imp of mischief, Big Jim proposed we should put into Annapolis just then under our lee. The proposal was hailed as a happy inspiration by all except the writer who suspected some more devilment was in store for which he as owner of the boat would be held responsible, but he said nothing.

Under the skillful pilotage of old Soc the "Virgin" safely threaded the intricate channel and was moored to the wharf a little after midnight when all went ashore except the more discreet H. D. G. C., T. H. M. and the Grand Admiral, who also had misgivings. As the roysterers wandered through the silent streets of the quaint old town nothing was heard save the echo of their footsteps and no living creature seen except now and then a prowling cat until they reached the enclosure of the ancient church of St. Anne. Within this enclosure lay an old cow chewing

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her cud in placid content. One of the party—no doubt with mischievous intent—observed gravely that it would be a pity to return without seeing the interior of the venerable edifice as it must be very imposing by the light of the moon then riding high in the heavens. He then followed the other boys, all unheeding the gentle remonstrances of the writer—climbed the fence and tried the door. Finding that firmly closed they were all about to retire when unfortunately one of them finding a window partially opened climbed through and drawing the bolts, threw open the doors to the irreverent invaders. Their wicked design now became apparent, they drove the cow into the vestibule—knotted her tail firmly to the bell rope and immediately retreated at a double quick to the boat and hurried on board and just as she was cast off the quiet of the sleeping town was abruptly broken by the solemn boom of the great church bells—the boom at first was repeated at intervals like a funeral knell, but presently old "Sukey" becoming alarmed made quick frantic jerks to effect her escape and then the great bell roared and jingled and rattled as if pulled by the demon of discord. By this time the reckless Pewees became seriously alarmed as they thought of the possible consequence to themselves from the indications of the citizens and outraged dignity of the municipal authorities of the town and inspired by fear they improvised a power of sweeps and aided by a light breeze soon were out of reach of pursuit though, as was learned after, their presence in the town had not even been suspected and the prank attributed to college boys. A little after daylight the "Virgin" dropped her anchor at her place of destination, West River. The boys were not long in getting to the house where French Mary the jolliest and best housekeeper—blessed be her memory—that ever made a home comfortable—soon served a generous breakfast of large white perch just brought alive and fluttering from the fish-trap close by, a monster omelette and jambon, oysters in their form, Alderney butter and such a cup of "cafe au lait" as she only—a true Parisienne—could make.

A messenger was despatched for old Ben Tongue, a relative and neighbor, to come over immediately with his dogs and gun

for a week's shooting. Ben was the best shot in the county and owned a brace of admirable pointers from the kennel of Dr. Brogden, the best in the South, and we could not have found anywhere, whether at the sideboard, the dinner table or in the field, a better companion. After breakfasting to repletion some of the party, having passed a sleepless night, laid down and others lounged over to the mill—a great resort for the natives—where they found several fellows fit subjects for the practical jokes of the irrepressible Pewees.

Among these aborigines of the swamp was a fellow named Tom Shanks—a notorious old drunkard, loafer, chicken thief and nuisance generally, of whom more anon.

Tongue came to time with his dogs and after a jolly dinner we prepared to take to the field not in a body but divided into two parties—Ben leading one while the writer piloted the other—the parties, of course, taking different directions. The writer's squad, consisting of T. H. M., Johnny O'D., and Dr. Bob, hunted M's. dog and the Brogden pointer of Heron's, while Tongue's men shot over his own excellent brace. The writer's party soon got rid of Dr. Bob and his wheezy old Ponto as it happened, in this way:

Almost immediately on leaving the house the dogs winded birds on the far side of the field inclosed with a stiff hog-proof post and rail and as we got there the dogs had already come to a stand; as we were hurrying up to flush the game all ears were astonished by the most distressing and dismal howls ever uttered by canine lungs! On looking back, there was the Medico on one side of the fence and old Ponto on the other—seated on his rump uttering howls of distress at not being able to get over or creep through—from that hour till later on in the evening we never saw our Doctor again.

We flushed our covey (Mr. Francis Endicott would say bevy but as our birds are called partridge at the South, covey is the word). We got in all our barrels and each bagged his prize. The birds scattered beautifully and lying like stones in the soft short fine grass afforded superb sport and so we continued. The shooting over that level open country was so good that we

scarcely missed a bird and our game pockets in shooting not longer than two or three hours, and over not more than a 150-acre bit of ground, grew uncomfortably heavy. As it was now near sundown, the flying hour for ducks, we determined to leave the stubble and go to a point at the mouth of the river and have a shy at the wildfowl though we had but 12-bore guns and No. 8 shot. Sending all game to the house by one of the field hands, we set out for the point and as all through the evening we had remarked the frequent reports from one particular direction we determined to pass that way and investigate, so we took our line of march thitherward. On the way we had to pass a pond about an acre in extent and to our surprise we found our lost Doctor. He was half-reclining on a comfortable bed of leaves under the lea of a huge log with his beloved Ponto sound asleep at his feet—but the Medico himself was wide awake, loading and firing at a worthless fishy "didapper" which dived at the flash of his harmless gun and actually seemed to enjoy the sport. And so the game had been going on between the man and the impudent "water witch" for the last two hours and apparently to their mutual enjoyment. Our invitation to accompany us to the point met with a decided refusal. "Go your ways" exclaimed old Bob, "do you think me such a fool as to leave this comfortable place and crawl on my belly like a snake for the chance of getting a duck when I have this fellow right here before me? Here I mean to sit as long as there is a grain of powder in this canister or a shot in this bag—or kill that infernal fowl, and don't you shoot at him for you might chance to kill him and deprive me of the best sport I have had for years." We went our way laughing and admitting there was some philosophy in what the Doctor said.

Between sundown and dark we got 9 ducks, six of them fortunately "bald pates," a fowl that on the table is often the peer of the imperial canvasback or any other duck that flies. We found Tongue's party at the house very much pleased with their sport—very tired—and very hungry. Their thirst, it was easy to perceive—had already been partially quenched with some fluid more inspiring than water. Though they had had plenty of

shooting, their bags were light save that of the veteran Ben, which was stuffed to its utmost capacity.

The next day only four of us took to the field, the remainder preferring to attend the hauling of the big seine by more professional fishermen on the bayside and loiter lazily about the mill and chat with the rustic customers. The truth is that not one of them had that true venatic instinct which never tires. The shooting in every direction was quite as fine as on the previous evening and the rivalry—conduct and action—of the dogs magnificent, in fact more enjoyable than the shooting itself.

T. H. M.'s dog, for which he had paid a long price to some trainer at the North, was a most extraordinary animal, not only in performance but in appearance and in action. He looked as much like a foxhound as a pointer and to that extent confirmed the theory that the modern pointer is the result of a remote cross of the hound and the ancient Spanish pointer.

On the next and third day Big Jim made a lame excuse and O'D. pretended to be foot-sore, and they both declined to shoot, while Admiral Whitenose, who never could be kept away from a boat, carried the others on a cruise. T. H. M. and the writer, knowing the ruling passion of the parties and believing in the old adage that "Satan still finds work for idle hands to do" immediately suspected from the manner of both Jim and Johnny that there was deviltry in the wind and they went forth to their shooting with some misgiving. On their return they found their suspicions confirmed, and most disagreeably, too. During their absence a practical joke had been perpetrated on the loafer Tom Shanks, already alluded to—so outrageous and threatening such dire consequences to all concerned as to bring our expedition to an abrupt termination.

From what we learned further on it occurred in this wise: As soon as the coast was clear, Jim and Johnny were provided with a bottle of whiskey, went over to the mill, where they found the aforesaid rascal Shanks and at once set to work to make him drunk—no difficult thing to do for within an hour's time he was not only drunk but limber drunk—speechless and helpless. So far there was no harm done, for the creature's normal state

was one of drunkenness. But where was the point of the joke? Big Jim soon found one, and a sharp one, too. He had observed behind the mill door a keg of red lead and this inspired the idea to paint his victim red—not his face only, but his whole corpus. He and his accomplice soon had their man stripped to the buff—telling the astonished miller who ventured a mild remonstrance that they were doing him a great kindness for they would take him to Baltimore at their own expense and procure for him a lucrative engagement at Pauley's Museum as a great Comanche warrior lately captured in the Rocky Mountains, and that in a few years he would return to the Swamp a very rich man. They then carefully painted their helpless victim from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet and hid away his clothes.

Returning to the house early in the evening we found the boating party already arrived but the painters had crossed the river to Colonel Mercer's leaving word that they would not return until the next morning after breakfast. About sundown, while standing on the porch watching the flight of swans, we observed a great commotion at the mill and all went there and to our amazement and horror encountering by the way the staggering loafer Shanks as naked as Adam before the fall and as red as a boiled lobster and the miller trying to calm an old black woman in hysterics at having seen the devil.

Instantly we thought of the consequences of the outrage!—The man might die and the whole party be indicted for murder or at least be prosecuted for heavy damages—and became thorougly alarmed and sent for Doctor Bob, who had remained at the house, and whose diagnosis was to the effect that the whiskey inbibed would save the poor devil from pleurisy but that he would most certainly die of lead poisoning if the paint was not immediately removed, and even then it might be too late. Two stout negroes with a great tub of hot water were brought in and the patient was scrubbed and scraped for some time but with little effect; then he was annointed with hog's lard and finally at old Soc's suggestion with strong home-made soap. As the caustic application bit into the epidermis the poor creature writhed and squirmed and yelled and shrieked as if he were being

flayed alive—but firmly held in the strong grip of the negroes he struggled in vain to escape. This rough treatment which was watched by Doctor Bob with intense professional interest, was partially effective for the man came out of the bath, probably the first he had ever taken in his life, with a skin somewhat excoriated in places but of a fine bright pink complexion and what is more, completely sobered. A suit of old clothes was brought from the house and a stiff hot toddy to steady his nerves prescribed by the Doctor. He was then put in a buggy and driven home by one of the negroes.

That night after supper a grand council of all the Pewees was held—with Admiral Whitenose presiding and between drinks each member offered such remarks as the case suggested. After many speeches and many bumpers of hot Scotch it was unanimously decided that their absent brothers, Big Jim and Johnny O'., after their recent prank, had exceeded the limits of even Pewee license and that on their return they should be disciplined by a practical joke at their expense which the brotherhood would then and there proceed to discuss and invent. Finally it was decided that on the return of the delinquents they should be received with impressions of grave disapproval of their act and alarm at its consequence and made to believe that their victim was at the point of death, and a warrant out for their immediate arrest.

Now it was that old Commodore Soc was called to play a leading part in this tragi-comedy. He was sent for and received his instructions to the following effect; on the return of the two absentees he was in their presence to be ordered to take a horse and ride over to Shank's house and find out what he could about the man and his intentions. At the end of two hours to return at speed apparently in great alarm with the most frightful report his imagination could invent.

The next morning on the return of the absentees this programme was carried out with perfect success. Their grave reception, our remonstrances and the instructions given to Soc in their presence made them very uneasy in spite of the "Dutch Courage" they imbibed at the sideboard and it was easy to see that they were

really frightened. At the appointed time old Soc made his appearance and no comedian ever born could have played his part better! His horse was foaming, his eyes popped and he bore every appearance of extreme terror. "I done bin dar," he exclaimed in trembling accents, "I seen Tom Shanks and de doctor gibben him medicine. The doctor say he got high fever and de issysipillis and he die shuah! And his broder Bill Shanks done gone over to Owenville and de Squire he done start constable and possum comtaters after you and onless you back on 'Wirgin' and put out you all in jail dis blessed night!" Fancy the consternation of the two Pewees! Their fright culminated in panic and forgetting everything but safety they fled away and were on board the schooner in less time than it has taken to relate the fact, while the conspirators who planned this joke upon the jokers did not embark until all the necessary provisions were on board. Then the old "Virgin," spreading her wings to a strong sou'-wester, was soon far out in the bay beyond reach of Soc's imaginary constable and "possum comtaters."

Tom Shanks remained sober at home for some months and got religion at a camp meeting; but just as the teetotal people were beginning to cite him as a shining light in the church he backslid at a barbecue on the glorious Fourth and became if possible a greater drunkard than before. A year after the event above narrated occurred old Soc was at the mill and met Mrs. Tom Shank and she inquired whether the gentlemen from Baltimore were not coming down again for the shooting "Because," said the poor woman, "I want them to paint my man over again. It skeered him from drink and maybe it will do it again; but the colors must be warranted to wash and not fade." And so we may conclude that "All's well that ends well."

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, January 28, 1887)

CHAPTER IV

How the Old Sportsman—Journeyed to the Wild Glades of Virginia and Maryland, and the hospitality, sport and abundant game he found there

AMONG the incidents of a long and chequered life there are few which I recall with more pleasure than a shooting and fishing excursion which I once made to the glades of Maryland and Virginia, as far in the past as 1834. I was quite a young man, in fact just out of my 'teens, and with such a passion for all sorts of field sports that I might have fancied myself born under the special protection of good St. Hubert, the patron of all true sportsmen and the Nemesis of poachers and pot-hunters, and on the whole the jolliest and best saint in the whole calendar.

I had gone with my family to pass the season at the Berkeley Springs, in Virginia, and there I met a gentleman of middle age whom I instinctively, and at sight, recognized as a kindred spirit. His sandy hair, keen hawk-like blue eyes, and tall, stalwart form marked him as a true son of old Scotia and reminded one of the heroic Scottish chieftains so well described by Sir Walter Scott and Jane Porter. To use a Southern phrase, we "cottoned to each other" and soon became fast friends and inseparable companions as long as he remained at the Springs.

My new friend's name was Campbell, he was the hereditary chief of a once powerful clan now dispersed or extinct and was of the bluest blood in all the Highlands. He was at this time a naturalized American and was living in the Maryland glades, then a wilderness as primeval as could be found between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains. The chief's vivid pictures of the wild sports of his secluded home aroused my youthful imagination and venatic instincts to such a degree that he had no difficulty in getting from me a positive promise to join him at his home and prepare to remain until the early Winter of that rude climate should put a stop to our sport.

Accordingly, the spring season over, I crossed the Potomac and at Hancock took the mail stage running over the great Mail road to Wheeling—some miles beyond Cumberland—then a village. I got out at Tomlinson's, a great wagon stand and tavern at the "Little Crossings," a place so-called because in former days several trails of the great migrating herds of buffalo intersected at that town.

The landlord, notified of my coming, was prepared with a carry-all and guide to send me on to my friend's house some 6 or 8 miles off. On my way thither through a dense forest of noble timber with natural savannahs interspersed, I for the first time beheld what I then and still believe to be as magnificent a country as my eyes ever looked upon. What first struck me with surprise was that it did not look in the least like a mountainous region, the surface only rolling enough to give life and motion to numerous crystal streams all swarming with trout and much resembling the best farming lands in Maryland and Pennsylvania, but the elastic, exhilarating mountain air was there which invited to effort while it increased two-fold the power to make it.

My good friend Mr. Campbell had married in the Valley of Virginia a Miss C., a charming woman, heir to an immense body of land adjoining those of the Olives and Swans in the heart of the Maryland and Virginia glades, and there he lived the year through with his young family, an eccentric but learned old Englishman, named Yaudling, the family tutor, and a few servants. Here he had accumulated land, had all the essentials of comfort and even the refinements of civilized life in the depths of a great wilderness and here with his excellent wife and promising children he dwelt in happy seclusion far away from the outside world and its annoyances, where he could indulge to the full his ruling passion for the sports of the field in which he was one of the greatest adepts I ever met with.

On my way, the sight of a deer as it flashed across the road, two or three packs of ruffed grouse and innumerable squirrels, both black and gray, gave evidence of the sport that was in store for me and it was with a mind filled with delightful anticipations

that I arrived at my friend's door where I was received by the whole household, including the team of fine, beautiful cocker spaniels, every one of which might compete for the championship of the benches, more like a family friend than a mere stranger. After disposing of a cold grouse served on a bed of freshly caught water cress, a drink and possibly two, a pipe and a long chat, there yet remained an hour to sundown when my host gave me the option to go with him into the range to salt his cattle, or to a brook in the meadow by the house and take some trout. Of course, I opined for the fish. "There are plenty of trout there," he observed as he handed me down the rod from the brackets on the wall. "But I fear you will be disappointed in their size and the water will not permit you to display your skill in casting. You will have to use grasshoppers; still if you throw back the fingerlings, as a good Waltonian should do, you will not be in bad luck in your 6 to 8-inch fish—and they are much the best on the table. Fish for supper tonight and breakfast tomorrow." Then directing one of his little sons to go along with me and catch hoppers as I might need them, he took his way to the range while I with my proud little henchman made tracks for the brook and there, till I was called to supper I yanked the little fellows out as fast as I could throw in; and though I obeyed the needless injunction to cast back the fingerlings I had about four pounds of as nice little trout as I could desire and greatly enjoyed them fried brown in *breakfast middling*.

Supper over our kind hostess, after placing on the table a portly aldermanic foreign-looking jug of genuine Glenlivat, a sugar bowl and some tumblers—none of your modern deceptive affairs, tapering to a narrow bottom, but good honest tumblers of the olden time holding a full pint—gathered her brood beneath the maternal wing and took them off to roost, leaving her husband and his guest to themselves. The first thing the chief did was to lift a kettle, which was singing merrily on the hearth, and brew a couple of toddies, throw an additional log on the embers and then draw up to the fire and with pipe in one hand and

tumbler in the other, he held me enthralled with narratives of his experiences in stalking the red deer, shooting grouse, casting for trout, and trolling for salmon on the heather-clad moors and romantic lochs of his native land.

Of all the thrilling tales I ever listened to at the campfire or read in books I can remember none which made such an impression on me as this simple easy flowing talk of my host. At the end of near two hours and after laying our plans for the morrow, we retired, I to a comfortable bed with lavender scented sheets where I at once fell into that profound dreamless and refreshing sleep which, while it is the privilege and blessing of youth, is alas! denied to old age.

The birds were yet chirping a welcome to the rising sun when I was awakened by the youngest child of the family, a bright chubby little fellow who climbed with that trusting familiarity so sweet in every young child, upon my bed and began to talk to me about everything that came into his curly little head. He told me the names of all the spaniels and how three of them would "fetch," but he "spected" the two younger ones would soon learn, that his papa could make a dog do anything. He told me the names of the negroes and how one of them was death on coons and how his papa had killed a great big bear ever so big last fall and there was his skin on the floor by my bedside; how one winter night they all heard "wolfs howlin" and his pap shot one of them and didn't get him; he "spected" the other "wolfs" had carried him away, and then how his papa had very nearly been killed by a great buck with horns ever so large! And so the little fellow prattled away after his innocent charming fashion until I was dressed and ready for breakfast, with the appetite of a mountaineer.

The breakfast was abundant, simple, delicious. The table service—and that is often half the battle—was with its snowy white damask which had been embalmed for weeks in rose leaves and its exquisite china, in itself a poem. In the centre, on a pot, was a noble mound of golden butter, flanked on either side by the cut-glass pitcher of unskimmed milk, and on the other an

elegant dish, also of cut-glass, filled with peach marmalade,—at one end the large dish of trout of my own taking the day before and on the other an immense "omelette aux fine herbes," not a flat leathery native production, but one after the French fashion such as Dumas the elder boasted in one of his books he could make; add to this four varieties of bread, and chief among them the oldfashioned Maryland and Virginia beat biscuit the making of which alas! is rapidly becoming one of the lost arts.

To forget the coffee, as I was near doing, would have been an unpardonable omission for it perfumed the whole house, cheered the heart and brightened the intellect as old Ben's favorite "Champion" wine never could do.

Rising from breakfast we found duly arranged on the hall table our guns, ammunition, a goodly lunch and every possible requirement for a long day in the woods and fields; nothing had escaped the vigilant providence of such a veteran host. Mounting our horses, held ready for us at the door, we set out for a long day's shooting and exploration, followed by a team of fine cocker spaniels of the rarest blood, the progenitors of which my friend had himself imported. These dogs were quite a surprise to me. I had always imagined that it was a characteristic of the cocker family to be headstrong, impetuous and uncontrollable to a degree beyond the reach of discipline; whereas these dogs were as amenable to orders as the steadiest old pointer. They hunted with untiring and marvelous industry within a half-circle in front of the gun but never venturing beyond its range, and at the slightest sign of recall would come to heel and there remain until ordered on again and three of them were excellent retrievers. The thorough obedience and industry with which they covered every inch of the ground made them in rough and dense cover better than either pointer or setter.

Passing through a gate not half a mile from the house, the spaniels, which till then had remained close to heel, were cast off; and here, as it is said to be good for the soul, I will confess to an act which was as unsportsmanlike as it was cruel and which

troubled my conscience for days after. A few moments after the team had been cast into cover it burst into full cry when a doe and her fawn leaped into the road about 50 yards in front of us. With impulsive haste of a tyro I blazed away with both barrels, peppering both doe and fawn with No. 8 shot, a size of course impotent to kill at a distance but capable of inflicting, as doubtless it did, cruel torture upon the poor creatures for many days. The veteran, Campbell, said not a word, but his silence was a reproof and I felt ashamed. I hope the rising generation of young sportsmen who may read this, my confession, will remember that in the heedless impetuosity of youth we are very apt to commit acts of needless cruelty which in the end bring repentance to every generous heart. "It is better to let your game escape than to fire at him when evidently out of range" was the maxim of one of the kindest hearts and best sportsmen, I ever knew.

We had not proceeded far after this incident when we discovered a number of round bare spots amid the falling leaves of a tall beech. These were the fresh scratchings indicating the near presence of a large pack of ruffed grouse and simultaneously with this discovery the spaniels gave tongue and sped away upon the trail and we followed at an easy canter, when a thunderous whrrr! whrrr! announced that the game had taken wing. We dismounted hastily and tying our horses ran up and there beneath an old spreading haw tree were the cockers, leaping frantically to reach the fine pack of grouse perched upon the limbs, as still and motionless as if they had been turned to stone. Not a feather quivered nor an eye winked. Campbell began to dance and shout and sing as if he were as frantic as the dogs until he got a chance and then he dropped the two lowest birds which, being out of range, were shot in the head. I too got a brace but they were not so neatly killed as his and more shot put into their bodies than was necessary. Before we could reload —breechloaders were not known in those days—the remainder of the birds were off.

Discussing this mode of shooting with my companion as we jogged along after the dogs, and hinting it looked something

like pot-hunting, he observed that while of course he would scorn to murder a bird sitting, he would take all chances at a turkey and grouse as both were more favorable as food and did not often offer a shot on the wing.

The squirrels as we were passing through a beech grove, were fairly swarming and two of them, treed upon a limb overhanging the road, offered an easy shot of which I was about to avail myself when Campbell stopped me with one of his remarks so full of venatic wonder; "I would not," said he, "encumber myself with those harmless bunnies when I had nobler game, as we have before us. Moreover my friend, remember that to shoot a squirrel with a shot-gun is most decidely pot-hunting, while to kill him neatly without tearing his carcass to pieces with a weapon of precision such as a small-bore rifle, requires a degree of skill which dignifies the sport and makes it legitimate. When I feel like having my favorite soup, which by the way is equal to our grouse in Scotland, I take my 60-to-the-pound and get as many squirrels as I need and I would be ashamed to take one home that was "barked" or shot other than in the head; and this I can tell you is more difficult to do than to kill a bird on the wing. Whenever you feel like it, we will bring out the rifles and hunt the rogues in a legitimate way."

Just then a mountain hare, the first I had ever seen, crossed our path—it appeared to me to be the giant of the whole *lepus* family—as it slowly loped along apparently indifferent to the eager pursuit of the dogs.

"We will postpone that fellow," said Campbell, "a month hence he will be in condition, and fit for the table, and then will be worth our powder. In the meantime, as we are near one of our greatest local curiosities, an immense boiling spring which is believed to be bottomless, we will go there, for it is on the edge of the glades where at times you may get as many woodcock as any moderate man could want."

Just before reaching the spring the dogs flushed a large flock of turkeys, full grown and of course in the finest possible condi-

tion for the table. Campbell cut down the old hen with a snap shot as she rose and I got a poult.

"We might build a blind here," the chief remarked, "and had we the time to spare get half a dozen of those youngsters by yelping. But why should we? When we get a brace or two more of grouse and some woodcock, as we must inevitably do near the spring, I feel we will have more game than we can dispose of, for we have no neighbors to send the surplus to and I hold it to be sinful to destroy any harmless creature simply in obedience to a barbarous instinct of destructiveness; moreover as the mast is unusually abundant hereabouts this season, we can come here at any time and get a wild turkey with nearly as much certainty as we could a tame one in a barnyard."

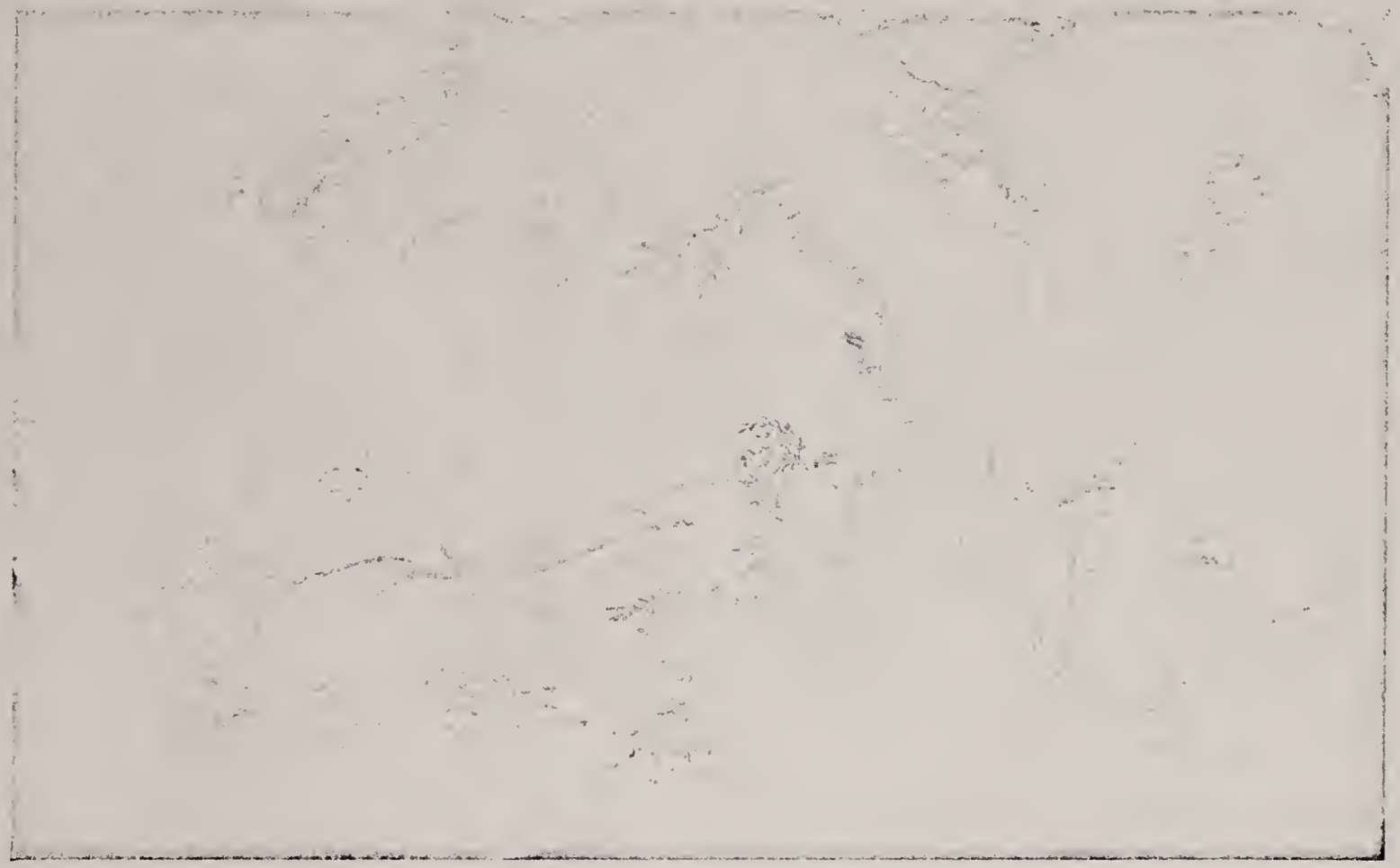
We continued on to the spring which proved a wonder indeed. The ground around it was too boggy to be safe for the horses so we hitched them and made our way on foot with the spaniels at heel. After gratifying our curiosity, we walked but a few yards away into the glade to a large space covered with a rank growth of water cabbage and other semi-aquatic plants. Here the surface of the ground would bend and undulate under our feet, and there seemed to be a great congregation of the long-billed gentry, possibly preparatory to fall migration southward. Be that as it may, more birds could be found there in half an hour than could have been seen elsewhere in a year, even if woodcock shooting had been made a special pursuit. There was no cover higher than the waist, consequently no snap shooting, and to kill a cock there was as easy as to shoot a slow-flying rail on a tidal marsh.

I can scarcely believe it now, but we left the glade with but six brace of birds when we might have had five times as many; but what was the use, my wise moderator had observed, as his ice-house was empty and they would have rotted on our hands. We then went to look for our horses, and lo! they were gone! And, as the tracks indicated, they were making for home. As we were standing in great perplexity we heard the sound of horses at a gallop coming toward us and to our great relief there were our truant beasts, and mounted on one and leading the

other was one of the most extraordinary men I ever beheld—a small bright little fellow made up apparently of skin, muscle and bone with an eye like a hawk. For big game such as bear, deer, and wolves, he was still the most successful hunter in all that district. His name was Steen Friend and he had lived in the glade country for 95 years without ever leaving them. He was a great favorite with Campbell and they were on familiar terms and hunted much in company.

When the Chief and his guest were lolling that night in slippered feet before the fire, with pipes and tumblers in our hands, I hinted to him what his little boy had told me about his killing the bear and his own narrow escape from the buck. He replenished his tumbler and then related these events in a way to bring the scene living before me. I will repeat the story for you in your next number.

F. G. S.



SHOOTING ROE DEER IN GERMANY

From the painting by J. E. Ridinger who in the eighteenth century was preeminent for his sketches and line engravings of the hunt and chase.

FLUSHING A WOODCOCK

(Turf, Field and Farm, February 4, 1887)

CHAPTER V

How the Old Sportsman—Tells of the Chief of the Glades who slew a great bear and was himself all but slain by a wounded buck.

"AS for the killing of the bear Willie told you of," said my friend as he slowly stirred his steaming tumbler, "that was a mere accident. Bears are not so numerous now in the glades as when forty years ago old Steen Friend killed three in one day. In fact I have seen but two in the five years that I have been living here; and as for the fellow whose pelt lies on the floor of your bedroom, his taking off was scarcely more dramatic than the butchering of a beef or a fat hog.

"About this time two years ago I was riding over to see my nearest neighbor—a Dutchman named Brope—about some missing steers and to reach him I had to follow a sort of blind path through the woods for about five miles. A mile from the edge of my clearing I observed that two enormous trees—which had been rotting on the ground for many years—had been turned over and were very much torn, evidently by a bear in search of big fat grubs, of which all the plantigrades are very fond. The bear who could turn over and tear all the sapwood from two such trunks as these, that half a dozen men with handspikes could scarcely have handled, must have been a whopping big one, there could be no doubt; but I passed on my way without any idea of hunting him, keeping, however, a bright lookout for chances. Half a mile beyond this was an abandoned cabin with a small clearing, a favorite resort for game where at different times I had killed three deer, so I took the precaution to dismount and approach the place on foot.

"I contrived to crawl to a spot within forty yards of the cabin to a place which commanded a full view of the clearing; but, seeing no deer or game of any kind, was about to get back upon my horse when I caught sight of a great moving black mass, partially concealed by a corner of the cabin, and that black mass

was Mr. Bruin. He had not got my wind so I lay still behind a great log and watched his operations. He was digging for artichokes (solanum tuberosus) and the Tipperary Irishman with his shovel could not have made the dirt fly as fast as did he. These artichokes had probably been planted there by the original settler many years ago and were, as is the nature of that tubercle, fast invading the clearing as the only check to their spread was an occasional visit when such 'varmints' as he had found them out. Under such circumstances it was absolutely necessary that so formidable a beast should be killed dead in his tracks for such is the tenacity of the bear that he may travel for miles with a dozen mortal wounds and yet escape. And then I had no dogs to follow this fellow. But the old fellow in his eagerness for the tubers kept in such constant motion that I could get no opportunity to place a ball precisely where I wanted; and thus I waited for fully two minutes which suspense lengthened into ten. Then putting my fingers to my mouth I gave a clear sharp short whistle. Instantly he stood erect upon his hind feet and turned his nose to the wind, but as instantly a ball crashed through his skull between the eye and ear and he fell prone to the ground, dead, and as limp as a rag. That diminutive leaden pellet—60 to the pound—was as instantaneously effective as the heaviest thunderbolt that ever fell from the clouds.

"Reloading with extra care and approaching with the utmost caution, as every huntsman should do with large game, I found I had secured a prize, indeed. The pelt—the most valuable part—was close, glossy, intensely black and in the finest possible condition, and would have ranked A-1 with the furriers, but the beast was so heavy that instead of butchering him unassisted I gave up my intended visit and mounting my horse galloped back to the house and returned with a couple of men, a yoke of oxen, and a wood sleigh and hauled him home, where the carcass was treated precisely as that of a fat hog would have been except that the hide was stripped off and carefully preserved. We saved a firkin of good lard, the hams, shoulders and middlings, salted and smoked, making excellent bacon, while the paws were cooked like pig's feet which they far excelled when

we came to eat them; in truth, on the table the feet of a fat bear are by far the best part of him."

"And what about your escape from the old buck?" I asked.

"Oh! that!" exclaimed the Chief with increased animation, "was an adventure and nearly a tragedy. I must relate it to you as it carries with it a valuable lesson for all tyros who like yourself aspire to hunt large game. You may have observed as we rode out yesterday in pursuit of feathered game, I took with me in my belt a small single-hand axe without any apparent reason for it. Now my good friend, had it not been for that little axe I would not have the pleasure to hobnob with you as I do now, tonight."

So saying, he touched my glass with his and drained his own to the last drop with evident relish.

"That axe," he continued, "saved my life once and I have never been in the woods since without it. And here is how it happened:

"In the spring of 1831 my herd of cattle had increased so much in the natural way as well as by purchase that I became apprehensive I might not be able to carry it through the coming winter; and winters, I can tell you, are Hyperborean in these elevated glades. So I determined to make sure. I fenced off from the ranch about fifteen acres of the cherry-tree meadow—the clearing about two miles away. With the help of extra hired labor I cut and ricked up my 25–30 tons of beautifully cured hay. Then I was happy and I can tell you, young man, that one of the farmer's most solid enjoyments is the consciousness, through a long winter, that all his dependents, both human and brute, are as secure as yourself from hunger and exposure. He may sit as we do now in slippered feet before a roaring fire, bid defiance to Jack Frost and listen with complacency to the howling of the old Boreas without. But to return to my adventure:

"In the first week in October old Sam, my foreman, came to say that if I 'didn't do sompin the wile critters would get all de hay;' and he 'had been dar an' de tracks was same as if drove

o' hogs had been dar.' Of course I took the alarm and, ordering Sam to take a couple of hands and the oxen and material, on the morrow after breakfast, to maul and build up rails enough to make the enclosure deer-proof, went to bed. The next morning at break of day I was already more than half way to the meadows in the hope of getting a shot at one of the marauders; and I was the more anxious to do so for it was just before the rut commences—a time when all *cervidae* are in better condition than at any other period of the year. I have forgotten to say that two days before a two inch snow had fallen and a strong no'wester then blowing had slightly crusted the surface, making it brittle and sonorous when broken. I had taken the precaution to put on moccasins and the wind was in my favor. I made a faultless stalk to the rick but all I saw of the deer were their tracks on the lea-side where, sheltered from the wind, they had eaten their full without alarm. Among these tracks I observed one which from its unusual size might have been taken for that of one of my yearling Alderneys. It led off by itself in a northwest direction, right in the wind's eye. This fact, together with the clean-cut freshness of the spoor, encouraged me to follow. I had, as a sailor would say, 'the weather-gauge' of the fellow, but the weather-gauge in deer stalking is exactly the reverse in yachting. The breeze was strong enough to prevent his hearing me. I trudged on then, confident in my woodcraft to get a shot at him.

"In about an hour or less as I was gliding through, still keeping sight of the trail, but beneath the shelter of some hemlocks to avoid the crackling snow, I saw the top of a small birch sapling swaying to and fro in a most unusual manner. This put me on my guard and gradually lessening the distance I beheld what to a sportsman is one of the most thrilling and beautiful sights in nature; a full-grown full-antlered *Cervus Virginianus* in his glossy bluish gray Autumn pelage, preparing himself, all unsuspicious of a lurking danger, for his season of love and war. There was a proud free carriage about this particular beast that made him in my eye the peer of the great red deer, the kings of

the misty glens of my own deer country. He was busily rubbing the dead dry velvet from his great branching antlers, making his toilet to captivate the gentle soft-eyed does, and preparing to do battle with his rivals for their favor.

"I had been watching him for some time with intense interest almost oblivious of my fell purpose to do him to death, when 'Whoa! Lion!' came to the ear from a long way off. It was the ox driver on his way to the hay rick. The grand beast threw up his head like a monarch indignant at the unexpected intrusion and just then I touched the hair trigger. The buck staggered a few steps but he fell, as I thought, stone dead; for I felt so sure of my shot that I aimed to break his neck just where it joined the head. Without reloading I stood my rifle against a tree and drawing my knife from the sheath walked leisurely up the slope where the creature was lying apparently as dead as a smoked herring.

"I was just in the act of stooping to bleed him when with the quickness of electricity he sprang up to his feet and dashed at me with flashing eyes, and every hair on his body, as it seemed to me, bristling with fury! With a single stroke of his sharp forefoot he ripped my hunting shirt from shoulder to hip and cast me flat upon my back. The knife knocked from my grasp by the shock was slowly slipping away down the slope and it was already hopelessly beyond my reach, and there I lay prostrate and helpless. He then made a dash at me with his antlers. Instantly I seized one of them and pushed him aside but at the expense of a most painful wound in this hand (and here my host held out his left hand which had been transfixed by one of the broad antlers of the buck). He then struck another savage blow at me with his fore foot and as a deer's hoof will cut like a knife he would soon have finished me had I not had recourse to my little axe, the blade of which I had the good fortune to drive into his brain up to the eye, and to save my life. It was indeed a near thing! While yet in mere youth," he continued, "my people sent me out to India where I lived for two years as a cadet of the Honorable Company, and while there I had the

good fortune to participate in a tiger hunt and to witness from the back of an elephant the charge of a Bengal tiger of the largest size. I assure you the tiger in his wildest rage did not look to me half as formidable as that buck! Of the two, the buck looked by far the more ferocious. The bristling hair, and the fury in the eyes of an animal usually so timid, were absolutely frightful.

"And now," added the Chief, "the lesson to be derived from my adventure is simply this; never venture into a range frequented by large game without a small axe in your belt—and never under any circumstances approach your game with an empty gun. Why, I once lost the finest turkey that ever gobbled in the glades by neglecting to reload after firing. He fell, as I thought, dead. I had actually stretched forth my hand to pick him up, when he scuffled from my grasp and got clear way into a great laurel brake, where I did not care to follow him."

By this time one of the candles was flickering in the socket, the fire had burnt out and the music of the singing kettle had ceased, to be succeeded by the vociferous chirpings of the cricket. Such surroundings suggested bed, and to bed I retired forthwith after arranging our program for the morrow.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, February 11, 1887)

CHAPTER VI

How the Old Sportsman—With his Host visited a cultured fat man, and of the great quantity of game encountered

BETIMES the next morning I was awakened by a muffled sound of pounding falling upon my ear with a regular cadence as if by a machine at no great distance off. Just at this moment my prattling little visitor of the day before entered the room and without ceremony climbed to the foot of the bed; my host's eldest boy, who seemed to have taken me under his especial attention. "Time to get up," he exclaimed, "don't you hear Aunt Candace beating the biscuits? When you hear that thump, thump, thump, going on ever so long, you may be sure breakfast is most ready." Alas! in these ante-bellum days in this New South, as they call it, that thumping so musical to the ear of the hungry is not so often heard in Maryland kitchens as of yore, and the beat biscuit, the pride of the Southern breakfast table, has already become a rarity. No clarion that ever sounded, nor drum that beat a reveille, was half so welcome as the thump, thump, thump, of old Aunt Dinah's rolling-pin upon the kitchen table. The first drags you from pleasant sleep to encounter the course of another day, while the other announces breakfast with all its gustatory delights.

I was soon dressed and out on the front porch where I encountered my kindly host coming in from the garden with a bunch of freshly-gathered tansy all bespangled with dew in his hand. Suggesting as it did, julep, it was more welcome than a bouquet of Maréchal Neil roses or Parma violets. The fact is I needed it to correct the effects of one tumbler too many of the potent Glenlivat of the night before. "The mint," observed my host as he called for the tumblers and sugar, "has become too rank to do itself justice and I thought you might prefer, as I do, the aromatic bitter of the tansy instead. By the way, talking of julep did you ever taste the 'old julep' invented by our friend Josiah Lee of Baltimore? He gave us some at Carroll's Island one morn-

ing and we all thought it the most happy conception worthy to be ranked with such grand liquors as Chartreuse and the Curaçoa. What a pity," he continued, "that the name of the inventor of the julep should have been lost, for among the innumerable creations of American genius, if not the most useful, it certainly is the most comforting. This much is certain, it was invented as an antidote to the malaria of the tide-waters of the Chesapeake and the honor of the discovery lies between Maryland and Virginia. The question should be investigated by the historical societies of the two states. Our Maryland is undoubtedly entirely indebted to the gastronomic glory of the terrapin; why not the julep, also?"

As he gave utterance to this query our straws gave out those harsh and unwelcome sounds indicating a vacuum in the tumblers, whereupon we put them down and made our way to the breakfast room—summoned by the all-pervading aroma of the steaming mocha. But why describe that breakfast as I am tempted to do? Why tantalize the readers with the detail of the "menu," on which even President Garrett's * great chef would have been proud to put his seal and sign manual? And why should I cause water to come to the mouths of such proved gourmets as the accomplished ex-Mayor of Utica or your correspondent Bagshot? Suffice to say that on this occasion old Aunt Candace excelled herself. Blessed be her memory for her "price" was above rubies.

At breakfast we discussed our plans for the day and as the larder was without ice but still rich in game we determined to devote it to exploration rather than shooting, making the latter a mere incidental. This suited me exactly for what I had seen of that remarkable region the day before had made me very much interested in this wild wilderness, a venatic oasis isolated amid the populous surrounding states. Here I was, upon the very summit of the very highest mountains of the continent except the Rockies, and yet the land was comparatively level, devoid of rocks and covered with a dense forest of nearly all the varieties of the noblest timber trees known to our American

* Robert Garrett, President of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R.

sylva, and with large natural meadows or glades some wet and boggy, others firm and dry, but all in certain conditions of the atmosphere looking like lakes, which once at some remote period in the past they doubtless were, some sending their surplus water to the Mexican Gulf on the one hand, some to the Atlantic on the other. I was on the broad flat back of the giant Appalachian Range.

As we mounted our horses with all the necessary equipment for such shooting as we might meet with, the chief told me that he had three visits to pay which he thought would interest me—the first about six miles away to Mr. McH., a gentleman of the highest refinement, of vast literary attainments, a most delightful companion and withal of a most cheerful, jocund temper notwithstanding that for some occult reason he had chosen to bury himself in this wilderness utterly secluded from the possibility of congenial companionship, and what made the case still more remarkable, he never ventured beyond sight of his house and never handled "either fly or gun." We were then to call at the cabin of the nonagenarian Steen Friend, the venatic oracle of the whole countryside, who in childhood had actually seen a wild buffalo on the Maryland soil and in manhood had slain elk, bear and panther in these very glades, and who moreover had killed the very biggest trout ever seen in the glade waters. We were, if time allowed, to wind up our visits with old Brope, a tenant on the Oliver tract, a quiet queer sort of a Pennsylvania Dutchman, the only man in that region who put up sauerkraut for winter and who still kept up in his household the ancestral custom of bundling—for the meaning of which I refer you to the Knickerbocker Club of New Amsterdam.

As we rode forth I could not but admire the wonderful docility of the spaniels—they followed at heel, the five of them, for more than a mile without showing a symptom of that wonderful vitality which this breed of dogs above all others is endowed with, and when at last they were cast off their forced inertia was suddenly changed into a vivacious activity. Very near where we flushed the grouse under the beeches the previous day, we

flushed them again and in all probability the same pack. We bagged three of them but as we were not much bent on shooting we kept to the road without following them. At the Cherry Tree meadows we saw no deer but plenty of fresh signs and so we jogged along until we reached Deep Creek glade and the boiling spring. Here C. suggested we should repeat our visit to the shaking bog and get a brace or two of woodcock for his friend Mc., to whom they would be a great treat, for he depended for his game on old Steen who scorned a smooth bore—scatter-gun, he called it—and had never shot a bird on the wing in his life. We accordingly dismounted, secured our horses and made for the bog. It was a curious sensation to walk over a thick sward and apparently solid surface, and see and feel it shake and oscillate for yards around at every footfall and not at all pleasant to know that if perchance one were to break through he would be sucked down to immeasurable depths in the black slimy ooze beneath with scarce a chance to escape. No such mishap befell us however; but not a woodcock did we find, where twenty-four hours before they fairly swarmed! My companion, the most philosophical of sportsmen, expressed no regret. He simply remarked it was disappointing but not at all surprising, for, said he, "The birds usually have gone to another feeding ground similar to this some five miles further down the Creek. We are very prone," he continued, "to attribute to caprice any actions of wild creatures which we cannot account for, when in fact these actions are conducted by instinct far more infallible than our reason; probably certain atmospheric changes which to our senses, blunted by civilized life, are entirely imperceptible."

On remounting and continuing our way along the road of the timber which enclosed the glade with a wall of living green, my attention was roused by a most extraordinary sight. Stretched across the full width of the glade, at a part which had been mowed for hay by the few people living near, and quite a thousand yards away, was a long line of turkeys advancing in our direction like the skirmish line of an army, bringing on a battle. From the length of the line, there must have been three or four

broods united and they were driving before them millions of young grasshoppers upon which they were greedily feeding. My companion immediately called his dogs to heel, turned his horse and rode deeply in the wood, where of course I followed. "We can do nothing," he said, "with those turkeys in the open. We must leave the dogs here and creep under cover of the timber where it juts out into the glade, like a point into a lake, and there take our chances at such birds as may come within range. As you see, their advance is slow and we have ample time; but first let us draw our No. 8 shot and put in some Ely wire cartridges, which I have in my pocket." This was speedily done. Then the chief, with that providence which is inseparable from woodcraft, drew from his pocket a thin strong cord and couples for the spaniels with which he tied them up near the horses. We then crept down to the edge of the glade and were in close ambush while the turkeys were then fully 300 hundred yards away. As they slowly advanced I could not—in spite of the excitement so natural in a tyro—but smile at the comical sight they presented. They reminded me of a corps of long-legged ballet girls capering up to the footlights on the stage as they hopped hither and thither in eager pursuit of the "hoppers." When they were within good range we emptied our four barrels into the flock. We got but two birds. We were both content, however; we had secured two young poults for our neighbor and as for myself, if my blood circulated now as it did in those days, I would, old as I am, travel a thousand miles to express the emotions I did then. I have since lived for years in Louisiana and Mississippi, in the midst of droves of wild turkeys, but I never saw anything there to compare with that wild stampede on the Deep Creek Glade!

At a distance of perhaps two miles down the glade, but on the opposite side, the chief pointed at a thin column of smoke rising before a clump of trees—that was the place of our destination. We could not make directly for it, for the creek, with perpendicular banks, sullenly creeping over a bed of black mud, fathoms deep, interposed. It was not to be forded, so we had to make

for a long bridge, a mile further down, and as we came near it I spied—what for the moment I took to be a raccoon seated on the edge of the creek but which turned out to be that odd old Mountain Methuselah—Steen Friend, sitting as immovable as a hungry bittern watching for his dinner. The old fellow's body was concealed by the bank, his head appeared above it, covered by a coonskin cap so arranged, with the tail hanging down his back and the head protruding in front, that he looked at a little distance much like a living pet coon perched upon his venerable master's head. Steen told us he had heard our guns and that he had been waiting for us. He had strung upon a forked willow twig a fine mess of trout that might have averaged a quarter of a pound. His tackle was of the rudest kind, but strong enough to have held a small leviathan. He remarked that he was getting a mess of fish for his neighbor McH. Just as he made this statement he hurriedly laid down his fish, wrapped his short line around the pole and seizing it about the middle he stooped and with the suppleness and stealthy tread of a catamount, crept a few yards down the stream, then suddenly raising his great hoop-pole of the rod he brought it down with a tremendous whack upon the edge of the water. He had broken the back of a large snake which was coming out of the water with a fine half-pound fish in his mouth.

The old man was much elated. "I would rather have killed that doggon sarpint," he exclaimed, "than have yanked out the biggest fish in the water for if them sarpints, and Pennsylvany people, and cranes, ain't killed off, they'll clean every fish outen the glades." On being being asked what he meant by such wholesale denunciation of his fellow citizens of the Keystone State he explained that early in June of that year a lot of fellows had crossed the border from Pennsylvania, with a covered wagon and tent, a big fish net and a half a barrel of whiskey; that they were too lazy to hunt wild turkeys and stole two of his tame ones, and that in three days they had cleaned out two miles of the creek and had carried off a thirty-five-gallon barrel of trout salted down like the herring they had in the store at Little Crossing from the old country.

This prediction of old man Steen was very nearly realized, for not only the marauders from Pennsylvania, but the Cockney pot-hunters from the cities, and above all, the railway navvies of the B & O, with lime and fish berries, had nearly destroyed the fishing when fortunately Mr. Delawder—a first-rate sportsman and a resident of Oakland—was appointed Fish Commissioner for Maryland. Under his intelligent and vigilant supervision the glade country is rightly becoming again what it once was—an angler's Paradise.

As the old man was going our way I offered him my horse but he smiled, saying he would get to the house on his own legs as soon as I could—were I to ride at a gallop—and he did, for taking short cuts across the boggy grounds impassable to a horse, he reached his destination long before we did and had announced our coming.

We found Mr. McH. on a broad low-pitched veranda seated in an immense home-made hickory chair and I must confess that it put a strain on my good breeding to conceal my wonder at his appearance. I had seen several larger and heavier men than he, but never one so fat, and what added to my astonishment was the fact that this fat, instead of being firm and solid, seemed to be semi-fluid of a jelly-like consistency, and when he laughed—which a jocund temper led him to do—his whole person from crown to heel fairly shook and quivered with responsive ecstasy. He was the only person I ever met who enjoyed the privilege of laughing with his whole body as well as with his whole soul.

Springing from his chair with surprising agility, Mr. McH advanced to receive us with all the easy urbanity of a gentleman of the old school. He led the way to his library, quite a large room lined with shelves fairly crowded with handsome bound volumes of the ancient and modern classics and nearly all fine London editions. In a separate case was a ponderous voluminous work which in my childhood I had looked upon with a sort of superstitious reverence as the compendium of all human learning—it was Ree's Cyclopedia—a truly herculean production

of its day, but such has been the progress of human knowledge with the last half-century that the work has become obsolete, and even the name of its projector has been blotted out of memory by that of the greatest of all encyclopedias of modern times, our own Appleton. We had scarcely had time to glance around when a tidy old woman came in with a silver waiter on which were all the materials for liquid refreshment. Following the example of our jovial amphytrion, each man took a tumbler and mixed for himself.

And here permit me to remark there is a pleasure and refinement in the old-time fashion of mixing one's own drink that cannot be claimed for "straight drinking." The one—to say nothing of the delightful tintinnabulary music of the spoon in contact with the glass—prolongs charm of anticipation and evinces the delicacy and refinement of cultured gustatory organs; whereas the other may indicate a greedy appetite for strong drinks, and the very name of the tipple, grog, as a jack-tar vulgarity suggestive of telltale grog blossoms.

Presently our genial host invited us to partake of what he called "pot luck;" so it was in truth, for he was not aware of our coming, but he abstained from the vulgarity of apologizing for his fare. We passed a broad hall to the dining room and sat down to a large roomy table covered with immaculate damask and a pretty old-fashioned service of silver, cut-glass and that ancient India blue china now become so rare and precious. The principal dish was a jowl mounted on a mass of what has become the rarest, as it is the most delicate, of all the brassicas—curled savory cabbage. This was evidently the "pot luck" alluded to, but the cook had had time to supplement it with some of Steen's trout; some fried and others—the largest—stuffed with butter and herbs, served in the neat wrappers of white paper in which they had been cooked. Now I have, in my time, breakfasted at the famous Rocher de Cancale de Paris, noted throughout the civilized world for the excellence of its fish. I have eaten the classic red mullet of Egypt and the freshly caught skate cooked "au gratin" as a test of skill by one of

Delmonico's most ambitious artists under the learned supervision of the N. Y. F. C., the Hon. Robert Roosevelt; and I here do most positively assert that never anywhere at any time have I eaten anything to compare with those fat flaky salmon-colored Deep Creek trout cooked "en papillotte" by that old Maryland woman of African descent. But faugh!—I fancy I hear from some over-fastidious club dude—"Jowl and cabbage; how vulgar you know!" Let me tell the gentleman that a Maryland jowl with cabbage and turnip sprouts eaten after a long ride through that ozone-laden air of the Allegheny glades, becomes the peer of the finest *pâté de foié gras* ever made in Strasburg. The only vegetable served save the delicate savory cabbage was the cosmopolitan "murphy" for which that mountain country is famous. They were simply boiled, but how few cooks know how to boil a potato! These were boiled dry and the snow-white farina was bursting through the jackets in which they were dished, while for bread we had the golden brown corn-dodger, a wholesome delicacy as yet unknown to the North.

What with our post-prandial pipes and the charming conversation of our entertainer, the hours slipped by unheeded, until the lengthening shadows warned us to be off. So making an engagement with Steen to meet and ride with us on the morrow and promising Mr. McH. to give him a whole day soon, we took what the chief called "doch au dorris"—*anglice* stirrup-cup—all 'round, and mounting our horses commenced our homeward countermarch, postponing the visit to Bropes to another day.

As we approached the bridge a plump of wild fowl pitched into the creek about a hundred yards before it, when the chief—reining up his horse—observed that they were teal, or summer ducks, and in too good condition at that season to pass by. So, dismounting he took out the dog couples and hobbled both our horses, there being neither tree nor shrub on the open glade to hitch them to. Then with a warning to the dogs to keep to heel we approached the bridge. He directed me to cross over and then take up stream abreast of himself. In five minutes

the ducks were flushed, C. making a double and I missing with the first barrel but getting a brace with the left. One of my brace was only wing-tipped and his retrieval by three of the spaniels was splashing fun indeed. They were blue-wings and as fat as butter. We then put our horses in a dog-trot homeward, C. telling me that sometimes in the fall the glades were visited by a number of ducks, apparently of all the varieties common to tide-water, but that as these visits were by no means regular he was uncertain as to what cause to ascribe them.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, February 18, 1887)

CHAPTER VII

How the Old Sportsman—And the Chief discoursed on dogs, how the writer shot his first deer, and Steen Friend killed a great trout

AFTER supper on our return from the pleasant visit to McH. the conversation turned on dogs. "Why is it," I asked the chief, "that you—who through your connections in England can command the best strains of all the best breeds in that country—keep neither pointers, setters, hounds nor terriers?"

"For several years when living in the Piedmont country in Virginia," replied he, "I never was without a brace of setters. The first I had were sent me by a cousin from the most noted kennels in Galway, Ireland. They had speed, nose and everlasting bottom, positively indomitable. With a few weeks idleness they grew wild and ungovernable and had to be broken over again when taken to the field. They cost me a small fortune in dog whips to say nothing of trials of temper and though their deep rich mahogany red coats made them exceedingly beautiful to the eye, it made them invisible on dead leaves in the woods and in the tall sedge into which our birds are sure to pitch when flushed. Now as I do not hold anything to be sport which tries the temper as those dogs did mine, I gladly accepted to exchange with Murray Lloyd of the Eastern Shore for a good brace of black-and-white natives; and yet my Irish setters when in full work could beat any dogs I ever saw. Lloyd's natives gave me entire satisfaction; they were good enough for all practical purposes, what more could I want? I brought them up here, but gave them away to a friend in Virginia, because this uncultivated country could afford no field for them and also in recognition of a very acceptable trio of Berkshire pigs which were still a rarity a few years since. I keep no hounds, because foxhunting ceases to be sport without the rivalry of companions, and where are they to be found in this wilderness? As for driving deer

with other dogs than beagles, I hold it to be as reprehensible and foolish as to kill a goose laying golden eggs; for large hounds will drive the deer nearly out of the country and cause them to abandon it altogether. The poor mountain people would be deprived of their chief meat supply, and would retaliate upon your hounds by lying in wait and shooting them down at every opportunity; and then if I did do anything so foolish, how could I man the runways with only two guns beside my own within ten miles of me? I might get from my kinsfolk in Scotland as fine deer hounds as ever Edwin Landseer painted, but they are *gaze* hounds—and how far do you suppose they could see in our laurel thickets or in a large section of hemlock country we call the 'Shades of Death?' No, the stately deer-hound, while magnificent on the treeless moors of Scotland and our great Western plains, would be comparatively useless here. Moreover, with the small modicum of brains in their narrow skulls they have never acquired those pleasant companionable traits to be attributed, I believe, to constant association with man. Now for such an exceptional country as this with such game—the turkey, ruffed grouse, snipe and wood-cock and no partridges—any variety of cocker—and there are half-a-dozen or more in England —will do. For myself, however, I would not give the preference to the Clumber—the beautiful rich-coated Sussex—or to the very small cocker. I do not admire the Clumber because he looks like a setter with his legs cut off—but that is a mere fancy. The solid objection is the fact that he does not throw his tongue. The only possible objection to the Sussex is my chief one to the Irish setter, invisibility. The very small cockers are only fit for lap-dogs and trailing bread-balls rolled across the parlor carpet. But the dog of dogs, as you will soon find out, for a wilderness like this, is the lemon and white fifteen-inch English cocker like mine, but—and here comes the rub—they must be as thoroughly educated as mine are, and there is not one man in a thousand who can or will do it.

"I have been thinking," continued he, "of getting out some beagles, not your foot beagles as we call them in Scotland,

dwarfed by in-and-in breeding to such a degree as to make them delicate and incapable of getting out of a ditch when they fall in, but good stout, muscular fellows; black, white and tan, about fourteen inches at the shoulder, exact epitomes of the old English Talbot as depicted in the books, with the same long leathery ears, musical voice, and plenty of it. With a small pack of such hounds not only could my children—girls as well as boys—hunt hares in sight of the house and when this is done on foot I can conceive of no finer exercise for them, but my guests and I could drive deer with them as the French did in the government forests. I have seen them in that country trained to stop when in mid-career on a burning scent at the signal from a horn. These small dogs excite no terror in the deer as do larger hounds, for an old buck will lope leisurely before them and even stop to fight them off as he would so many pestilent flies; and thus give the huntsman opportunities to shoot without going through the tedium of standing sometimes for hours at a runway on the chance of the deer being driven to him; better still the game cannot be driven clear out of the country by such dogs. Indeed, if I could conveniently do so I would run over to the old country and get some beagles and cockers of my own choosing and for my own use."

I then inquired how, in his opinion, our native setters and pointers compared with those in Europe?

"Really," he replied, "for all practical purposes I can see no difference and I can say this for your natives; I have seen them hard worked for a week at a stretch, day in and day out, and I have seen many of them excellent retrievers from land and water. I have never seen as much done by our dogs across the water; not that they can't do it, but it is not required of them.

"The shooting in Britain, both on the stubbles and the moors, is done with relays of dogs, none of them being required to run more than half a day and none required to retrieve, which is done by a different race of dogs, bred and trained for the purpose. But still I would rather have a dog from a good kennel in England than your natives simply because of the recorded purity of their

blood; for in spite of your democratic fallacy of equality I believe in the adage, 'Blood will tell.'

"When we see not only horses, dogs, and cattle, but man himself throw back for six or eight generations to some progenitor objectionable in form, feature or character, pedigree becomes of the first importance. Your turfman will refuse to breed to a stallion with a flaw in his pedigree, no matter how brilliant his performances. Why not follow the same rule to the breeding of dogs? You have no such thing in this country as a public Kennel Register and until you have you can place no confidence in the purity of your canine stock. But after all how can you sovereigns, as you call yourselves, be expected to keep the pedigree of your dogs when so negligent of your own?"

All this was uttered half in jest but it must be borne in mind that our Scottish chief was a tory of the bluest blood and hated democracy; and this conversation was held fifty years and more before the Turf, Field and Farm inaugurated bench shows and field trials, and thus educated our people to the knowledge of dogs and just appreciation of their value.

"You have one variety of dog," resumed the Chief, who had become quite animated in discussing the genial theme, "unrivalled in all the world for the purpose for which he is intended; I mean your native retriever, fine specimens of which I saw on Carroll's Island and among the gentry of the Eastern Shore; the Lloyds, the Goldsboroughs, Tilghmans and others. These dogs are of noble presence, of almost human intelligence and of indomitable pluck. With these qualities and a coat as close, warm and impervious as a skin of the seal, such as can be found on no other dog, they make in the hardest weather and roughest water the most powerful and best retrievers of wild fowl to be found in any country, and indeed, I am inclined to rank them equal with the Newfoundland and the St. Bernard for the special qualities for which those breeds are prized."

I might have stayed up all night gathering in knowledge from this oracle on sport and woodcraft, but my pipe was out. I had reached the bottom of my second tumbler even to the "supernaculum" drop and so I went to bed.

Aunt Candace's thumping reveille with rolling-pin and biscuit-board roused me betimes the next morning and I bounded from bed feeling as if I had the strength to hug a bear to death, and the appetite to eat him after. I needed no tansy julep that morning to stimulate me to Gargantuan feats at the breakfast table, but took one nevertheless because it was offered; and, to tell the honest truth, because I never could resist the persuasive powers of that delicious compound. Just as we were mixing it, old Steen rode up on a venerable mouse-colored mule that had been given him for services rendered some ten years back by a director on the great National road so much discussed in Congress in General Jackson's time. The old fellow declined the proffered julep, remarking that he had "no use for licker with yarbs in it, he war'nt sick"—but he would take a little straight. He declined to come to breakfast, having taken that meal by candle-light at home.

Putting up an ample lunch, we were ready to set out upon our expedition, the chief object of which was to find out some trees marked many years before by the surveyors in running lines between the Oliver Swan and Campbell estates, which Steen only could locate. He had been a chain-carrier and was now the only survivor of the surveying party.

On the way my host wished to stop to replenish the salt in a deer-lick which he had near our line of march, and above all he wished me to see the Youghiogheny, the most important trout stream in the country, as one of the marked trees stood upon its bank precisely at the spot where Steen had killed the big fish.

We had proceeded about a mile from the house when we turned off from the road to reach the deer lick of which, never having seen one, I felt some curiosity. Not 200 yards from the road in the midst of a small natural clearing, was a stump about eighteen inches high and two feet in diameter. In the top were several holes, bored with an inch auger, several inches in depth. The stump was bare of bark and looked as if it had been nearly uprooted by hogs, for its roots were bare for some distance in the ground. Thirty yards from this stump and about nine feet

above the surface was a rude platform so constructed as not to attract attention; this was the place for the hunter to lie in ambush for the wild creatures coming to the lick. Mr. Campbell filled the auger holes with salt and we resumed our march.

He had killed several deer, he told me, at that lick, and might, had he been so inclined, have killed many more but in fact he had no inclination, for it was too much like assassination. Sport, he had added, to be manly and legitimate should be a fair contest between the instincts of the game and skill and woodcraft of the hunter, and here the game had no show whatever.

Just here we reentered the road, or rather bridle path, some distance from where we had left it when old Steen, who was in the advance, pulled up his mule and made a sign to be silent. When we overtook him at a wet place, made so by a tiny rivulet crossing the path, he pointed to the track of a deer but a few minutes old, for it was filled with water yet muddy. The two old hunters consulted for a moment, when they determined that I was to try my "prentice hand" on that deer if possible. Guided by old Steen, I was to proceed at a brisk pace to a point a mile or more away, well known to the old man and there wait for the passage of the deer, as the chances were ten to one he would pass that way if pursued. Ten minutes after our departure the chief was to follow on the trail as slowly as he could compel the dogs to go. I, all impatience and excitement at the prospect of killing my first deer, turned to go, when the Chief laughingly stopped me.

"Do you want to repeat your blunder of day before yesterday?" he exclaimed, as he handed me three or four wire cartridges.

I hastily put them in my pocket and was about to be off.

"Stop!" said he, "and exchange your load here; don't you think it will be too late when you get sight of a deer? And remember, my young friend, that deliberation and presence of mind are indispensable to a good hunter and no man can become one without it. Now, be off with you; and at a canter! And be as dumb as you will find old Steen to be, but don't fail to obey

his instructions. I trust he will guard you from the *'buck thumps.'"* And so we went our several ways, he at a deliberate pace on the trail of the deer and Steen and myself at a hard gallop to the stand where it was expected to pass.

In less than ten minutes my companion, tutor and guide, pulled up and motioned me to dismount. He hitched my horse securely to a swinging limb and as for his mule he contented himself with throwing her bridle down and leaving her standing where she was, and then with a step as noiseless as a falling snowflake, he led the way gliding like a shadow through a small patch of mountain laurel down to where a huge uprooted tree had fallen across the stream which rippled musically amid the rocks beneath. Here taking the seat in the hollow left by the upturned roots he motioned me to one beside him. Opposite us, across the brook was a small glade, extending from a little above where we sat 100 yards or so to where the stream made a sudden bend. Thirty yards in front of us, stood a blasted pine.

After listening intently for a moment and hearing nothing, the old man leaned over and whispered: "That critter is sartin to come this way; we will see him cross the water down at that bend. Now mind, don't you move till he gets 'twixt you and yon tree, (pointing to the dead tree opposite) then gin it to him right behind the shoulder. The Squire (as he calls my host) told me not to let you git the thumps as all the townfolks as comes up here does. They will let an old buck come up and gore 'em and fergit to shoot quick. Now mind, when the critter gets in sight I'll put my hand on your knee, but don't you move; but when he gits to yon tree I'll gin you a grip that will stop the ager and likely you'll kill him. I did a gentleman so once from Philadelphy and he was so glad he killed a miserable spike buck he got drunk as soon as he got back to camp and kept us awake nigh onto half a night." The old man then became as mute as an oyster and listened intently; his eyes fixed down the bend in the stream below.

As for my feelings during this period of anxious suspense, I cannot analyze them. In my extreme anxiety to hear I held my

breath and that seemed to suspend the regular beating of my heart; it would stop then throb on again as if it recovered time lost; this I fancy would have terminated in the buck thumps or ague so much ridiculed by the old veteran still-hunters; but just then old Steen put his hand on my knee, and that checked the growing symptoms. He pointed down stream and following the direction I saw what seemed to my excited fancy to be a huge elk coming toward us, loping leisurely along apparently in no haste, as he actually stopped and looked back as he approached the tree.

I felt as if my heart was getting into my throat and I would suffocate, but fortunately I felt the old man's bony fingers tightening on my knee, and was recalled to my senses at a plaintive ba! from Steen. The buck, a fine, fat, three-prong, with the dried velvet peeling from his antlers, stopped suddenly, and as suddenly fell dead with an ounce and a half of swan shot just behind the shoulder. Instantly I became a lunatic uttering a war-whoop wild enough to resuscitate the countless generations of dead Indians who had hunted in ages past. I threw down my gun and leaped, waist-deep, into the icy waters of the creek and scrambled across and never stopped until I had put my hand on the first deer I had ever killed.

Old Steen crossed leisurely and dry-shod, upon the fallen tree and with his old parchment face all puckered up with suppressed laughter, proceeded to bleed the deer, which I had neglected to do. Presently the Chief rode up, his rough but kindly Scotch features beaming with pleasure in sympathy with that of his young guest, then hitching his horse he gave a helping hand to old Steen in breaking up the quarry. The first thing he did was to take out his little axe from his belt and cut a small limb from the dead tree, fashion it into a stretcher, and insert the two ends into slits cut in just above the hocks of the carcass and heave it clear of the ground, leaving the remainder of the job to old Steen, who in an incredibly short time eviscerated it with all the skill of a professional butcher. The Chief then stepped to the stream and, washing his hands, turned to me with mis-

chief twinkling in his eye and asked for my gun. For a moment I was covered with confusion and then I candidly confessed that in the ecstacy of the moment I had forgotten his tragic encounter with the wounded buck and the wholesome lesson it inculcated.

"Ah, my dear boy!" he replied, "you cannot expect to become a Nimrod in a day or even many days, so you had better come up here and live for a year or two with Steen there and me."

Turning to the old man and directing him to stuff the carcass with a stout fagot of brushwood, to protect the kidneys and fat from the ravens, he gave the signal to march. But this did not suit me. I feared my prize would be stolen or made away with by wolves or other varmints, and I proposed to mount guard over it until their return. What did I care for marked trees or the scenery of the glades or anything else in comparison with this noble trophy of my prowess? At this proposition both Steen and my friend assured me there was nothing to fear and that it would be folly to lug the carcass all the way to the river and back—fully ten miles—when we could pick it up on our return and pack it home behind Steen, whose mule was accustomed to such burdens. It would never do, moreover, to miss seeing the largest and best trout stream in all that region. While Campbell and I were talking, our old henchman had gone back for our nags and we were soon on the road again. We now struck a dog trot and pushed on with the spaniels to heel without stopping to hunt the way.

We rode five miles through a continuous forest of the finest and—could it be got to market—the most valuable timber I had ever beheld, not only for the house-builder and ship-carpenter, but for the cabinet-maker, for there were many wild cherry trees four feet in diameter, and sixty feet to the first limb.

The old guide found his marked trees as easily as he could have done his own cabin and as there was no delay on that score we went at once to lunch on the granite rocks of the roaring Youghiogheny at the very spot where Steen had killed the monster trout.

The Chief, knowing that old Steen would be pleased, for he was prouder of that exploit than of any other he had ever

performed, related to me the particulars and I will repeat them here as illustrative of the wonderful Indian-like perseverance, characteristic of our half-civilized mountain hunters.

"One day some four years ago Steen was fishing in the Youghiogheny when he saw in yon black pool, just below where that boulder divides the stream, the most enormous fish he had ever beheld leap clear out of the water; he approached cautiously and threw his bait in; he had no sooner touched the water than it was seized with a rush and the rod jerked from his hands, but when he recovered it after much trouble, lo! the hook was gone. Having disturbed the water so much in recovering the rod he wisely refrained from trying again just then, and bending on another hook he fished on down stream, thinking the while of the monster trout he had missed. At the end of two hours or so he returned to the pool and tried again and a second time his hook was carried off. He was compelled—greatly to his regret—to return home because he had no other hook with him. That evening he rode over to my clearing and related his adventure, and though I gave him half-a-dozen of my best limericks I could not persuade him to tell me precisely in what part of the river the fish was to be found. He said his heart was set on taking him himself. Next morning found him at the pool with every kind of bait he could think of and though he remained all day and was tantalized with the sight of the monster he could not tempt him to take hold. He even tried to snare him but it was no use. He went home that night, he told me, more vexed than when the wolves killed his old dog Buster many years ago. He dreamed of that fish and its capture became a fixed idea which haunted him day and night. He visited the river three or four times a week and even took his rifle with him to shoot the 'darned critter.' A heron could not have been more vigilant or patient than he. But finally the winter came and he had to retire ingloriously and wait for the return of spring to renew hostilities; he, the best hunter in the glades, baffled by a 'darned fish.' The old fellow brooded through the whole winter and had actually become a monomaniac on the capture of the big trout. When

the ice had cleared away, he became a daily visitor to the river with both rod and gun. In May he had the satisfaction of hooking his enemy and might, with a reel, have killed him, but the fish, getting the line foul of a sunken rock, got a dead pull on it and it snapped like pack thread. Now, more determined than ever, the angler persevered all through May to June in which month, being over at old Thistle's on the National road, he met there a party of engineers, gentlemen from New England who were expert anglers, and while Steen's mule was being shod the talk turned upon trout fishing, when the old man related his mishaps in that line. One of the gentleman, who had taken a fancy to him, took the trouble to make him a double-gut leader that would hold a horse, and then told him that if he would fish at night and use the largest water-lizard (newt) for bait, he would surely capture his enemy and give rest to his soul.

"The next day the newts were procured and that night the fish was hooked and instantly yanked out by main strength, without any attempt to play him. The following morning at day break the old hunter was at my house with his magnificent capture, in a higher state of exultation than if he had slain the largest bear ever seen in the glades; and it came very apropos too, for at that season, June, I had no game in the larder save a few young squirrels and I had for a guest the most fastidious epicure of all my acquaintance, Mr. Charles Oliver, who had come up to look after the Oliver lands which he afterwards inherited. I measured the fish and found him to a line exactly 22 inches long, and as he was in superb condition he could not have weighed less than five pounds, which for a *Salmo fontinalis* was truly wonderful. Old Steen thought himself paid with a side of bacon and went off commissioned to keep me supplied with trout as long as my guest remained with me."

This account of two years' contest between the old hunter and the old trout was given me by my host as we rode homeward with Steen en vidette some distance in advance.

Before we reached the theatre of my great venatic exploit of the morning in killing the buck, the Chief, as he looked up at

the sun, observed he had ample time to turn out from the road to a pond not far out of the way where he could get some ducks and woodcock, and probably both. Though longing to go back to my dead buck, I assented. Calling Steen with a whistle, the Chief gave him a pair of his dog couples, directing him to go and strap the carcass of the deer behind his saddle; take it to the house and have the skin off by the time we got back. Then, turning sharp to the right, we soon passed from the bright sunlight into the gloomy shades of the hemlock swamp, the silence of which was never broken save at very rare intervals by the harsh notes of the great billed woodpecker, which may aptly be compared to the insane laughter of the maniac.

In the midst of this swamp was a shallow pond which at that season, September, Campbell told me was never without wildfowl of some kind, mallard, teal or summer duck. As soon as we caught the gleam of the distant water through the trees we dismounted and, masked by the procumbent trunk of an enormous tree, we crept to a spot which commanded the whole pool. We had the pleasure of seeing its black surface dotted over with wild-fowl mostly teal, with a few mallards at the far side, and all within easy range of our ten-bores. It was a most interesting sight to see these beautiful wild creatures gliding about thither and thither and giving life and animation to this secluded pool in all the freedom and confidence of unsuspected danger. We were in no hurry to convert this idyl of the wilderness into a scene of slaughter and terror, but the angel of mercy who hovered over us for a moment fled away on drooping wing before the fierce venatic instinct to kill. The Chief, pointing to the teal, which were all near together, gave a low whistle, when in obedience to a singular instinct, peculiar I believe to that family of ducks, they all huddled in a compact mass into which we poured our fire with murderous effect. As they took wing they received the contents of our second barrels, when three more victims were added to the number of the slain. The spaniels—and it was a crucial test to dogs of spirit—remained the while as at a down charge—as motionless and as silent as if turned to stone until

three of them were designated by name to retrieve the dead, which was very handsomely done; the mother of them all, old Flora, bringing in two birds at a time. That was certainly the very finest display of canine discipline I had ever witnessed—unequalled even by Rodman's "Dash" or Count Shorb's famous "Jock."

On counting the spoil we found we had ten fat blue-wings.

Without remounting we walked a short distance to the edge of the wood to where we found the boggy feeding ground of the woodcock, not more than three acres in extent, covered with a profuse growth of skunk-cabbage in great tussocks just far enough apart to afford a free passage and though here we might have done better without any dog at all we bagged in less than sixty minutes, six and a half pair of the toothsome long-bills in splendid condition. Having now, enough and to spare for our friend McH. we turned our faces homeward. In conclusion, if the patient reader is as tired of this yarn, dating back fully half a century, as the "Old Sportsman" is in spinning it, he will graciously permit him to terminate it in the next number of the TF&F.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, February 25, 1887)

CHAPTER VIII

How the Old Sportsman—Learned from the Chief about ravens, deer, raccoons and other wild creatures of the Glades

AS we approached the spot where that morning I had won my spurs as a Knight of St. Hubert by killing the deer, I saw for the first and only time in my life a raven; that uncanny bird of ill-omen borne at the masthead by the savage Vikings of the North when they embarked on their murderous forays of the British coast and which has ever since been held in such superstitious dread by the ignorant of all the peoples of Anglican descent. Unfortunately, spreading his great sable wings he took flight before we got within range. To say that the creature looked like a giant crow would be about the best description of him, for he appeared to be fully three times the size of the largest variety of the genus *corvinae.*

"This is the first time," observed the Chief, "in my five years' residence in the Glades that I have had the opportunity to see a raven so near, and yet it cannot be a rare bird, for it would be safe to wager ten to one that if you leave a deer hanging in the woods a raven will be sure to take out the kidney fat unless the precautions taken this morning with your buck are followed. This fellow that we have just seen was consoling himself with such tid-bits of fat as he could pick off the entrails."

"Why," I asked, "should you be at the trouble of butchering your deer on the spot of its death? Would it not be more convenient to do so at home?"

"Know, young man," said he, "that if the stomach of any ruminant or any of the *leporidae* is not removed before the carcass cools, the fermentation of its contents will generate and gas will permeate through every fibre of the meat and injure its flavor more or less. This is the cause of the rank woolly taste which so often disgusts us when eating mutton butchered by an ignorant or careless butcher.

"But I wish," he continued, recurring to the raven, "we could

have killed that devil's-bird we saw just now. He is as great a nuisance as was Steen's big trout. The one will pick out the eyes of a newly-dropped lamb and devour alive any sick creature too weak to resist him; and he is enormously destructive to birds and their eggs and particularly so the young of turkey and grouse. As to the big trout, he too had become a nuisance as destructive in the water as the raven on the land. He monopolized the finest pool in the whole length of the river; and doubtless in the course of a season destroyed more fish in the shape of troutlings than the most expert angler that ever cast a fly. If you ever hold an interest in a trout brook or pond never suffer a fish of the abnormal size of Steen's to live. Kill scientifically if you can, but kill him even if for the nonce you have to degrade yourself to the use of a net or wire."

How fortunate, thought I to myself as we rode along, to have acquired the friendship of such a man as the Chief, for I cannot propound a question without getting from him a reply filled with the most valuable instruction to a young aspirant to woodcraft like myself. Talking of the raven I learned much of the history of that mysterious bird and I am given a useful lesson in the arts of the butcher, the hunter, and the fish-culturist. I began to fancy myself a sort of Paul at the feet of this Gamaliel of field sports.

Passing the "lick," I got another valuable lesson.

"How is it," I asked, "that though you apologized for using a 'lick' as unsportsmanlike, you could bring yourself to establish one?"

He remained silent for some moments and then said that its continued existence did prick his conscience now and then when he happened to think of it, but that next month he would dig an ice-house and fill it in the course of the winter; if it was a success, as he presumed it would be, he would never use the lick again.

"But what," I inquired, "has an ice house to do with the matter?"

"Why, don't you see?" he answered, "with ice I can supply my table with fresh meat which I cannot now afford to do; that

in the absence of near neighbors or a market, half my meat and more would rot on my hands before I could consume it, and then in July and August the only game we can get are the young squirrels and woodcock?"

"But could you not get venison?" I asked.

"True," said he, "the buck in August are in better condition than in any month of the year; but it is exceedingly difficult to get them except by driving with hounds, waylaying them at the lick or by fire-hunting, for which last any man who practices it ought to be hanged."

"How is it," I asked, "that deer are in better condition in August than any other time; and, their being so, why does the law forbid us to hunt them in that month?"

"That is a double-barrel question," he replied. "Let me answer them separately. The deer are fat in August because from the renewal of the grass in spring they have nothing to do but put on fat. The bucks with soft sensitive antlers conscious of their helpless state retire to the most secluded inaccessible cover and, vigilance increased by timidity, are exceedingly difficult to approach by the most skillful hunter, and they take no more exercise than is necessary to obtain their food. Under these conditions they must get fat; it is a wise provision of nature to prepare them for the arduous season of the rut, or running season, as you Americans call it. With the commencement of the rut, a new existence begins for the stag. He is transformed, as it were, into a new creature, he rubs the velvet from his harmless antlers and they become formidable weapons; his timidity disappears and he becomes bold and pugnacious, his neck becomes swollen with the 'furor amorosis' and to the sloth of the summer succeeds incessant activity as he fearlessly roves through forest and glade in pursuit of a mate and engages in the most desperate encounters with every rival. It is at this season and when the ground is covered with snow, that nine out of ten of those killed fall a comparatively easy prey to the most inexpert hunters. It is at this season that your city markets are glutted with venison, from which the fat has been run off by violent exercise and

the quality of which is injured by the feverish condition of the animal when slaughtered. You will never know what really good venison is until you dine on a four or five-year-old buck killed by honest, still hunting; or at a lick in August with two inches of hard fat on his saddle."

"If," he continued, "our law-makers would permit us to still hunt, or stalk, as we call it in the old country, from the fifteenth of July until the first of January, and positively prohibit the use of a lick, the jack lantern, driving with large hounds, and also make it a penal offense to kill a doe at any time, they might pass for venatic Solons. But what is the use of these suggestions? Why enact game laws for a people who have less regard for the rights of the land-holder than any civilized nation on the face of the globe? Who look upon these laws as an aristocratic usurpation of their rights as free-born American citizens? No, neither game nor fish will ever be protected in this country until the land-holders find out that the privilege to shoot or fish on their lands has an important value, which may be rented or leased as readily as their fields and dwellings are."

Here our thoughts and conversation were directed into another channel by the sight of an enormous wildcat flashing across the road with a large bird in its mouth which was still fluttering. It had been pounced upon by the roadside where we found the fresh scratchings and some feathers which proved it to be a grouse.

"This," exclaimed the Chief, with more excitement than I had ever seen him exhibit, "is the second time I have seen that devil without getting a shot at him; and if there comes a snow here before you leave us, I am determined to give you the pleasure of putting him to death. He has the impudence of the Old Boy himself. Last winter I found by his tracks in the snow he had been prowling close around my premises in search of a victim. Fortunately I had locked my cockers up in the stable—as it was a bitter cold night—or they would have pitched into him with a certainty and I would have had one or more of them killed, for he is more than a match for the whole team. I tracked him

for more than two miles to a large laurel swamp and there I did not care to follow him."

A few minutes later we reached the house where we found old Steen seated on the front steps enjoying a corn-cob pipe. Under the tree close by hung the carcass of my deer, neatly skinned and dressed. The old fellow had been so thoughtful as to leave the head and a portion of the neck untouched and promised to come over next day and prepare salt so that I could take it down to a taxidermist to set up as a trophy.

He was then about to take his leave, saying he had to stop at Mac's by the way and would get supper there, but the Chief stopped him saying that by the forest custom he was entitled to his share of the meat and he must take it. This the old man declined, saying that if there was any bacon to spare he would like to have a piece, whereupon a whole middling was wrapped up in the green hide of the deer and some ducks and woodcock were tied to his saddle for our neighbor McH., and our henchman went on his way.

"A middling of bacon," C remarked, "is of greater value to a mountaineer than a whole deer would be for it gives a relish to all his food."

I certainly never ate a heartier meal than I did that evening and when it was over I felt as I fancy a great African boa does after bolting a whole monkey. I was little inclined to talk and preferred to think of my great exploit of the morning and what my brother Pewees of the club would say at the sight of my trophy with its branching antlers.

"I am somewhat at a loss," observed the Chief as we sat in slippered feet stirring our toddy, "what to be at tomorrow. We might strain a point and get a good day's trout fishing but as conscientious disciples of good old Walton I doubt whether we ought, for from what I have observed on the Youghiogheny yesterday the fish are on their spawning beds or will be in a few days. They usually begin here early in the month. We might take a still-hunt, but the foliage is too dense yet. We had better postpone that for two weeks. Not a mile from where we sit

I know of a hollow tree which is sure to hold a family of raccoons, we might have some sport with them, but I would have to send for Brope and his mongrel hounds; it would be folly to put my cockers against them as one grown coon could easily whip and cripple the whole team.

"In the Old Country, to draw a badger from a box is considered the greatest test of canine pluck, but I assure you as a fighter the badger does not compare with the coon. Give an old boar coon six inches of water to stand in and fair play, weight for weight, and no dog in existence can beat him. While I am no advocate for baiting animals of any kind for mere amusement, I hold it to be the duty of every sportsman to destroy, when he can, all destructive vermin, and among these I rank Master Coon, A No. 1, for his appetite for the eggs of game birds and our poultry is insatiable and on the Eastern Shore I am told he destroys the terrapin by digging up its eggs."

I had just picked up my candle to retire when the harsh hooting of an owl came upon ear with startling distinctness.

"There," exclaimed my host, "is one of the useful creatures doomed to persecution by superstitious ignorance. That owl is one of a family, my near neighbors, living since I settled, in the hollow of the tree that stands in the corner of my stock yard. That fellow we heard so distinctly is perched upon the chimney of the room in which there is no fire, a favorite place with him. At first he frightened the children and servants, but they have become acquainted with him and never disturb him; I have taken care to prove to them that he and his kind are of more use to us than a dozen cats would be."

"How could you do that?" I inquired.

"I presume you know," he replied, "that all the *raptores*—birds of prey—cast up fragments of bone they swallow in the form of white pellets nearly as large as musket balls. Well, I took the children out one morning to the owl roost and made them gather up half a dozen of these pellets and bring them to the house. I then read to them some passages from those charming books—White's 'Natural History of Selborne,' and 'Water-

ton.' I got them interested and excited their curiosity. We then pulled the pellets to pieces and found the fragments they contained to be those of mice greatly to the wonder and delight of the little ones. Do you know," he continued, "that I am of opinion that if the teachers of all rural schools would give the children in their charge simply elementary lessons in the natural history of their own districts they would do more for the protection of birds and game and all useful creatures than all the laws ever enacted?"

A musical chime from a little French clock on the mantel shelf warned us to bed, there to think over the events of the day and the lessons they taught—to kill my buck over again and to dream that, like Nimrod of old, I might become a "mighty hunter before the Lord."

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, March 4, 1887)

CHAPTER IX

How the Old Sportsman—Tells of the mystery of the julep and how he saw squirrel shooting of great excellence

DAYLIGHT the next morning found me wide awake and from my good luck of the day before, more eager than ever to take the field, but on looking out the window, to my great disappointment, the view was shrouded in a fog so dense as to be impenetrable to sight.

Stepping out on the front porch and hearing the voice of my host in the direction of the stables, I strolled that way and found him in deep consultation with his overseer and factotum, old Black Sam. On the farm and in matters pertaining thereto Sam was the Chief's alter-ego and he was universally admitted to be a first-rate judge and manager of farm stock generally, but far above this the old darkey prided himself on his knowledge of and skill in hunting raccoons, and other nocturnal "varmints," and coon-hunting was now under discussion.

To a close observer of the peculiarities of men this negro was a treat. To witness the consequential airs and the solemn earnestness of the old fellow when consulted on his favorite theme was as good as a play. On being asked by the Chief if he knew of any coon den within easy reach of the house, he opened his eyes wide, as if surprised, and exclaimed, "Lor' marser is you don' forgit I tole you last fall dere was a pa'r o' coons right ober dar in a big poplar close by de medder gate an' you 'loud you was gwine to clean um out? I'd a had dey hides nailed up long ago if dat foolish critter nigger, Joe, hadn't fell a tree on my old Towser and killed him."

Now old Towser was a famous coon dog, and he had been dead fully fifteen years, but the old man always spoke of what he considered was the greatest calamity of his life, as a recent occurrence. Towser had given him a reputation, always highly valued among the negroes, of being the greatest coon-hunter in the counties of Jefferson and Clark. He was proud of the dog

and loved him truly and always spoke of him as a present spirit. Sam was not only a spiritualist but he believed in the immortality of brutes as of men, chiefly on the ground that his lost friend, Towser, had "mo' sense dan some white folks an' mos' niggers," as he always called people of his own race. The old man's self-evolved theology was exceedingly curious and if he were alive he would afford an interesting study for Mme. Blavatsky, Alcott, and others of their mystical creed. I trust I may be pardoned for this digression, for that old negro made a deep impression on me. In the many talks I had with him, there flashed from his uncultivated mind original ideas as vivid as lightning from a black cloud and I retain the belief that with the addition of a little education to his allowance of rascality he had in him the stuff to found a new religion.

Sam objected earnestly to his master's proposal to cut down the tree that evening and make short work of the coons, with clubs or guns.

"Dey mus be fit wid dogs," said he, "or whar's yo' fun to cum frum? Better wait till moon full nex' month; by dat time leaves all down den sen' for Brope's dogs an' I'll bet dey gits licked if we don't help 'em wid clubs. Mine! I don seen dat coon hab a heap o' rings on he tail and I tell you he'll make a rip rousin' fight, yo' little bird dogs would be nowhar, coon clean 'em out in no time. If de good Lord would only let my old Towser cum back den yo'd see de fur fly."

Sam's advice was accepted as much for its soundness as to flatter his pride as a hunter, and the attack on the den was deferred to the full moon in October.

"And now, my young friend," said the Chief, smiling, "I am inclined to the belief that an antifogmatic and a hot breakfast after would be in order this morning—what do you say?"

"With all my heart," I replied, "and if it be in order I'll invite our counsellor Sam here to join us in the tansy."

"With all my heart," said the Chief, looking benignly at his faithful old slave. "Sam is my right-hand and the guardian of my house and family, in my absence. Go, Sam and get us some tansy."

The old darkey stepped off like a four-year-old and was back at the house nearly as soon as I.

Three juleps were speedily mixed and I handed one of extra potency to Sam and asked him what he thought of juleps from a sanitary point of view.

"Please the lord, young masser, julep good when you well, julep good when you sick; my ole woman allers gib me julep fur de misery in de back."

Then bowing politely he swallowed the contents of the tumbler at a gulp and smacked his lips with a sound like the report of a small pocket pistol.

He went off with the comfortable prediction that the fog would soon turn to rain, and we would have a clear afternoon. "You may put faith in Sam's prophecies," remarked the Colonel, "for he is at once a clock and a barometer. Like the shepherds of old, who watched their flocks by night, he can read the stars and counts the hours as they fly. He is a born astronomer, and he can foretell the coming changes in the weather with more accuracy than the barometer. He seems to me to have retained in a greater degree than any of his race I have ever seen, the more useful instincts of his—not remote—savage ancestry; instincts nearer to infallibility as regards the interpretation of the simpler laws of nature than much of our boasted knowledge."

On rising from the breakfast table we found it raining "cats and dogs" but the perennial flow of instructive talk from one so thoroughly posted in field sports as my friend and his striking anecdotes of adventure in every quarter of the globe easily consoled me for the embargo put on us by the weather.

"I think," remarked the Chief, "from the direction of the wind, that Sam's prediction is about to be verified, and we will have a clear afternoon, and if we do, I'll show you some squirrel shooting, for weather-bound by the rain, they will be hungry and will fairly swarm in the timber when it clears off. But perhaps after killing an antlered buck as handsomely as you did yesterday you may now deem it *infra dig* to hunt such 'small deer' as squirrels. With a shotgun I grant you it would, but let me tell you

that to kill them in a sportsmanlike manner by 'barking' or shooting in the head, or better still in the tip of the nose, with a single ball, is a much rarer accomplishment than to shoot well on the wing; I have seen several crack shots at partridges fail utterly at shooting squirrels with a rifle as they should be. We cannot possibly get prettier rifle practice than at squirrels. And now, my friend," he continued, "I hope it won't bore you if I carry out one of my rules as a sportsman—and that is, to avail myself, after the close of the fishing season of the very first day, such as this, to overhaul my fishing tackle and get it in perfect order for the Spring campaign in obedience to the wise military maxim, 'In peace prepare for war.' "

He then put up the leaves of the dining-table and it was soon covered with an ample but not fanciful supply of all the appliances needed for angling.

"Everything here," he observed, "except those two rods—the reels, the lines and the hooks—are my own manufacture. I might have gotten my flies and snoods from the tackle trade in New York, as good or even better, and nearly as cheap as these, but I can tell you that, with the true angler, next to using is the pleasure of making his own tackle, and the pleasant work serves to break the monotony of many a dreary hour in Winter.

Practically, I knew nothing whatever of fly-casting, and from books I had imbibed the idea that that beautiful art was of very difficult attainment, particularly the tying of the flies; which, I was under the impression, had to be provided of endless variety, hence I was surprised in looking in my friend's book to find not more than half a dozen different kinds. In answer to the remark I made on this fact, he gave it as his opinion that there was a great deal of humbug about fishing tackle in general, and flies in particular.

"There are a great many people in the world," he said, "who, reading Walton and other fascinating books on the 'gentle art,' become ardent anglers; but it is only in fancy—they are always preparing to go a-fishing, but they never go. Not to be behind the times, they purchase all the new books on angling, and all the new

devices for the sport. They spare no expense, and it is to captivate the fancy of these and to make their counters attractive that tackle dealers exhibit innumerable new contrivances as expensive as they are useless. I have fished," he went on, "in the best waters of Scotland with the best anglers there, and, of course, all of our streams here in the Glades, and everywhere I have found about a dozen varieties of flies quite sufficient; but I will confess that I, finding our American streams so encroached upon by trees and shrubs as to preclude the free use of the fly, have dropped from the poetry of casting to fishing with a vulgar bait, the most killing of which I will confide to you as a valuable secret, is the neutral fin of a medium sized trout, with half an inch of the white underskin attached to it."

As he spoke, he bent on some hooks and tied some flies for my instruction, and in spite of his rather large and muscular hands he performed the delicate work with a deftness of finger a clever woman might envy.

He described the trolling for salmon on a certain loch, the name of which I have forgotten, as no man living but Professor Wilson—"Kit North"—could have done; his word painting was so vivid. For the nonce I fancied myself afloat upon the black waters of the loch hemmed in by purple-clad moors, gleaming with sunlight and flecked with the shadows of swift-flying clouds, and with towering crags half veiled in mist. I could feel the quivering bend of the pliant rod, hear the scream of the swift-revolving reel, feel the electric shocks of tugging fish, and see far away from the boat the gleaming sides of the monarch of the pool as he sprang frantically in the air in the vain effort to escape.

Such eloquent talk gives wings to time, and it flew by unperceived until a servant came to claim the table for lunch.

"Now," said the Chief, as he packed his tackle neatly away, "the Spring will find me prepared for action. '*Semper paratus*' should be the motto of every sportsman. What say you to a few drops of Angostura preparatory to lunch?" This disposed of, we walked out to look at the weather. The clouds in the southwest had cleared away, the rain had ceased and the air was unusually soft and balmy for the season.

"We shall have a perfect afternoon for squirrel shooting," remarked the Chief. "Bring me your rifle and let me see it."

It was a pet weapon of mine. I had bought the barrel in Philadelphia and had it stocked by Pete Chanier, a Frenchman, at that time the best gunsmith in Baltimore.

"A very neat weapon," observed my host as he put it to his face, "but the calibre is too small (it carried 180 lbs.) it is only fitted for shooting rats and squirrels; it would never do for larger game. You might kill a deer with such a gun but you would rarely get him, for he would run off with half-a-dozen of your balls in him and you would be unable to track him by the blood. For big game you require a regular bonesmasher that will carry a ball large enough to paralyze the animal by the shock of its impact."

Perceiving at length my youthful impatience to be off the Chief remarked that the ground and the trees were yet too wet and that an hour before sundown would be time enough to go out and then we would find our game in full activity. I asked him if he used his spaniels in this sort of shooting.

"Up here," he answered, "where the squirrels are so numerous a dog would be worse than useless. True, I take old Flora, the mother of my team, with me but more for her own gratification than for any service she can be. And then she is never in the way. She sticks close to heel and is as silent as an oyster. She never treed a squirrel in her life but I indulge her by letting her retrieve them when shot. When I lived in Clarke," he continued, "where, squirrels not being so numerous, a dog is useful, I had a brace of 'Dinmonts' clever and hard workers, but they were too noisy. The only perfect squirrel dog I ever saw was, strange as it may seem, the greyhound belonging to one of my neighbors. I presume he had little or no nose, but he stood so high upon his legs as to command twice the horizon of the smaller dog. He was quicksighted and he ran so fast as to compel a squirrel to take the nearest tree and not select one with a hollow which he will invariably do when not hard pressed; and then he was as silent as a shadow. Up here, all you have to do is seat your-

self comfortably and bunny will soon betray himself by his barking."

At the proper time we sallied forth and, as my host predicted, found the woods swarming with bushy-tailed varmints, both black and gray. Through his courtesy I took the first shot and brought down my quarry but it was so mangled by the shot, small as it was, that it was not worth taking home.

"You must do better than that," remarked the Chief, "or you will spoil too much good food. One squirrel shot in the head is worth a dozen such as this. Why, old Candace would disdain to cook it. Now let me show you. Near the top of yon tree I saw a big gray just before you fired, he is there still, but is keeping the tree between us and himself." Then picking up a chip he threw it to the other side of the tree and ordered Flora to retrieve it. She darted off and as soon as master bunny saw her he skipped around to our side and offered a fair mark; instantly the Chief's rifle cracked and down fell the squirrel with his head shot off.

"Oh, that is nothing," said my friend in reply to my compliment, "any one with any pretension to markmanship should be able to do that. I'll show you when the opportunity offers how to bag the little fellows without even ruffling their fur."

After this I aimed only at the head and with poor success; succeeding but once in five shots. We were fifty yards or more apart when the Chief stopped and beckoned me, and when I reached him he pointed to a large limb running nearly at right angles from a big white oak. With some difficulty I made out a squirrel spread out flat on the top of it as if glued there, and had I not been specially looking for it I would have taken it for a mere excrescence of the bark. The chief raised his rifle and carefully adjusting it to his shoulder, and dwelling a little on his sight, touched the trigger. Simultaneously with the sharp whiplike crack of the rifle the victim was thrown fully five feet in the air and fell to the ground without a sign of a wound. The bark of the limb had been ripped off by the ball immediately under the squirrel, which was killed by the concussion.

"That," remarked the Chief as he carefully reloaded, "is what we call 'barking.' There is a mathematical precision about it that ranks it in my opinion far above the best wing shooting."

Content to be a looker on at such a wonderful exhibition of skill, I stopped shooting altogether and had the satisfaction to see my friend make three shots in succession equally good. On our way home the Chief expatiated on the edible qualities of the squirrel but I must reserve these remarks for another paper.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, March 18, 1887)

CHAPTER X

How the Old Sportsman—Discourses upon the art of deer stalking, and how the sportsmen from Baltimore were outwitted

"I CANNOT understand," observed the Chief, as we strolled leisurely homeward with our great bunch of game, "why it is that you Maryland people who taught the world to appreciate the exquisite qualities of the diamond-back terrapin are so indifferent to both the venatic and the gastronomic excellence of your gray, black and fox squirrels. I have just shown you what sport they may offer even to the most experienced hunter, and tomorrow I hope to show you how superior they are on the table to both the rabbit and the hare.

"In Britain, potted hare, or rather 'jugged hare' and hare soup are held in great esteem, and in France, a *'civet de lievre'* is held in honor by the most fastidious gourmets; indeed so popular is this dish with the French people that they imitate it by the substitution of a cat for a hare, as in New York they substitute a skillpot-slider for a diamond-back when terrapin stew is called for.

"The rather dry flesh of the hare requires the skill of an artist to develop its latent merits, hence there are very few greater triumphs of culinary chemistry than a well-cooked 'civet' but the juicy meat and game flavor of our 'bunny' shows for itself and requires no extra skill in preparing it for the table. I have often wondered why our American *sciuridae*, at least the gray and the fox squirrels, have not been introduced into England. Next to the fallow deer, I can conceive of no more ornamental addition to park scenery than numbers of lively graceful, scampering squirrels, which by the way, would afford much better rifle practice than half-fledged rooks. Until," continued the Chief, "I had the good fortune, some years since, to dine with Mr. Arthur West, at the Woodyard in Prince George County, I believed with patriot fervor in the superiority of our grouse

soup, made by a Scotchwoman, of birds killed on a Scotch moor, but I was compelled to acknowledge that the squirrel soup served at Mr. West's table was at least its equal. I wish I could give you his recipe, but the only peculiarity I can recall about it was that *the squirrels were not skinned but scalded and cleaned like a pig.* What the condiments were I do not remember, except that I noticed a large uncut pod of our common garden red pepper floating in the tureen. You can, however, get my wife to copy the recipe for you from her book. I will ask her to give you an opportunity at breakfast tomorrow of testing the relative merits of venison steak and young squirrels broiled, as old Candace knows how to broil them, and I will be surprised if you don't go for the bunnies."

The dinner that day was but a renewal of the gastronomic miracles of daily occurrences in that remote wilderness. The menu was short, but most exquisite. We had nothing but teal and woodcock, cauliflower and potatoes, the whole cooked to perfection, but the cauliflower—grown in the glade as easily as common cabbage—was phenomenal in size and delicious in flavor, and the Early Rose potatoes were of an excellence peculiar, I am told, to the glade country.

After coffee, and a confab with Old Sam anent the projected ice-pond, we settled down as usual to our pipes and toddy.

"The rain of today," observed my host, "is a warning to prepare for the advent of Jack Frost, for he may put in an appearance now at any moment; and if it be a black and freezing frost, it will interfere with building a dam for the ice-pond. So I propose to begin with that job tomorrow. You may take your choice to join me in this rural engineering, or try your 'prentice hand at still-hunting, but you must go alone, for of all the field sports, there is not one which so rigidly excludes companionship as still-hunting. I fancy," he went on, "you know enough of the lay of the land hereabouts not to get lost, and as the bucks are beginning to run you may chance to get one if you don't get the thumps instead."

"I believe," replied I, "I will try both; or, rather, I will take

a lesson in pond building, and when I tire of that I will hunt and show you I am impervious to your thumps. So I will accompany you to the pond and take my rifle with me."

"I am decidedly of the opinion," observed the Chief, "you had better trust to your double gun and the wire cartridge, for as dense as the cover still is, if you see a deer at all it will be within very easy range of your shotgun, and in young hands such a weapon will prove more effective than a pea-rifle such as yours. You may think that I ought to offer you my own rifle of larger bore, but I must tell you candidly, at the risk of being thought selfish, there are three things I never intrust to other hands than my own; my saddle-horse, my rifle and my axe. And I may add a fourth; a certain little fly-rod brought with me, ten years since, from the Old Country. I believe it's a good rule for a sportsman to reserve for his own exclusive use the tools which have become familiar to his hands."

"But," said I, "I have never still-hunted in my life. Can you not give me some instruction?"

"To be sure," answered the Squire, "I may give you a few directions, but I fear it must be said of the still-hunter as of the poet, '*nascitur non fit.*' A long apprenticeship to the great teacher, Experience, alone can make a still-hunter; but don't let me discourage you. When you set out tomorrow I will give you such instructions as I can, and as a special favor, I will loan you old Flora, who will be certain to find for you any deer you may shoot."

At breakfast next morning, the trial of the case, Venison Steak vs Broiled Squirrel came off, and the jury, without leaving the table, gave a verdict for the defendant, and I then and there became convinced that no "molly cotton" that ever sat in a farm can compete on the table with a tender young "bunny" nicely broiled.

Immediately after breakfast all hands went to work upon the pond, and if this yarn were intended for the agricultural department of the *Turf, Field and Farm,* it would be well to give a detailed description of that successful feat of hydraulic engineer-

ing. I will be content to point out, however, three sound principles in the structure of ice ponds which are generally neglected by our farmers. This one was located *above* the ice house, to avoid hauling heavy loads of ice up-hill; it was not made across a ravine, where it was liable to be swept away by heavy freshets; it was located far away from crawfish and musk-rats, those formidable destroyers of levees, dykes and dams.

After looking on until I had thoroughly mastered the art of pond-making, I prepared to start on my solitary hunt and called on the Chief for his promised instructions.

"The first requisite to success," he remarked, "is a thorough knowledge of the game you hunt. Now bear this in mind, a deer depends more upon his nose and his ears to escape his enemies than all his other faculties put together—for be assured, under certain conditions of the atmosphere he can smell you half-a-mile away, and his hearing is so acute he can hear and discriminate between sounds quite inaudible to your ears. These are the two principal faculties then, the *nose* and the *ears,* you have to contend with, hence you must always hunt up wind, with a step as silent as the flight of an owl, and this lightness of step requires the foot to be covered with a moccasin, and not with such heavy hunting-shoes as you have on. Now, don't fancy that because you can feel no air stirring you can proceed in any direction; there is no such thing up here as dead calm, the air is always in motion, there are currents imperceptible to you, yet strong enough to betray your presence to the game long in advance of your appearance. These currents are governed by laws as yet unknown to me, but there is one law known to hunters from time immemorial and that is that *in still weather the currents always ascend the ravines.* It was the knowledge of this law which enabled our friend, Phil Pendleton, of Bath, the best woodsman in Virginia for his age, to play a clever trick on some city dandies. I must tell you that story," continued the Squire, "for it will illustrate the instructions I propose to give you. But let us get over to the spring there and take our lunch, I will tell it to you while we are eating.

"Three years ago," the Chief began, "I happened to be at Berkeley Springs late in September, after the season was well over. I had gone there to consult with Phil Pendleton about some coal lands near Towers', and to persuade him to come up here for a month's hunting when, to everybody's astonishment there arrived at John O'Ferral's half-a-dozen young swells from Baltimore and Washington City, attracted by an absurd report that a phenomenal mast of oak and chestnut in a locality called Snib Hollow, west of Hancock, had drawn thither all the deer in the Blue Ridge. They had come up to show us how to hunt them, and they wanted their friend Phil, who knew the country as well as he did the palm of his own hand, to come and guide them. Pendleton, who knew all the parties well and the absurdity of hunting with such a lot of greenhorns, begged off, pleaded business engagements, but all in vain; he had to promise to go the next day, but on condition that I be one of the party. As I was well acquainted with one of their number, young Bidwell, of the British Legation, and as, in fact, I had nothing in particular to do, I consented to go along.

"That night, when Pendleton and I were alone together, 'Of course,' said he, 'you don't give credence to this absurd report of a congregation of deer; that story must have been started by Bean, the tavern-keeper at Hancock, to attract such profitable customers to his house, where he and Jake Snively would have skinned the party at brag. But I know Snib Hollow well, and it has always been a good place for deer, and a fellow named Brotherton keeps a fair tavern there and has several pretty daughters, and close by are the Ashkettles, a lot of nice, buxom girls. As, of course, they will kill no deer, they can console themselves with a jolly dance which can be gotten up at any time in the Hollow on a few hours' notice. But if these amateur sports do not kill some deer, it is no reason why you and I should not, and we will use them for the purpose without their suspecting it, and I'll tell you how. Snib Hollow, on the other side of Sidelong Hill, runs down in a straight line from the top of the Ridge, crosses the turnpike, and ends at the river; it is never without

deer, and with such a heavy mast as we have this year they will be numerous. Now all we have to do is to persuade these fellows, who will know no better, and who will make as much noise as an army, to spread themselves across the hollow where it crosses the pike, and to make our way up the ridge slowly, and in the utmost silence. Of course, as the air current runs up the ravine, every wild creature in it will instantly get their wind and the deer will be sure to cross the ridge at its head, where you and I will intercept them.'

"I saw at once that Phil's scheme would prove infallible if we could carry it out, and I was reconciled to go. Next morning the party appeared at table rigged out in the most extraordinary hunting suits; coats with multitudinous pockets, all of which had to be searched before getting what was wanted; caps and head-gear of odd construction, but supposed to be absolutely necessary in hunting such noble game; and every man had a broad belt with a great shining buckle such as the stage brigands wear in a melodrama, and in these belts were hunting knives—for close quarters, they said, with a dangerous buck at bay—long and heavy enough to decapitate a bull bison. After many cocktails and breakfast we mounted our horses, crossed the Potomac at Hancock, and dashed through that astonished town like a band of freebooters. We were soon over Sidelong Hill and at its foot on the other side. Pendleton, who was in command, called a halt, and put himself in the position of an orator. Phil, you know is a fine looking fellow and can look the commander. He commenced his speech as he does all speeches.

" 'Now look here, fellows! Here we are at the foot of Snib Hollow, and you see it before you, running all the way up to the top of the ridge. I am told it is crowded with deer. If you really want to kill any, you must put yourselves on a short allowance of cocktails in the morning before you start, and stop your talking after you do start; you must spread yourselves across this hollow like a line of skirmishers, so as to command its whole width, and advance in line to the top, and talk as little as possible. While you are popping at them down here, Campbell and

I will hurry back in your direction such deer as attempt to escape that way.'

"No one objecting to this plan, the orator concluded with an invitation to push on to Brotherton's and take a drink—an invitation unanimously accepted by a crowd that seemed, from the time I joined them at Bath until I parted with them at Hancock, to be possessed with an insatiable thirst. But to cut the story short, we had a jolly night of it, so jolly as to require too many cocktails in the morning to steady the hands of the hunters. Pendleton and I made all speed to the top of the ridge while the cockneys drove the deer to us. Phil got two with a magnificent right and left, while I got one, and our city friends got used up. On our return to the tavern a little fellow named Len Cross, the pedagogue of the neighborhood, was about to blow on us, but Phil soon made him dumb with frequent potations.

"And now my story is over. We parted with our city Nimrods at Bean's, where they waited for the stage, while Phil and I, having presented our game to the visitors, crossed over to Bath and then came up here, where, between us, we got a wagon-load of game for Phil to take home with him.

"But you have wasted no time in listening to my yarn," added the Chief, "for the deer are lying down now and will not be on the feed for an hour yet, and" he continued, as he put away the remnants of our lunch, "a few more words of instructions. Follow down that ridge there to the left and keep on the crest of it so as to command both sides; go at a snail's pace, pausing frequently to look around you; let every motion you make be slow and deliberate, even if it be to drive a stinging horsefly from your nose, for without your being aware of it your game may be looking at you in doubt, which is quickly changed to fear and flight by any abrupt motion on your part. And now you may be off—you should have on moccasins, but it's too late to change." Ordering Flora to follow me, the Chief turned to his men.

I then set out with the gyp at my heels, but she soon slipped back to her master without my being aware of it and I was all alone in that great primeval wilderness so rarely invaded by the foot

of man. There is a solemnity about such a forest as impressive as that which one feels in wandering along in the dim, dusky aisles of the mediaeval minsters of the old world; one hears innumerable minute sounds unfamiliar to his ear, which add to the awe inspired by the columnar trunks of the majestic trees that have braved the storms of a thousand years, and yet the forest has a weird attraction which seems to increase with our years and knowledge of Nature and her works. I crept along in strict compliance with my instructions, until I took a seat upon a fallen trunk which commanded a greater space of open ground than I had yet seen, keeping meanwhile a bright lookout, but was soon driven away by the incessant barking of half a dozen impudent squirrels which I fancied, and truly I believe, would give the alarm to any deer within hearing. I wandered on further beyond their ken and took another seat and at last I saw within thirty yards the most magnificent stag my eyes ever beheld gazing straight at me!

What befell then, you shall know next week.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, April 8, 1887)

CHAPTER XI

How the Old Sportsman—Missed killing a fine buck, and with the Chief visited the vast Yough Glade

I HAD been comfortably seated on the moss-cushioned tree trunk, probably for twenty minutes, with every faculty on the stretch, in the expectation of a deer. Unfortunately, as I happened to look down, I saw, almost in contact with my foot, a superb specimen of the *panex quinquefolia*—"ginseng"—that most delicious of all vegetable esculents, which, when fresh, is as attractive to me as to a Chinese mandarin, who will gladly exchange his silver for it, weight for weight. At that time, when, for want of transportation, the incomputable wealth of this region in minerals and timber was as unavailable as the treasures of an unfathomable ocean, the ginseng which abounded there was, to its sparse population, what a silverlode is to a prospecting miner, and it was sought for with equal eagerness. The plant was a spontaneous offering to these poor people, and at that time was the only product which commanded ready money.

Well, I saw the plant and for the moment my vigilance was relaxed. Laying my gun down by my side, I stooped and dug it up with my knife, and was scraping in order to devour it when my attention was diverted by a slight snort.

Lifting my eyes, my faculties were instantly paralyzed by the sight of a great stag not forty yards away standing with bristling hair and menacing mien gazing straight at me. Then it flashed across me that only the year before the life of a guest of the late Robert Oliver—by the way, ancestor of your Colt boys of New York—would have been taken at Harewood, on the Gunpowder, by an infuriated buck but for the ready rifle of Mr. Gibbe's, a son-in-law of Mr. Oliver. Instantly I snatched my gun threw it to my face and pulled trigger, but, alas! there was no responsive report. I had neglected to cock it! Of course, with a loud whistling snort like a steam-engine, the deer bounded away frightened by the abruptness of my movement,

and worse still, when he was out of sight and out of range as well, I, tyro-like, blazed away with both barrels in the direction of the fugitive.

To this day, which by the way is my birthday and terminates the seventy-and-three years of a somewhat checkered life, I have a lingering regret at my weakness on that, to me, memorable occasion.

My first thought was to take French leave of my kind host and flee away to escape his ridicule or compassion; and, heaven help me! I thought for an instant, I might concoct a lie and swear I had not even seen a deer. But there was the damning evidence of double reports from a ten-bore gun, which could not have escaped the acute ear of such a veteran woodsman as the Chief. Finally I made up my mind to an honest confession, and like the idle schoolboy in anticipation of the pedagogue's birch, I crept unwillingly to the presence of the master, who greeted me with the inquiry:

"What have you killed? I heard the reports."

After I had made a clean breast of it, instead of ridiculing he consoled me saying:

"You, my young friend, with many men of far more experience than yourself, have been a victim to the 'thumps.' You may not have had tremblings and palpitations—but still you have had them. It is a protean infirmity and assumes many forms; with some it is paralysis, with others insane activity. I have had friends up here much older than yourself, and crack shots at feathered game, but who at the sight of a deer even forgot they had a gun in their hands—that is the usual form of the disease, but there is another. Two years ago, Professor Patterson, a countryman of my own, now a distinguished surgeon of Philadelphia, somewhat notorious for his duel with George Cadwallader, came up here for a month. As a surgeon his nerves were of iron, as a sportsman they were those of an hysterical woman, his buck thumps produced abnormal activity, and though a fair shot at small game he never could kill a buck nor a gobbler; his great ambition was to kill a deer and next a wild turkey. One morning

he rode out by himself and in the course of his journey fell in with a flock of tame turkeys about two-thirds grown, belonging to my neighbor, Mrs. Brope, and immediately he was seized with the thumps in the form of an hallucination as wild as ever struck the Knight of La Mancha. He pitched into the tame birds, thinking they were wild, and slaughtered six before he discovered his error, and then he paid the old woman double damages on condition that she would not tell me. But the joke was too good to keep. In less than twenty-four hours I knew all about it, and now, when I wish to check the Professor's interminable postprandial loquacity, when on his favorite theme of field sports, I have only to ask him quietly if he does not agree with me that more woodcraft is required to pot a long-bearded gobbler than to circumvent the most cunning old buck that ever flirted his white flag at his disappointed pursuers? He immediately becomes mute until the third tumbler sets him off again.

"No, my boy," the Chief, continued, "though you relaxed for a moment the vigilance I enjoined, you might still have killed that deer if you had but retained your presence of mind, and abstained from abrupt motion. You remember I told you the weakest defense of all the *cervidae* was the eye. Having the wind in your favor, if you had slowly extended your hand and cocked your gun as it lay, and as slowly raised it to your shoulder, you would have added that stag's horns to the many trophies which, I am sure, you will gather before you have attained middle age. So, stop mourning over spilled milk, and console yourself with the reflection that, as a young hunter, you have today had the good fortune to get a good practical lesson in woodcraft, which you would have missed had you not seen and lost that deer.

"And now," continued my friend, "the sun is getting low and I am thinking of dinner and that squirrel soup, which will not bear delay. I doubt not old Candace, stimulated by your praise of her skill, has excelled herself in the making of it."

We turned our faces homeward, and were soon absorbed in the delights of that soup, or rather *purée*, for many hours' simmering over a slow fire had reduced the materials to that con-

sistency; but by the addition of rich milk when needed, this truly scientific concoction was kept in a fluid state, and on the surface of the fluid floated small particles of skin converted into unctuous gelatinous semi-transparent particles most delicious to the palate. Still, the preparation was a *purée* rather than a soup. I know of nothing like it in my gastronomic experience save the *purée d'ecrevisses* of Mme. Eugene, on Canal street, in New Orleans, which is in itself a complete dinner.

The philosophy of commencing dinner with a soup is to prepare and tone up the stomach and sharpen the appetite for what is to follow, hence it should be a clear, light soup; but to commence the meal with squirrel soup or creole gumbo, or even a calf's-head, after the fashion of the late Mrs. Hester Blake, the famous *cocinera* of my friend, Cygnus, of Baltimore, is clearly inconsistent with true gastronomic principles; for, once tasted, they usurp the place of the most delicate menu, as one either sticks to it until the cravings of appetite are appeased, or leaves it to venture upon the untried merits of the dishes to follow. In this case the soup, stew or *purée* of squirrel was to me a great gastronomic revelation and, untempted by the aroma of roasted woodcock and broiled teal, I stuck to it with all the fervor of a first love and dined only on it. A better dinner I have never made since, either at Sutherland's, in New York; Rennert's in Baltimore; or John Chamberlin's in Washington.

That night we arranged, as usual, our plan of campaign for the morrow—which was to visit the grand feature of all that region of country, the great Yough Glade, covering 15,000 acres, a great prairie on the very summit of an elevated range of mountains, the backbone of our continent, and to enjoy such incidental shooting as we might get by the way. It was arranged that the Chief's two boys should accompany us, riding double on an idle work-horse, they to gather cranberries in the glade while we explored it for game.

The next morning we took up our line of march, for the Big Glade, and nothing could be more delightful to witness than the wild glee of the youngsters, as digging their heels into the sides of the good natured old plough-horse they trotted away far in

SPANIELS AND WOODCOCK
By H. B. Chalon

DUCKS RISING

Drawn and engraved by L. Scott

advance; but as this was not precisely the course to promote success in shooting, they were soon relegated to the rear guard, with orders to keep silent under penalty of being dismounted and made to foot it.

Thrice packs of grouse were flushed in the road, out of which we bagged five, and might have doubled the number, but preferred pushing on to the glade. Squirrels without number were seen on all sides and passed without notice, as was a great mountain hare, which, I observed, was already changing his summer brown coat for his white winter suit. At a cross road we met old Steen mounted on his mouse-colored mule on his way to Mac's, and availed ourselves of the opportunity to send to our neighbor the bunch of grouse we had just bagged.

Remarking that he wished to show me the hunting-camp of an extraordinary character, the Chief turned from the road and led the way through an open forest of magnificent beech timber, in the midst of which, by the side of a spring, was a tumble-down shanty of logs, barely sufficient to protect its tenant from the weather; the absence of all life about it seemed to stamp the place with a wierd ghostly desolation.

"This," said Campbell, "is the hunting camp of a Pennsylvania Dutchman, a mountaineer and a great bear hunter, who has occupied it for many successive seasons, and who is in more ways than one the most extraordinary being I ever met with. I scarcely expected to find him as early as this in the season, he rarely comes until October, but I thought you might as well see the abode of a man who I think will interest you. But first let us take advantage of the spring to have our lunch."

Dismounting and throwing the bridles to the boys, the father told them to hitch them securely and unpack the lunch-bag, remarking aside to me; "There is no more delicate flattery to bright children than to make them believe themselves useful," the wisdom of which apothegm I have often verified since I have myself become a father and a grandfather.

"And now," said the Chief, as we commenced our meal, "I will tell you about Schwartz, the hunter, who has 'squattered' here

on my land. Five years ago, soon after I had determined to settle up here, I was out still-hunting, not so much for sport as to get some fresh meat, when, somewhat to my surprise, I saw a tiny thread of blue smoke rising to a great height right above these trees. I made for it and stumbled upon this camp, which I was about to enter when I was stopped by savage growls and fierce eyes of an enormous, lurcher-like dog. I spoke to the brute, but it only converted his growl into a deep baying, which could be heard a mile away. Not caring to shoot a beast I could not help admiring, and not caring either to be torn to pieces—I kept at a most respectful distance and examined my surroundings. To one side mounted on a short cross-piece, supported at either end by forked uprights, were hanging three black bears; and pegged out on a sunny post were three large wild cats, and an otter skin. Just as I turned to leave, warned probably by the baying of his dog, the owner made his appearance, and a more magnificent, and I may add picturesque specimen of the *genus homo,* I never beheld. He must have stood full six-feet-four in his stockings; his form was that of an ideal Greek athlete; his hair, carefully groomed, fell in heavy natural glossy curls upon his broad shoulders, and his large steel-gray eyes were such as I had never seen before in a human head. The expression was pleasant enough, and yet there was at times a preternatural light shining from them, indicating incipient insanity; they looked as if they could penetrate a stone wall and reach through immeasurable space.

"His head was covered with an otter skin cap of unusual color and rare quality, and his somewhat small feet with moccasins. His hunting shirt was of buckskin, dyed with walnut bark, and his lower extremities from ankle to mid-thigh, were covered with tightly-laced gaiters without a wrinkle, and in his strong belt was a large buck-handled knife and an axe to which mine is a mere toy. He was followed by a dog fully as large and gaunt as the one he had left to guard his camp, and both were evidently deep in the Scotch deerhound blood. The man himself was a magnificent type, and probably the last survivor of that race of professional hunters of the last century, who formed the advance

guard in the march of civilization, to whom life had no relish unless surrounded by all the perils of a wilderness infested by wild beasts and savage Indians.

"The man's greeting was civil, but curt; he invited me by a gesture to a seat on a log by the fire, and then pushing away some blankets in a corner of the shanty, he drew out a large flask neatly covered with a raw hide and handed it to me—without uttering a single word; it was filled to the stopper with excellent whiskey, as I found after taking a good pull at it, but I was surprised at his not doing the same on my returning it. He merely observed that he kept it for snake bites and never drank himself. Next to a born deaf-mute he was the most taciturn human being I ever encountered, and though I have had repeated interviews with him from year to year—which by the way he seems to enjoy—he remains to me to this day an enigma. Nearly all of his past history I have been able to gather, came from his brother-in-law, who brings a two-horse wagon over here every Fall to carry off his game, and who, strange to say, is notified when to come by one of the big dogs, who is a reliable messenger between the strange hunter's camp and his home, full thirty miles away over the border in Pennsylvania.

"From this brother, who evidently stood in awe of his giant relative, but whose tongue wagged freely after a couple of drinks, I learned that Schwartz's father was one of the Hessian prisoners of war captured by the Continentals and sent to Winchester. Though passing for a Hessian, he was in fact, a Tyrolese—he was a sergeant and had the same magnificent presence as the son. He, with a fellow-prisoner, escaped from Winchester and lived for a time with the Indians beyond the Ohio, but finally settled in a secluded valley in Pennsylvania and reared a family of which my neighbor here, Schwartz, was one. The old man was supposed to have been killed by the Shawnees, somewhere on the Allegheny; anyway, our Schwartz here, and his sister, to whom he is devoted, became joint-heirs to a snug mountain farm. At twenty, Schwartz married, and a year after his wife died in childbed, and ever since the widower has led this strange life of a hermit hunter, shunning all human society but that of his own blood.

In the winter he works hard on the farm, but all he asks in return is food and shelter when he chooses to dwell there. He is probably the most successful hunter that ever trod these mountains, and has killed more bears than any man that ever lived in them. The grease of these bears, which his sister dries out and puts into neat packages, and which is all taken by a firm in Harrisburg, to say nothing of the pelts of bear, raccoon, muskrat, otters, wildcats, and minks, which he shoots or traps in considerable numbers, not only more than supplies his money necessities, but leaves a handsome surplus, which he turns over to his sister without taking any account of it. Strange to say, he never kills a deer except for food, and then only when the animal is in good condition. This last peculiarity I was glad to learn, for a hunter who spares the deer and feathered game to devote himself to the destruction of vermin is a desirable neighbor, though he be unsocial and dumb. Most of this information, as I told you, I wormed out of his brother-in-law. You will, however, probably see the man yourself next week, and I hope you will get more out of him than I have been able to do. And now," said he casting his eye up to the sun, "it is time we should move on, if we are to get any duck shooting."

We had not proceeded far when the cockers opened on the hot trail of a large flock of turkeys and flushed them. The Chief knocked over one without dismounting, but he had not time to dismount, make blinds and call them up, as is usually done. So we pushed on, and in less than an hour reached the big, or Yough Glade. As level as the surface of a lake, this vast expanse was covered with grasses and aquatic plants tall enough to conceal a mounted man. In some places it was dry and firm to the tread, in others wet and boggy, affording choice feeding-grounds for snipe and woodcock. As we followed a blind cattle-path through the tall grass a doe, which had squatted like a rabbit, on our approach actually rushed across our line, running so close to the ground that it was impossible, even had we been prepared, to get even a snap shot at her.

We soon reached a great expanse of ground fairly blushing red with cranberries, and here we left the boys to gather the fruit, while we went further on in the hope of getting some of the wild fowl which could be seen cleaving the air in every direction.

"It is very unusual," the Chief remarked, "to find them here so early in the season. Two years back they came in October in immense numbers, and of all the varieties known to the coast; and once in foggy weather great flights of swans and geese stopped as if they had lost their way, and did not leave while the fog lasted, which was nearly a week."

Observing that the fowl were feeding on the shallow ponds scattered about over the glade, the Chief made a suggestion which, carried out, gave us some very pretty shooting until it was time to return home. He stationed me, thoroughly concealed in the tall grass, at the edge of a pond, leaving Flora to retrieve for me, while he stationed himself at a pond a mile further down the glade, into which we could see the ducks pitching from where we sat upon our horses.

I had not been long alone when a pair of mallards came in and were easily dropped right and left, just as they were alighting; and a little after, borne upon the air, came the boom of my host's gun, and then the fusilade began, for as we had foreseen, the fowl flew from one pond to the other, like shuttlecocks between the rackets. We soon bagged quite as many as we cared to lug home with us, and here I got rid of a delusion —that B or double B shot is indispensable to duck-shooting with ten and twelve-bore guns. We used No. 6, and I stick to that size to this day.

On our way out to pick up the boys we rushed the cocker team over an extensive bog often crowded with woodcock, but did not flush a feather.

The little fellows had been industrious, and so abundant was the fruit, that they had gathered two bushels in a very short time. Such a cranberry bog in New Jersey would have been worth a thousand dollars an acre.

The Chief, than whom I never saw a more judicious manager of children, praised his boys for their industry in gathering so many berries in so short a time.

"You have contributed," he said to them, "more to the comfort of the family than we have done with all these ducks, for months hence we will be enjoying cranberry tarts, whereas our ducks will be gone in a week; and you, my boys, will enjoy the tarts all the more for having supplied your good mother with the berries. A boy's first duty is to his family, and he is the best boy who contributes most to its happiness and comfort.

"And now for home," said my host, turning to me, "I want you to see more of this prairie in the skies, and to leave as many of these ducks with our friend Mac as he will accept; for we could not use the half of them, for strange to say, the negroes do not care for them or any other game, with the exception of the fat opossum; a darkey would not exchange a side of bacon for all the game that ever ranged the glades. When I first established myself as a farmer down in Clarke, I was near causing a domestic rebellion by attempting to substitute excellent mutton for coarse, fat bacon, as being more wholesome and cheaper food for farm laborers, but the negroes protested that 'sheep meat,' as they contemptuously called it, was too weak a diet for a hard workingman, and gave him 'misery in de back,' and I was compelled to return to the old rations of 'bacon and greens.' "

For two miles or more we followed a well-worn path bordering on the glade, now and then passing over low, narrow ridges of timber projecting into its green expanse like capes into a lake, and this path, I observed, in many places was worn to a depth of one or two feet, and was as clear of every kind of vegetable growth as if it were a thoroughfare in constant and daily use. I asked my host how he accounted for what appeared to me a singular fact, a well-worn path in a region where there were so few men or domestic animals?

"I remarked the same thing when I first came here," he replied, "but Old Steen solved the problem for me. These

paths, running on grades as easy as if traced by a skillful engineer, were nothing more than old buffalo trails, kept clear and distinct by the wash of the rains. Doubtless there was a time before the coming of the white man when vast herds of buffalo would migrate hither, both from the West and the East, to escape the flies and heat of mid-summer and feed on pastures ever green and luxuriant, while all Piedmont County was scorched and withered by periodic droughts. Now, when you come to consider that all the larger mammals, when passing through a wooded country, invariably travel single file, it is easy to understand how, in many places, the trails are still so deeply marked. It is a curious fact," he continued, "that we have the proof, all over the world, that certain earth-works, made either by man or animals, are as enduring as monuments of stone, and for all we know to the contrary the mounds and earthworks of this continent may ante-date the pyramids of old Egypt."

Ever since that conversation with my friend, from that day even to the present, the former range of our North American Fauna has been a favorite subject of inquiry with the writer. Now as regards the buffalo or bison, we know it ranged over a vast extent of country on the Eastern slope of the Alleghenies and all through the great Valley of Virginia, which two centuries ago was a prairie country as much resorted to as hunting ground by the surrounding Indian tribes as ever was Kentucky, but of the extent of that buffalo range we are ignorant. Neither the brave and adventurous Captain John Smith, who explored the tidal waters of the Chesapeake Basin, nor Father White, the first settler at St. Mary's, in Maryland, makes mention of the bison, nor in our day has that persistent searcher into our prehistoric mounds, our American Belzoni, Mr. Joseph Maguire, a single bison bone in his magnificent collection of tide-water fossils at his beautiful home on Elk Ridge, which latter circumstance inclines me to believe that the bison did not venture into the Peninsulas on tide-water.

As for that noblest of all our *Cervidae*, the elk, or more properly the wapiti, it was at one time as common in the Atlan-

tic as it is now in the Pacific States, and particularly so about Baltimore, in Maryland, as such surviving names as Elk River, Elkton, Elk Ridge and others amply testify, and it is probable Governor Stone built his hunting lodge, called today Hunting Ridge, now in the very suburbs of the great city of Baltimore, to be in reach of such noble game as the wapiti, as Lord Fairfax built Greenway Court, in the Valley of Virginia, for a similar purpose. Nor has it been so very long since a wapiti was killed east of the mountains. Whoever had the good fortune to visit the late Governor Seymour, of New York, at his own home, must remember having seen nailed to a tree in front of the house the head of an elk which the Governor himself had slain within two miles of the flourishing and populous town of Utica.

As for prairie grouse (*tetrao cupido*), the writer can well remember when Mr. Stockton, of Baltimore, went every summer to the barrens of New Jersey to shoot them and had excellent sport, and he remembers too, having conversed with an old gentleman who had shot them on Jamaica Plains, Long Island, just where the white sepulchre of a late dry-goods Croesus, A. T. Stewart, now stands.

Beguiling the day with pleasant talk, we came to Deep Creek, and in sight of the smoke of McH.'s settlement. As we rode up the path bordering on the creek, the cockers, spite of discipline, broke away and rushed into the tall grass with a tremendous uproar. We heard a plunge in the water, but could see nothing but a line of bubbles rising to the surface of the sluggish stream for some distance downward. Chiding his pets the chief soon brought them to heel.

"That was an otter," he remarked, "and from the heavy swell of the water he must be a very large one, and if I don't get my mysterious hunter, Schwartz, to trap or shoot him, he will soon spoil the best trout stream I have anywhere within easy reach of my house, and deprive my friend Mac of the only sport his fat legs will permit him to pursue."

I learned a year after, when I met Campbell at Bath, that

Schwartz had sold the pelt of that identical otter for twelve dollars!

We drew up in front of Mac's house and handing over to his servant as many ducks as his household could consume in a week, and in spite of his urgent entreaties to remain, pushed on for home, where we arrived just as the sun was sinking behind a great bank of clouds ominous of bad weather for the morrow.

After dinner the Chief and I had our usual pleasant chat over our pipes, and I asked him if he did not concur with me that it did not comport with the character of a sportsman—taking the meaning of the title in its best sense—to kill more game than he could use himself or distribute among his friends?

"It is a rare thing," said he, "not to find acquaintances, not to say friends, who will be glad to accept your surplus game, but I agree with you most emphatically; you may have observed that though you are my guest and come up here expressly for the shooting, I have not encouraged you to kill as much game as you doubtless could have done. It is because I hold the wanton slaughter of God's creatures merely to satisfy the instinct of murder not yet bred out of us by civilization, to be not only barbarous but positively sinful."

I then turned the conversation upon my lamentable failure to kill the buck the day before. He had me repeat to him in the minutest detail everything I had done from the time I had left him until the escape of the deer. When I came to the incident of my being driven from my post by the barking of the squirrels, he interrupted me to say that that was true woodcraft, and that I did perfectly right.

"I would not have acted otherwise myself," said he, "for I am firmly convinced that both birds and animals have a vocabulary fully sufficient for intercommunication. Each species of either genus has not only its own peculiar language, but there is a language understood by them all warning of a common danger. Any veteran fox-hunter will tell you that a peculiar note or croak of a crow is as much to be relied on as a view-halloa from human lungs to denounce the presence of a fox. Let

an unfortunate owl be discovered in daylight by any species of bird, instantly its warning cry is understood by every variety of bird within hearing; so with the barkings of those squirrels, they were not only warning to their own species, but to every wild creature within hearing, and you were perfectly right to get beyond the ken of such detectives."

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, April 15, 1887)

CHAPTER XII

How the Old Sportsman—Goes still hunting and meets the Hermit Woodsman

IT was no great violation of the probabilities on the part of the ancient fabulists when they endowed inferior animals with the power of speech—without appealing to the scriptural precedent of Baalam's ass. I am not afraid to confess the belief that all sentient creatures, from the elephant to the microscopic insect, have the gift of intercommunication, and that the superior animals, both birds and mammals, have the gift of speech, which to a certain extent may be interpreted by man. Cannot the Canadian moose-hunter, with his tube of bark, talk to the bull-moose; and make that wary beast come to the muzzle of his gun? Cannot the prince of woodcraft, "Pious Jeems," with a nail driven into a small block of wood, and a piece of slate, talk to, delude and deceive the cunningest of all living creatures, an old swamp-gobbler? Are we not speaking its own language to the wild-fowl, the curlew and the plover, when we call it down from the upper air?

To be a perfect master of woodcraft, a knowledge of the lingo of the *feroe naturae* is as necessary as that of foreign languages is to an accomplished diplomat, and the languages of the wild creatures are not much more difficult, I fancy, than that of the Welsh without vowels, or the Chinese.

My host, then in the most fascinating way, broached some curious speculations upon the future life of the higher order of animals, insisting upon it that his horse and dogs had as much right to a soul as he had himself; and though I am free to confess he made an impression upon me, I will, in deference to the well-known orthodoxy of your editor-in-chief, my friend Hamilton Busbey, abstain from repeating his arguments in the columns of the *Turf, Field and Farm.*

As we knocked the ashes from the last smoke of the evening, preparatory to retiring, I told my host that, though the shoot-

ing he had given me far exceeded my expectations, still I had my heart bent on killing a deer all by myself, by fair, honest, still hunting, and that with his permission I would devote the remainder of my time to that particular object.

"All right," he answered. "Tomorrow I am compelled to ride over to Tomlinson's, at the Crossings, to see about some plows and other farm matters, and you can devote the day to still-hunting, and I fancy that, profiting by your experience of yesterday, you will be successful; moreover, tomorrow will be a wet day, and that is always favorable to the still hunter, if it does not rain too hard, for the dead leaves will lose their crispness and the drip from the trees will prevent the game from hearing your footsteps. Now for a light nightcap and to bed."

The next morning I was rather pleased than otherwise to be awakened by the patter of the rain upon the windows; it verified the chief's weather prophecy, and promised a good day for still hunting. Before we sat down to breakfast the rain had moderated to a mere drizzle. While we were at the table the Chief gave me additional instructions.

"The weather," he remarked, "is altogether in your favor. A light rain, the soughing of the wind through the tree-tops and the drip will make your steps inaudible, and you may make your way freely, provided always to be against the wind, with little fear of alarming the deer. And mark this, the rutting season has now fairly commenced, and with it the habits of all *Cervidae* which at any other period are as regular as the course of the planets, are greatly modified. Love, the master passion of all living things, becomes with the male *Cervidae* indeed a 'furor amorosis,' a fury which, blinding them to all sense of danger, renders them so careless as to become an easy prey to their enemies. And another thing to be remembered, the habits of all wild creatures are governed by certain fixed laws, and in proportion to his familiarity with these laws is the success of the hunter; but during the 'rut' these laws are superseded by the 'higher law' of love, and it is this fact that may lift the ignorant tyro in woodcraft to a temporary level with the veteran

hunter. During the 'rut' you may find your game anywhere, even in the cow-yard if the doe leads it there, as they have been known more than once to do.

"I have already taught you," continued my instructor, as we rose from the table, "to distinguish between the footmarks of does and bucks. Now, as the ground has been softened by rains of last night, you will see the spoor of many deer upon the Ridge, which I will point out to you, and remember the spoor will be fresh, as the rain did not commence until after midnight. When you discover the track of a doe examine with great care and see if there is a track of a stag following it. If there is not, tarry where you are and prepare for action, for it is more than probable that he will soon be along, following that track with all the tenacity of a sleuth-hound. Put yourself in a favorable position as regards wind and concealment, wait patiently and then if you do not forget to cock your gun, and shoot straight at the shoulder that stag will be your meat. And now, one more word, go and change your shoes for moccasins. Under no circumstances should a man attempt to still-hunt in shoes when he can get moccasins, for the shoes deprive him of one of his most important senses, that of the touch, and it is essential in forest stalking you should *feel* the ground you walk on."

The Chief then mounted his horse and rode away, while I started on the "shanks' mare" followed by old Flora, who by this time had become quite fond of me. I made off at a brisk pace for the Ridge, pointed out to me about two miles away, and getting on the leeside of it commenced my stalk with my face to the wind. I had not gone far when I crossed several tracks of deer, but did not attempt to follow, for they were traveling probably faster than I could do. I proceeded on my way at a snail's pace, and every now and then took a seat at some commanding spot and cultivated with fair success the valuable quality of patience. At the end of an hour or more, just as I reached an open glade-like space, I caught sight, far out of range, of a couple of does as they passed an open space at a gentle, graceful

lope, which did not indicate alarm, but certainly indicated something. In obedience to instructions I marched direct to where I had seen them, and there was their slim pointed tracks perfectly distinct in the soft earth. I immediately retreated about thirty yards on my back track, and ensconcing myself behind the trunk of a fallen tree, waited for what was to come, with gun in hand at full cock. Nor had I long to wait, for presently, with great strides, between a walk and a trot, right upon the track of the does, appeared a magnificent stag! I had no thumps this time, and I marked him well while I quietly laid my gun across the tree for a rest. How different was this majestic creature now from what he had been but a few weeks before, with his soft and harmless antlers, blue pelt, slim neck and affrighted look. Now his antlers had become sharp glittering weapons, his slim neck, swollen to enormous dimensions, changed his timid appearance to one of majesty, his soft blue-gray coat had changed to a ruddy brown, and the gentle gazelle-like eyes had assumed a ferocious, defiant expression.

I had ample time to make these observations, for when I first saw the stag he was more than a hundred yards away, but as soon as he got immediately in front of my ambush, broad-side on, I gave a low bleat. He stopped short and threw up his head, but, not taking time to admire his superb attitude, I covered his shoulder and pulled trigger. Instantly his white flag dropped. Rearing upon his hind legs he pawed the air for a moment, and then, making one prodigious bound forward and striking the ground with his antlers, he turned a complete somersault and fell upon his back, stone dead. I rushed up, and, cutting his throat, stood for some moments looking down upon my prize with pride. I doubt whether the shepherd boy David looked with more exultation on the dead giant Goliath lying prone at his feet.

I then began to consider how I, by no means an athlete, could manage unaided to swing up clear of the ground and butcher according to rule what I actually believed at the moment to be the most enormous stag ever seen in that wilderness within the

memory of living man. Here I was in the midst of a primeval forest surrounded by tall trees, measuring seventy feet to the first limb. Saplings are not to be found in such localities. What was I to do? I was completely nonplussed, when just at that moment, Flora, who was busy licking the blood of the fallen stag, gave a single sharp warning bark. Looking up, to my surprise and satisfaction, there, within ten paces of me—I could not mistake him—stood Schwartz.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "I know you, though we have never seen each other before; I was at your camp yesterday."

"I know it," he answered, "I got there not ten minutes after you left. I know the Squire's sign and that of his two boys but I did not know who was the fourth; only I knew he was a town fellow from the sharp track of his heels. So that was you, was it?"

"Yes," I answered, "but how did you know we had only been gone ten minutes?"

"That was easy enough," he replied, "for I found a crust of white bread on a log and it could not have stayed there more than ten minutes without being carried off by a chipmunk or some other varmint. Besides, I heard the sound of the two shotguns and the people hereaway don't use shotguns."

I then made bold to ask him how in the absence of a sapling I was to swing my deer. For the first time a gleam of a smile swept across his handsome face. Stooping and taking the buck by one of the antlers he strode away about forty yards dragging it with him with the ease of a child pulling a toy cart, to a tree which had been cut down a year or two before for the honey it contained. Near the top of this tree he cut out with his great axe a stretcher which he inserted in the hind legs of the carcass as I had seen old Steen do; then he trimmed up one of the large limbs and taking up the deer without the slightest effort hung it up clear of the ground on the end of the limb.

What else he might have done I do not know but I stopped him, telling him frankly that I was a mere greenhorn trying to become a hunter and that I had seen old Steen butcher a

deer and I wanted to do so too. He smiled again; I presume at the idea of my telling him what was so apparent, that I was a greenhorn.

I then attempted to follow as nearly as I could the method of my old preceptor Steen. I ripped my quarry from flank to brisket and got out the viscera with much trouble but when I came to the brisket my knife was too weak to divide it. Schwartz then stepped up and with his heavy blade severed it as if made of cheese. But somehow or other the task was not neatly done. Steen was as clean and stainless after as before the operation, whereas I was as bloody as an awkward butcher's apprentice learning his trade.

I then remembered the raven's fondness for kidney fat and was making us a fagot to stuff my deer with, when my friendly sphinx, Schwartz, got up and showed me a better way. With his huge axe he slashed off a strip of bark from a lime-tree close by. This he twisted into two strong cords; then making with the point of his knife a couple of eyelet-holes in the edges of the divided skin he passed the cords through, tied up the ventral cavity, and thus made it inaccessible to Mr. Raven.

Then while he strode off in one direction, seeking, he said, for a "bar sign," I hastened home for assistance to bring in my game.

My good hostess and the family were at first shocked at my ensanguined garments, apprehending some accident; but the alarm was converted into merriment when I explained what had occurred. Fortunately, the day being wet, the hands were at the barn shelling and grinding corn, and I got one of them to take a plow-horse and go with me to bring in my spoil.

I tried to sit up for the Chief that night, but he was late; but without his company both Glenlivat and tobacco seemed to have lost their flavor, and I went to bed early, though certainly the proudest young man that night in all Maryland.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, April 22, 1887)

CHAPTER XIII

How the Old Sportsman—Witnesses Steen's skill in calling turkeys and has a good day with his gun

AS might have been expected under the circumstances, I was up betimes the next morning. The first note of Chanticleer's clarion found me on foot, for I was too anxious to see again my noble stag to play the sluggard. I was hungry for the congratulations of my friend and teacher, and to be formally admitted into the noble fraternity of Woodsmen. I felt like a young squire of the Middle Ages who had gallantly won his spurs and was about to receive the accolade of knighthood from a Bayard or a Duguesclin.

As early as it was, my host had preceded me, for as I stepped upon the front porch, there he was inspecting the buck hanging to a tree just in front of the house; he turned as he heard me, and taking both my hands in his warmly congratulated me on my success, and his rugged Scotch face expressed more sincere pleasure than if he had slain the deer himself.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "if we were only in hearty good old Germany now, where the killing of his first deer or wild-boar is a great event in a young man's life. We should march at the head of a triumphal procession to church and hear mass at the altar of Saint Hubert, accompanied by the music of the organ, the hunting-horns and the deep baying of the hounds. Then you as the hero of the day would march, ivy-crowned, at the head of the Sons of St. Hubert escorting the dead stag through the village to the schloss, where the day would wind up in libations to the jolly god of the Rhine, in dancing and general festivity." And then the Chief continued with the innate politeness and tact of a gentleman, to make me give him all the minutest details of my exploit—not, I presume that he cared himself for these details—but he knew that nothing could please a youthful tyro more than to give him an opportunity to talk about his exploit. It was indeed the most delicate flattery.

"You certainly have killed a noble buck," he remarked, "I doubt whether he will be matched in the glades this season. He is in his prime as to age, and would also have been as regards condition if he had not entered so early on his 'rut.' As it is, his fat will measure a good inch on the saddle. As for his antlers, they are beauties, perfectly balanced, and will make a rare trophy for anybody's hall or dining room. I don't remember ever to have seen a finer pair of this particular variety of deer. These antlers have just reached their greatest stage of development. A couple of years hence they would not have been near so finely developed."

"What!" I exclaimed, "do you mean to state that the horns of the *cervidae* do not increase regularly in size with each succeeding year?"

"That I know is the very general belief," he replied, "but it is a great mistake. All living creatures after reaching their climax are subject to decadence—deer are no exception, and with them shrinkage of the horns is always one indication of old age."

Then, turning again to the deer, he said:

"That gun of yours throws swan shot uncommonly close. I don't know when I have seen one make so good a pattern. A large dinner-plate would cover every pellet, and you have not only smashed the shoulder but riddled the lungs as well. The wire cartridge was probably more immediately disabling than if you had put a single rifle-ball through the heart. Two winters since I shot a spike-buck through the heart, and yet he managed to run a hundred yards into a laurel thicket, and I had much trouble to get him out. Yes," he continued, "I fancy that within a range of sixty yards as close-shooting a gun as that of yours would be more killing than a rifle; but still the grooved weapon of precision is the most artistic, and it alone will command the respect of such craftsmen as old Steen and Schwartz. You must take to it for big game when you get more confidence in yourself.

"And now," said he, turning toward the house, "by the time we get through with our tansy, breakfast will be on the table,

and I for one am not in the least disposed to neglect that meal; while we eat we can lay our plans for the day. You must know that when at Tomlinson's yesterday I arranged with the stage-agent to send a lot of game for me to some friends in Baltimore; I did not forget your good father, but thought you would rather take care of him yourself; there is that fine buck you can send, and if we are industrious we can add a lot of turkeys and grouse to it, all of your own killing."

This announcement chimed pleasantly with my youthful ardor, which had been somewhat restrained by my good teacher's wise and conservative counsels as regarded field sports. I could now go forth and slay without sparing and with a clear conscience, as it would be no violation of my host's cynegetic moral code. I might now kill without stint, as there would be no danger of waste.

Our lunch and ammunition were soon packed; we mounted and were off for the day, followed by the team of darling little cockers, who were doing their best to jump out of their skins with delight.

At the outer gate we were glad to meet the old man Steen, and though he had no gun, the chief immediately pressed him into our service. In reply to my look of inquiry the Squire smiled.

"The fact is," he said, "as we are to begin with hunting turkeys, I would rather have Steenie along without than with a gun. The old fellow," he continued, "never goes anywhere, whether he has use for it or not, without having somewhere concealed about his hunting shirt a certain hollow bone—a highly-valued heirloom from his deceased father—which has been more fatal to wild turkeys than any dozen guns. It was taken, the story goes, from the pinion of a thirty-pound wild gobbler near a hundred years ago by Steen *père*. Our old coon, Steen," he continued patting the pleased old man affectionately on the shoulder, "can play a tune on that hollow bone more alluring than ever was breathed through the Pandean pipes—the rustic god Pan only deceived the simple wood nymphs—

but old Steen, our Pan of the glades, humbugs with the greatest ease the cutest old gobblers of the mountain. He calls his deluding instrument a 'yelper,' and in all this country there is no man can play on it as he. He holds that little bone in superstitious reverence, and values it above all his earthly possessions."

Then it was we learned why we were going expressly to hunt turkeys. It seemed that on the previous morning passing through a hemlock swamp on his way to Tomlinson's the Chief came on an extensive beech-wood flat where he flushed what he thought was the largest gang of turkeys he had ever seen. It was doubtless a congregation of several flocks accidentally met there, attracted by the heavy crop of nuts covering the ground.

Now from this intimate knowledge of the habits of the *gallopavo,* and inasmuch as he had not pursued or stampeded them, he had no doubt whatever we would find them again today at the same hour and at or about the same place.

As for old Steen, independent of his fondness for his companionship, all he wanted him for today was his "yelper" for with that the old man was so skillful a caller that he could make every turkey in the mountain believe him to be his grandmother, and as such bound to obey him. As old Steen had come for tobacco and as we had plenty of it with us, that was all he cared for, so he turned his mouse-colored mule and rode with us, as we continued at a brisk walk to where we expected to find and flush the birds.

We were just emerging from the twilight gloom of the hemlock swamp, called in the country "The Shades of Death," into the open beech wood beyond, when the oppressive silence was suddenly broken by a very pandemonium of mixed and discordant sounds. The spaniels had winded their game at some considerable distance and had bolted forward with a rush and a storm of yelping, which, added to the heavy flopping of a hundred wings and the sharp clucks of the frightened birds made those old woods fairly quake. Of course, we pressed forward at a gallop, but we got no shot, nor was that desirable, unless we could have culled out the old hens. We reached there in

time, however, to catch a glimpse of birds winging their way to every point of the compass. The cockers had suddenly burst into their midst, old Fan had even taken a mouthful of feathers from a bird but could not hold it. Our first operation, I was afterward informed, was a perfect success. The great object was to confuse and stampede the birds, and that they were, most thoroughly. On my regretting my failure to get in a shot, old Steen said it was all for the better, they would come better to call than if we had shot at them.

"Now," cried the Chief, "let's to work; we have no time to lose." Looking at me he said; "Do you take charge of the horses and hitch them securely at least a hundred yards away, out of sight in the hemlocks, and then come back here and join Steen, who will make a blind for you and himself just here, while I make one for myself and the dogs a couple of hundred yards further down."

My task was soon accomplished and I hurried back to watch proceedings, for practical lessons from two such masters of woodcraft were not to be slighted.

With their knives and tomahawks and the abundance of hemlock boughs these two experts in a surprisingly short time built two circular blinds of the desired size and perfectly impervious, even to the proverbially sharp eye of Mr. Gallopavo. I now had an opportunity of admiring again the wonderful discipline of this team of cockers. While the blinds were building, the dogs were intentionally suffered to run riot in all directions, and they were rushing, yelping hither and thither in a state of apparently ungovernable excitement, but at a single shrill blast from the master's whistle they came cantering to heel, and getting into the Chief's blind they came to a down charge and so remained as motionless and as silent as if turned to stone. I followed old Steen and laid with him in the other blind. The first thing he did was to take from an inner pocket what an Indian would have called his turkey medicine, his "yelper;" it was wrapped up as carefully as if it had been the Kohinoor. The old man evidently handled the insignificant bone with a mixed

feeling of pride and reverence; he handled it as gingerly as an amateur might have done a chef-d'-œuvre of Benvenuto; then he breathed through it to impart to it the proper degree of moisture and tone, as you will sometimes see a musician pour water into his flute. At last he was prepared for action, but he remained silent and motionless for some time. Presently, perhaps at the end of twenty minutes, just as my patience was becoming somewhat strained, we heard at some distance a heavy muffled sound as of flopping wings. Steen touched my arm as much as to say; now for it. Presently he put his bone to his lips and gave utterance to a single brief note, so low and gentle as to be almost inaudible. Then all lapsed into dead silence again; then came what I must be permitted to call a whispering whistle, it was so low and gentle, and it was thrice repeated. After due deliberation Steen answered, not with his yelper this time, but with his mouth. All this time my youthful ardor was fast rising to fever heat. Just then old Steen pushed me gently with his finger, and at the same instant I got sight of a fine young turkey poult within forty yards. I blazed away and down he fell in his track, and simultaneously with my gun off went both barrels of the Chief's and so it went on for full an hour or more, when between us we had secured five as fine poults, nearly grown, as ever were brought to bag.

By waiting we might doubtless have secured more, but as they came to call at longer and longer intervals we concluded we would find grouse shooting rather more exhilarating, and moreover, we wished to get variety of game.

At Steen's suggestion we determined to hunt the edges of a small glade a mile or so away, where we would find he said, all the pheasants we wanted, feeding on haws; but first we had our lunch and a nip.

Though I cannot say I would prefer this method of turkey hunting, I must admit it interested me greatly, and there were moments highly exciting.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, April 29, 1887)

CHAPTER XIV

How the Old Sportsman—Saw his first mountain-cat, and the Chief ministered to a wounded dog

WHILE eating the most enjoyable of all meals, a lunch in the open, it was arranged, as we were already more than half way to the Crossings, that Steen should draw our dead birds and take them over to Tomlinson's to be cared for until we could ride over the next morning; and that he, Steen, should join us at breakfast there. Thus we got rid of the trouble of lugging about with us some fifty pounds of dead game during the remainder of the day, which was to be devoted to beating for grouse.

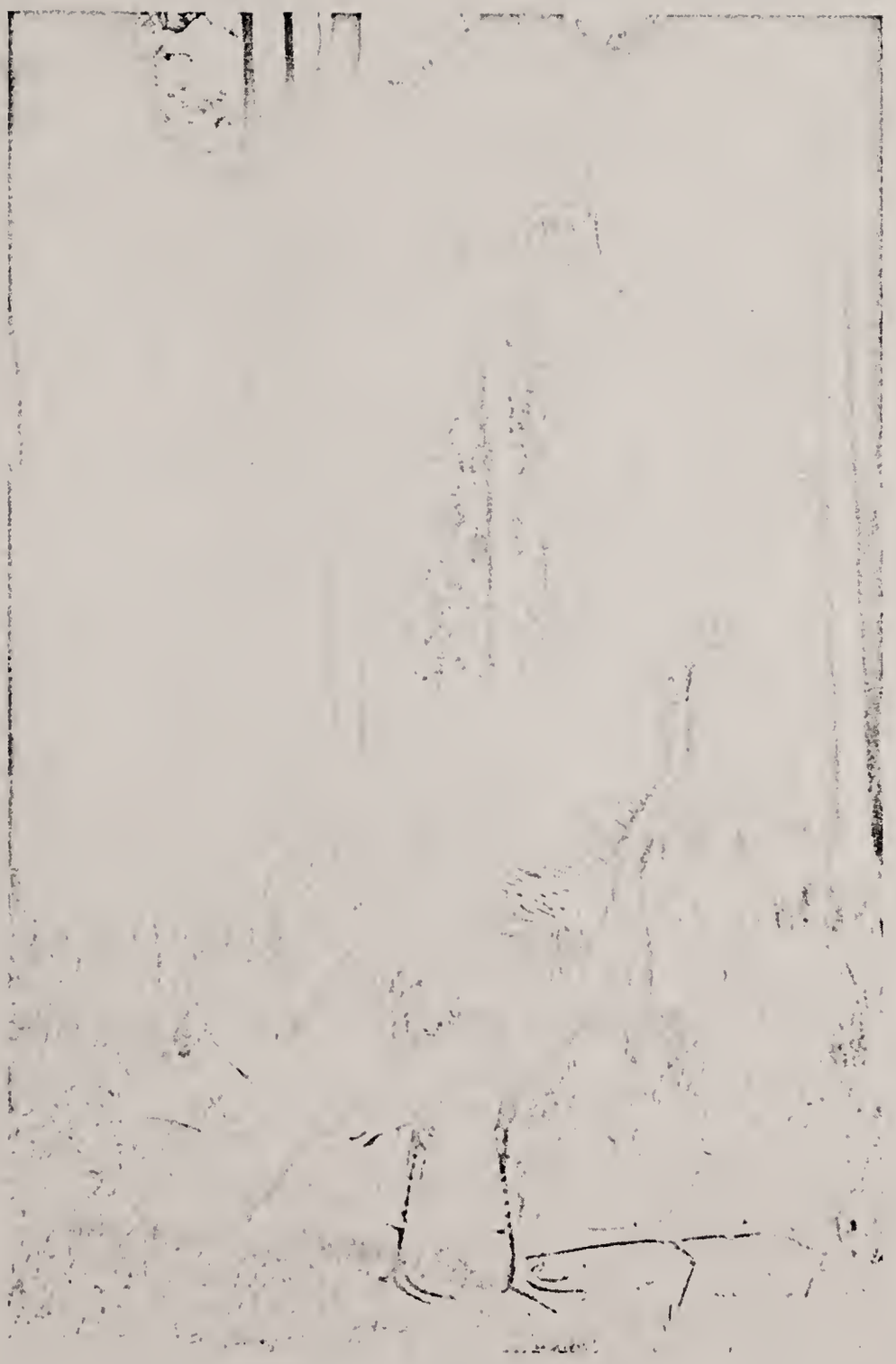
We had much turkey-talk during our meal, and regretted not knowing to whom to award the glory of having first made known to the civilized world the supreme merits of the very noblest of all our domestic fowls. It was then I heard broached for the first time by the Chief the theory that our domestic bird was not descended from our native *gallopavo,* but from another variety, the *Meleagris Mexicana.* If my memory serves me I heard Colonel James Gordon of Mississippi ("Pious Jeems") express the same opinion, and myself, after seeing some turkeys imported direct from Mexico, by Mrs. DeRussey, of New Jersey, am of the same opinion, for both in color and in shape of the head—and particularly the latter—our domestic bird much more nearly resembles the Mexican, which has not the game thoroughbred head and carriage of our North American *gallopavo.*

A distinguished ethnologist has suggested the progress of nations might be judged by the number of wild creatures subjected to domesticity; on this hypothesis the credit of domesticating the turkey is undoubtedly due to the Aztec. Indeed the Aztecs, the Peruvians, and the Chilians domesticated all the native fauna, furred and feathered, worth the trouble, as, for instance the llama, vicuna and the Muscovy duck, the turkey

and a few others, whereas our own red aborigines can only be credited with a very nasty breed of dogs.

As an object of sport, I confess to no great admiration for *gallopavo;* he does not compare with the dashing little Bob White; to see him in his glory he must be at the foot of the table roasted and stuffed with a scientific compound which will test the genius of a great artist. Let no man fancy he gets a turkey in these degenerate days of the infernal cooking-stove; it is only in a few houses in the South where the old-fashioned tin kitchen and the hard wood fire still survive that you may yet enjoy the succulent delights of the noblest of all the *gallinaceæ.* No civilized being unless dead to the supreme joys of the palate will deny the great enjoyment to be had from a young, fat and tender turkey pullet which from the egg to her honorable death upon the spit had had the free run of the domestic corn-crib; yet she will not compare with the free wild bird fatted on the delicate oily pecan nuts of Louisiana and Texas. But the turkey has reached a yet higher gastronomic exaltation than this last; but we must dare the perils of the ocean—unless that blessed missionary of *la bonne chére,* Delmonico, has anticipated us—and seek amid the vine-clad hills of fair Gascony a young bird, stuffed to bursting with fresh perigord truffles a full week before it is put on the spit, in order that the flesh may become thoroughly saturated with the delicious and unique flavor of that divine fungus. Such a bird, roasted by the hand of a master, is beyond all doubt the acme of all gustatory enjoyment.

Our wild turkey is a singular compound of vigilant acuteness and booby-like stupidity. To circumvent him fairly by honest still-hunting—such fairness as we would be ashamed not to accord to game little Bob White—will be found to be the very highest test of woodcraft, while to take him in a trap is one of the simplest devices of the trapper's art. I shall never forget my surprise and indignation when in Mississippi in 1837, I saw for the first time in my life, and on my own land, too, one of these turkey traps or pens, as they are called. It was built of fence rails, pyramidal in shape, and the entrance was a simple



THE GOBBLER
Photographed from life by Charles L. Jordon

narrow ditch running under the bottom rail, and terminating in the centre of the pen—that and nothing more; the exit was as free and easy as the entrance and yet I found within it five grown turkeys, which had been starving for days, and were so weak as to be scarcely able to stand. They had trotted around the inner circumference of the pen without ever looking down at the trench at their feet, by which they might have escaped.

For a wonder the poor creatures had escaped the "varmints," but famine, a more cruel death, would have ended them in a day or two, had I not discovered them. The pen was built by my own negroes, and they, with the characteristic carelessness of their race, had neglected to look after it. These captives were so far gone that I did not release them until I had fed and watered them. From that day to this I have made it a point of conscience to destroy every partridge-trap, rabbit-gun and turkey-pen I meet with.

Steen was greatly pleased at my asking him to teach me to use his yelper; for the old fellow was as proud of his performance on that wing-bone as a famous virtuoso might be at his own musicales on a Stradivarius or a Cremona. But as a performer on the turkey-bone I turned out a dead failure.

"Unless," observed the Chief, "you can use the yelper fairly well you had better not attempt it, for a single false note will cause a greater panic in a flock of old birds than the discharge of a ten-pounder."

He then related to me that several years before, when he was not much of an adept in calling, he was out hunting in the Blue Ridge, when he heard the challenge of an old gobbler full half-a-mile or more away; he immediately hid himself and answered, and thus the two, to his great delight, were getting on more and more intimate terms. Finally, the gobbler came in sight, but not yet within safe range, nor was he in a hurry to approach; he gobbled and he strutted and was the very incarnation of pomp and pride. Getting somewhat impatient, Campbell hazarded one more gentle yelp, but alas, that note was false.

The instant change from the strutting pride and pomp of the long-bearded fellow to the most abject terror and undignified flight was such as to make the Chief laugh heartily, in spite of his disappointment.

About two hours after noon and a second pipe, Steen set off on his errand to the Crossings, and my host and myself resumed our hunting in the direction of the glade, where, as Steen had predicted we found more grouse than I have ever before or since seen gathered together in one place.

Before we reached the glade the dogs bounced a yearling doe, which had squatted on a tree-stump like a hare in the hope of escape, as they do sometimes, and as indeed this one would have done had it not been for the dogs. But the poor thing was safe from the Chief, though he might easily have shot it from his horse. He held his hand, as he had nothing but number six shot in his gun, and then he and the unsocial Schwartz had come to a tacit understanding that they were not to kill does under any circumstances.

"Could sportsmen," said he, "by law or agreement refrain in the same way, you might still find deer in every county in the State, and in those best suited to them they would become as numerous as a century ago. The sportsmen, by destroying wolves and other vermin, destructive to deer, and shooting only the bucks, would become the protectors instead of the exterminators, of our ground game. There are many forests on the Continent of Europe where this system of absolute protection to the hinds is in force and as a consequence, the deer are numerous and the lease of the shooting is an important factor in the income of these forests. As for hen pheasants, it is a universal rule in England to fine any one who shoots one."

Just at this moment there occurred a dramatic incident, which though it prevented us from making as full a bag as we otherwise would have done, was far more exciting than grouse or turkey shooting.

Crossing a narrow, deep ravine, just before reaching the glade, simultaneously with the yelping of two of the spaniels, an enor-

mous wild-cat leaped upon a prostrate tree with a ruffed grouse in his mouth, as if surprised at our sudden advent. Not liking our appearance, he dropped his prey and made off at speed to a neighboring tree and ran up it with the agility of a squirrel, and at some twenty yards above the ground he ran out upon a stout horizontal limb and there stood with his back arched, eyes flashing and fur bristling, snarling defiance at his pursuers; it was the genuine mountain-cat or lynx, the first I had ever seen; truly a most formidable beast.

Of course, with the impetuosity of youth I threw up my gun and was in the act of firing when my imperturbable friend restrained me.

"Bide a wee," said he, "I must think of the safety of my dogs. If yon brute is not killed outright at the first fire and instantaneously, too, he is capable of putting my whole team *hors-de-combat;* if he even does not kill one or more of them in the death struggle. Unfortunately I did not bring my couples with me, and I must let them take their chances; but let us diminish the chances as much as possible. We will begin by substituting our Ely wire cartridges for the No. 6, and then we will fire together in the hope he will be dead before he reaches the ground."

No sooner said than done. We fired simultaneously at short range; the beast made a compulsive bound into the air and falling to the ground instantly disappeared beneath a mound of living dogs. Well, in spite of the precautions, the beautiful long silk ear of the prettiest youngster of the team was split from root to extremity as if ripped by a sharp knife, and the Chief had much trouble in treating it temporarily until he could get home to stitch it up properly. In the absence of needle and thread he actually brought the edges together with pins and secured them in place by ligatures of horse hair. It was a lesson in dog-surgery which stood me in good need when I had the ear of a valuable pointer torn in a fight when far from home.

Had we actually done no more than destroy the lynx, our day would have been well spent, for of all the vermin in the

mountains there are none—not even the wolf excepted—which are so destructive to fawns, turkeys and grouse as these devils.

"I should like you," the Chief continued, " to have taken home the skin but it is too ragged; you can take the head, however, and it will make no mean trophy." I took my friend's advice and the skull is now in a cabinet in Baltimore.

Shortly after this stirring incident we reached the glade with yet daylight enough to have magnificent sport while it lasted; with the numerous birds and the indefatigable industry of the cockers, it could not have been otherwise.

When the sky in the west grew scarlet and red and gold we called in the dogs, mounted our horses and reached home after a pleasant ride, with thirteen ruffed grouse, a pair of mallards, and three summer ducks.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, May 6, 1887)

CHAPTER XV

How the Old Sportsman—Talks of books, cooking and wines, and unexpectedly encounters old friends from Baltimore

WE reached home with an hour of daylight to spare and well satisfied with our sport. The first thing my host did, after sending our ducks—which had grown as fat as ortolans on the beech mast—to the kitchen, was to call his man Sam, who was a pretty good carpenter, and direct him to knock up a box in which to pack our game for shipment to the city. He enjoined him to leave room for the turkeys already sent to the stage office by Steen. He then, though the task was a somewhat menial one, carefully drew each bird with his own hands and put into each a lump of charcoal about the size of a hen's egg, observing as he did so that no detail was beneath the attention of a good sportsman; that this precaution would preserve the birds sound and sweet fully ten days longer than if it had not been taken. Meanwhile the boys had returned from the forest close by with an ample supply of fern in which the grouse were snugly packed. Dinner was soon announced at which the savory mallards and summer ducks disappeared to the last particle before appetites whetted by exercise and sharpened by the keen mountain air. I don't think I ever before or since tasted the equal of those ducks and more particularly our beautiful wood-ducks. They had been left to dry up and slowly lose their fat before a dull fire, they were cooked to a turn, not one second too long nor too little; and the beechnuts had imparted to them a most peculiar and delicious flavor as does the valisnera to the red-heads and white-backs at the head of the Chesapeake.

Why cannot our cooks learn to roast without wasting the precious fat in the process? How often a noble saddle of mutton or a fine fowl is minced in roasting through the ignorance of our so-called cooks in this most delicate operation of the culinary art!

To have sent these ducks to our friends in Baltimore would have been sending coals to Newcastle, and their merits—certainly those of the wood-ducks—would not have been appreciated by a people who sincerely believe that the supreme of human happiness is only to be found beneath the wing of the canvas-back and in the liver and pipes of the diamond-back terrapin.

For my own part I was glad we kept our fowl for our own eating, for I found them a pleasant change even from grouse and woodcock. How true it is that "*toujours perdrix*" won't do.

"It is not every year," observed the Squire, "that the beech mast forms the staple food of our game but when it does it seems that the whole of our mountain fauna—both furred and feathered—waxes fat—and the flesh acquires a more delicious flavor than from any other food. An amateur sportsman at liberty to wander at free will and desirous of shooting large game should at the return of each season endeavor to find out where the mast is heaviest that year and make that his hunting-ground."

Dinner over, the little boys brought our slippers and pipes, and good Mrs. Campbell put out the "materials." The Chief proved to be in a talking mood, and to an ambitious young sportsman his talk was full of instruction. Its tenor might in a measure be anticipated by a glance at the title of his small but well-worn collection of books.

In the place of honor on the mantel was an ancient and huge volume brought from the Old Country; the family Bible with its register of marriages, births and deaths, for many generations back, constituting an excellent family chronicle. Next to this, and apparently held in equal reverence, was a superb copy of Colonel Hawker on Shooting, and I venture to assert that the Squire was as firm a believer in the latter as in the former.

On some rough shelves in a small corner closet were probably fifty volumes on miscellaneous subjects, but chiefly sporting, and among these editions remarkable for either quality or rarity, I remember the works of Dame Juliana Berners, a superb and

rare edition that might tempt my friends, Seth Green, or Harris, of the *American Angler,* to break the tenth commandment. There were Daniel's *Rural Sports; Nimrod's Letters;* the *Notes of Professor Wilson; Somerville, Scrope,* and others; but the book of books, in the eyes of old Steen and a few simple illiterate people who had seen it, was a voluminous edition of the now obsolete *Cyclopaedia of Rees.* The prestige given the Chief among his ignorant neighbors by the possession of that work was wonderful, and they held him to be the most learned man in the whole world. I found among his books but a single novel by Sir Walter Scott, and upon my asking the Squire why he had not the whole of his illustrious countryman's works, he answered simply that he did not like novels. This one he had bought from a second-hand book store, because it gave the original account of the Dinmont terriers.

"And here is an only volume of the 'Spectator' which I prize because it contains good description of a hare hunt with beagles, a sport to which my old father was so devoted that he never gave it up until past his eightieth year."

In another place was the British Stud Book, and British Peerage, both indispensable, the Chief thought, to a gentleman of breeding.

But above all these books—the family Bible excepted—the Chief prized the elaborate works of Colonel Hawker. To him in all matters pertaining to fowling and shooting, Hawker ranked as the chief of the prophets and he followed his prophet to the very brink of the absurd. He even maintained with the dogmatic old Colonel that the application of percussion to the fowling piece was a great injury to field sports and a rebellion against that Providence which had created the partridge exclusively for the delectation of the gentry. He agreed with Hawker that the substitution of the percussion after the exquisite flint-locks of Nock and Egg and other great and expensive guns in shooting on the wing had put the vulgar pot-hunter on a par with gentlemen. Poachers would rule the day, our rights as landed proprietors set at naught, and our game annihilated.

The Chief then got upon the subject of deer-driving in regard to which there was a great deal of bitter feeling in the county just then and there is now, fifty years subsequently, in very nearly the whole country. The year preceding some gentlemen guests of Thistle from Cumberland had had some valuable hounds shot by the professional hunters and Thistle and his guests could not understand why the Squire did not join them in denouncing the hunters.

"The fact is," said the Chief, "I sympathize with all the parties; with the Cumberland gentleman for the loss of their dogs; with the mortification of Thistle for the treatment of his guests; and with the mountaineers at the prospect of having their chief meat supply driven clear out of the range by invading strangers and their dogs. The fact is, all this misunderstanding comes of ignorance. If these professional hunters and the deer-drivers only knew how far superior to the large dogs are the dwarf hounds, such as the beagle, the bassett, the dachs, and the Roquet, for driving game to the gun, that such dogs could neither kill nor drive the deer entirely out of the district—as the larger breeds often do—still-hunting or stalking would go out of fashion. Every man would provide himself with a couple or more beagles; and while we would get some venison we would destroy or drive away permanently fewer deer. And moreover, with these merry little hounds we could get the venison in August when it is in the best condition and in greatest demand at our numerous Virginia watering places. In the royal and private parks of Europe the deer are always driven with dwarf hounds and without any perceptible decrease in the annual supply."

"But what about the regal sport of stag hunting?" inquired I.

"The extravagance of the wealthy is turned to other channels, such as yachting and the turf," replied the Squire, "and the taste for stag hunting is dying out. We still have the shadow of stag hunting in England, but it is too slow for this fast age. A royal establishment is still kept up from the dread of innovation which characterizes the ruling class in England. There is about as much reason for keeping up royal studs and royal

kennels, as there is for the Lord Chancellor to continue to wear a horse-hair wig, or the parish 'Bumbles' to strut about in gold-laced cocked-hats and breeches. The sport of the royal establishment is very tame. On stated days in the season a semi-domesticated deer is carted out to the commons and turned out before the hounds. It runs until it gets tired. Then it is put back in the cart and driven away and saved for another day without having been touched by the hounds. The whole thing is a subject of mirth to foxhunters of the hard-riding Shires. On Exmoor, where they still have a few wild red deer, the sport is somewhat less on the cockney order.

"On the continent of Europe the fall of feudalism involved, in a great measure, that of stag hunting on a great scale. Some few of the nobility and parvenu millionaires still keep up what they call *'la grand chasse a courre,'* but I fancy it is more from ostentation than real love of the sport."

As my host was banking the fire preparatory to retiring, the quiet of the night was suddenly disturbed by a tremendous uproar in the poultry-house and outcry from the dogs. By the time we could seize and load our guns, and get outside the house we could hear the team of cockers in full cry several hundred yards across the meadow in our front. My host with his great speed and anxiety to stop his dogs, fairly distanced me, but following the sound I overtook him, as did his man, black Sam, who followed in rather an airy costume for the season, as in his excitement he had neglected to draw on his inexpressibles. As for mine host, his excitement was over; he had come across a freshly killed fowl and knew now that the marauder must be a fox, coon or cat and his beloved spaniels could not be injured by either; they could not overtake a fox and the two latter vermin would tree rather than come to close quarters. We accordingly followed the cry at a more leisurely pace and soon found the team howling at the foot of the identical tree where Sam had located the coon-den some months before.

The darkey having his axe with him proposed to fell the tree at once, but the Squire positively prohibited it, saying that dogs

of such blue blood as his were not to be risked in worrying such vulgar hard fighting vermin as raccoons; that was work for curs of low degree; but he determined to arrange with his neighbor Bropes and break up that coon-den within the week. We accordingly called off the dogs, returned leisurely to the house and by way of combatting the effects of the night air took another night cap in which shivering black Sam joined us with great gusto.

Next morning old Steen, punctual as the sun, rode up just as breakfast was announced. After it was over he hitched his mule to a Jersey wagon loaded up the box and my buck, and announced himself ready to start for the crossroads. Our party was soon off and though not intending a regular hunt, we took our guns and all the dogs except the little gyp with the wounded ear; she was left behind much to her distress which she gave vent to in the most vociferous howlings.

It was fortunate we took the dogs, for as we were crossing a wet swale, grown up with fern and skunk-cabbage, not a mile from our destination, a woodcock was flushed and dropped again but a few yards away. The Chief said he had never seen one before in the elevated region so late in the season and there must be more. We looked for and found them and for a good hour we had most delightful sport, the more so as it was unexpected. We bagged without a single miss sixteen of the finest birds I ever saw. Here was a noble addition to our box of game, for an October woodcock with a city epicure outranks every other bird that flies.

Arrived at Tomlinson's we were agreeably surprised to learn that Commodore Morgan, U.S.N., an old friend of both, and his sister, Mrs. H., of Baltimore, had had the queer fancy to take up their quarters at Thistle's little inn three miles west of us. They had been there three days. The Commodore being too stout to range the woods himself had hired, at a long price too, one Lish Stallins to do nothing but hunt for him.

In repacking our box of game we set aside half-a-dozen of our cock for the old Commodore's special enjoyment. We added none of the grouse because we knew that Lish, an excellent

hunter, while he would keep him plentifully supplied with the ordinary game of the country, could get him none of the long bills. They, to use a phraseology of the locality, "were a huckleberry before his persimmon." To so accomplished a gourmet as the jolly Commodore, we could not have made a more acceptable offering.

It was indeed a delightful incident to meet unexpectedly in that remote wilderness, two such charming people of the world (and that our world) as the Commodore and his sister, and they were fresh too, from my native city, and richly provided with papers and periodicals.

They kept us to lunch and we passed two delightful hours in their society sipping the while some of the Commodore's famous "rain water"—Madeira which the old salt had brought up with him and which the very oldest of the writer's contemporaries of the Maryland Club will remember as among the best joys of their lives. As we have survived, as I believe we have, the Holmes, the Lee, the Craig and the Oliver wines, I think we should be reconciled to depart in our turn.

Mrs. H. declined, but the chief tempted the Commodore to engage to come over and spend a day and night with us on the promise of the biggest sort of a coon fight and possibly some grouse and duck shooting.

On our return we did not fail to try the swale again for woodcock but did not flush a feather. Without, however, going out of the road we knocked over a brace of great 8-lb. mountain hares, now nearly white, which we handed over to Steen for his family together with—what was much more acceptable—a side of bacon bought at Tomlinson's and some tobacco.

We subsequently learned that the box of game reached its destination in first-rate condition and was hugely appreciated. My brother had the Pewees to dine on my saddle of venison and the dinner was followed by supper at the club of more than unusual conviviality as the records of the night-watch might prove upon inspection; but is remembered I hope with pleasure by the few, very few, alas! bald or gray headed survivors of that memorable symposium. F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, May 13, 1887)

CHAPTER XVI

How the Old Sportsman—Witnesses a forest tragedy and finds old world architecture hidden deep in the wild Glades

THE next morning, after going out to inspect the work his hands were engaged in not far from the house, the Squire and I rode out to see his neighbor Bropes and make some arrangement with him for the coon hunt; as we were expecting the Commodore we thought it would be as well also to devote a day to increasing the game supply in the larder.

The Squire, who had been greatly surprised the day before at the novelty of finding woodcock in that country so late in the season, and had ever since been racking his brain to account for it, proposed that—as it was very nearly on our way to Bropes—we should go to his famous boring grounds on Deep Creek and see if the flight was general or incidental.

"The abundance of woodcock all through this country in August," observed the Squire, "is easily accounted for by prolonged droughts so common all through the lower country in that month which dry up their feeding-grounds; hence, unless—it is rarely the case—we have a moderately wet season below, the birds come to these elevated table-lands, kept perpetually moist by heavy dews and fogs, in vast numbers. As evidence of this they usually leave us with the advent of the September rains in the Piedmont country when, I believe, they return there. The woodcock," he continued, "has a stronger attachment to his natal bog than any other bird as is proved by its being the last of the game birds to disappear before the growth of our towns, for they may be found resting in the suburbs of many of our cities after all other wild birds have left permanently.

"I doubt, much," he continued, "whether we find any today, but the fact is I would feel uncomfortable if we did not try. Who knows that we might not discover a new fact in the habits or history of this interesting game bird?"

The Chief's forebodings were soon verified. After a diligent

quest by four cockers, whose marvelous action and industry were equal to that proverbially difficult feat of finding a needle in a hay-stack, we had to give it up without flushing a feather; save a brace of beautiful summer ducks found in a bog hole not six feet across. Observing more wild fowl on the wing than usual, we determined to add some of their number to the contents of our larder and in the hope of treating the good old Commodore to what we knew he would prize as highly as any man living, that is, a new and most exquisite gustatory sensation, if, as was probable, we could get for him a generous bunch of our glade woodducks; which fattened, as they were, on beechnuts, would be no exaggeration to compare in appearance to balls of such fragrant gilt-edge butter as my friend Pembroke Thomas makes in these latter days, to the great delectation of the bons-vivants of epicurean Baltimore.

The Chief proposed a method of pursuing the sport which he generally found successful.

Deep Creek runs sluggishly between steep banks, varying from three to five feet in height, and in the absence of these elevated banks there is a tall growth of wild grass, so that the fowler can approach the stream anywhere perfectly masked from the vigilant ducks until within half range of No. 6 shot, driven by three and a half drachms of powder from an ordinary 12-bore gun. We decided to dismount and, each taking opposite banks, walked abreast down the creek. We were at a loss—but for a moment only—what to do with our horses, but the Chief, a man of expedients, soon solved the difficulty. Bidding me await his return, he galloped off at speed and was quickly back with a small bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, tow-headed mountain imp, mounted behind him; he had borrowed him for an unlimited time from one of his neighbors—McH's vassals—and the little fellow seemed overjoyed to serve as body-squire to so great a man as my host. Giving our juvenile groom instructions to mount one horse, lead the other and follow us down stream but to keep out of gun-shot, we each took a bank and keeping the dogs close to heel commenced our hunt. We found sport far better than expected, for

the repeated reports of guns did not seem to disturb the fowl at any great distance and when they arose it was within easy reach and they dropped again in the creek, a little further down. The shooting was so easy, and I doubt whether we missed a single shot, that we both made some very neat doubles. Immediately on the edge of a low bluff I found the feathers and some fragments of a recently killed mallard and the deep footprints of a very large otter—evidently the slayer of the unfortunate duck.

"Here," said the Squire, when I called his attention to it, "is strong affirmative evidence in the much-disputed question as to whether the otter will not kill ducks as well as fish. That mallard was evidently pulled under water by the varmint diving beneath him and as a proof positive that it was an otter there are the tracks of the beast climbing the banks with his prey; moreover, it was the identical beast we bolted from the grass a short way below here some days since. He is what they call a solitary or we should have seen other tracks along the creek. If I were not confident Schwartz would have his pelt in a day or two I would have to go for him myself, or have my best trout stream ruined for years to come."

When we reached the turning-off place for Brope our game box and pockets were heavy enough with mallard and the much prized woodducks to make our saddles a welcome relief. And here the Chief gave to our little henchman the option to leave us and find his way home or take his chances of finding his way back after dark. The youngster greatly preferred to remain and from the anxiety expressed in his countenance I believe it would near have broken his heart to have driven him back.

I felt some surprise at the idea of a mere child like that, (he was not quite ten years old) being trusted to find his way all alone for miles through such a wilderness and expressed it to the Chief.

"You don't know the people up here," he answered, "these half-civilized boys in the isolated mountain settlements and your sharp young city cockneys are not to be judged by the same stand-

ard. You must remember that that little half-savage there has retained the instincts of the savage, and among them that of locality; the infallible guide to all wild creatures. Anywhere within ten miles of his mammy he is as sure to find his way back to her as a bird to her nest, as a bee to its hive. In town he would be helpless, but so would your town boy of the same age be up here. I allowed him," the Squire continued, "to remain with us partly through indulgence and because he may be useful when the Commodore comes over, but his mother understands that his stay may be indefinite, and will not be uneasy at his absence."

As we were crossing the considerable ridge dividing the glade from our place of destination, we assisted as spectators at one of those tragedies so common yet so rarely witnessed in the deep seclusion of the forests; the tragedy in which we ourselves might have become the chief performers, had not the curiosity of the naturalist happily proved stronger than the lethal instincts of the sportsman.

At some distance to the right of the cattle-trail which we were following through an open forest of magnificent timber, our little henchman called our attention to the strange and unusual actions of a pair of hen-hawks (red-tailed buzzards). These superb birds with wonderful power of wing, were making continuous graceful, rapid and sharp curves around the tall straight shaft of a grand tulip poplar, sixty feet without a limb, standing in the open spaces—the undoubted sylvan monarch of the ridge. At frequent intervals, uttering the sharp, shrill, whistling cries which paralyze with terror the weaker creatures on which they prey, these tyrants of the air would also make frequent and sudden swoops at the trunk of the tree and glance off again with angry shrieks of baffled rage. We turned our horses that way and approached sufficiently near to make out distinctly what was going on. There, not thirty feet from the ground, was an old boar black squirrel doing his best to reach security from his enemies in a knot-hole in the fork of the tree some thirty feet away, but which he was destined never to reach. At every attempt to ascend a hawk would make a rush at him, but with marvelous

quickness he would dodge around to the other side of the tree, but there the other bird would make a dash, to be avoided in the same way. So rapid and incessant were the attacks that at last poor bunny, after making a gallant defense broke down in front, or more likely, paralyzed with terror and despair, made a last dodge immediately beneath the clutching talons of his enemy and was borne off in triumph.

Intensely interested in the struggle, neither the Squire nor the writer once thought of shooting the robbers, which they might so easily have done, whereupon their little gillie marveled greatly, and was much disappointed because he said that that identical pair of hawks had carried off ever so many of his mammy's chickens. Fifty odd years ago when the incident above described occurred, our ideas of natural history and the designs of nature were very crude and in our ignorance we proscribed many birds and even insects without knowing that they were created by an all-wise Providence to protect us from creatures far more injurious to man than themselves. It was this ignorance which has inflicted upon us the curse of the *passer domesticus;* and it was this ignorance which has inflicted upon Australia the yet greater curse of the *lepus canicula.* The sylvan tragedy over, we resumed our march through the grandest forest my eyes ever beheld. For some few miles we saw no game, but the grandeur and beauty of our surroundings more than compensated us.

At the foot of the ridge, in a thicket of alders and wild grapevines, the dogs flushed a small pack of grouse, the first to give us some open wing shooting, and of these we got five. As we remounted our horses I asked the Squire if he put any faith in the popular belief that the flesh of the ruffed grouse became poisonous in midwinter when they, for lack of other food, ate the buds of the mountain ivy (*kalmia latifolia*).

"I wish to heaven it did," he replied, "and that all poachers, pothunters and violators of the game laws should be compelled to eat it, and thus we would be rid of that pestilent class. If the belief were universal it would afford a protection to the noblest of our game birds; which our contemptible game laws fail to

give. I say contemptible, because nothing can be more so than a law not enforced. It puts your law-makers in the attitude of cowardly bullies who dare not carry out their threats, and encourages among the people a disrespect for all law. Now, though my countryman, Wilson, a man of genius and the first of our ornithologists, was inclined to accept the idea that the flesh of the grouse at times becomes poisonous, I do not, because I cannot conceive how the food that makes the flesh poisonous does not kill the bird. Moreover, when in India, I saw Hindoo fakirs kill and eat venomous snakes *au naturel.* Nature is a better alchemist than man. While he fails to transmute the baser metals into gold, she in her laboratory, located in the stomach of a bird, transmutes the vilest and most poisonous substances into wholesome and delicious food. You never ate a fowl that was not a born carrion eater, the chief of which is our very glorious bald eagle, the national 'totem,' of the greatest people—as we think—on the face of the globe!"

Just here, as the Chief's colloquial steam was working up to high pressure and getting quite interesting, Hans Brope—a young, good-natured, Dutch-American giant—put in an appearance. Hearing our guns he had come out to meet and welcome us to his father's house, to which he led the way, letting down the bars for us, and when we dismounted, he led our horses off to the stable. The old man came out to meet us with homely but most hearty greetings; the welcome was as eloquently expressed by the old man's eyes as by his tongue; and he was heartily seconded by his comely wife who, assisted by a daughter, Gretchen, a buxom maiden of the stout German type, soon had us a dinner of broiled venison and such mealy rose potatoes as I never have seen outside the glades; a modest menu but as thoroughly enjoyed as a gala dinner at Bob Rennert's in Baltimore.

Of course we ate the fat, deliciously broiled venison, in the hope of getting a good hunting story; we inquired the history of its killing, when, to the Chief's surprise, Bropes told us it was a present from the eccentric hunter, Schwartz; he had come in there that morning with the carcass upon his shoulder and

insisted on its being accepted as a compensation for the loan of a horse and wood-sled with which to haul to his camp a bear he had killed some five miles away; "Of course," said Brope, "he would have been welcome for nothing, but he is a queer chap and will not accept the most trifling favor; he has been here several times before, but never comes empty-handed. One occasion last year he showed us a patch of 'sang' (ginseng) where Hans, Gretchen and a little boy gathered fifteen dollars' worth in two days."

As Schwartz was to be back that day with the borrowed horse, the Squire left instructions for him with Brope for finding the spot where we had seen the otter "sign" on the creek-side. He then arranged with Hans to come over with his dogs the next day but one to meet the Commodore and kill the coons; and as the venison we had dined on was extraordinarily fat, far more so than any we could hope to kill ourselves, it was arranged that Hans should bring a quarter of it over with him.

Nothing gave me a more pleasant surprise during my stay at the glades than the whole Brope establishment, including its owners. Instead of a squalid hovel, here was quite a large dwelling, built of picked, straight, smooth logs, any one of which would have made a mainmast for a large yacht, hewn on two sides so as to lie flat on each other, and dovetailed in at the corners as neatly as if done by a cabinet maker. These were raised upon a substructure of large undressed rocks, which formed the lower or basement story of the house. This rough but substantial abode, with wide projecting eaves, resembled closely the picturesque chalets so much admired in the Hartz mountains in Germany, in Switzerland and the Vosges in France. But this particular cottage seemed to me an exact duplicate of a chalet in the Vosges Mountains, where, in my happy schoolboy days, I had passed many delightful hours in fishing the teeming trout streams by day, and dancing on the village green with the merry, short-skirted, buxom mountain maids at night. This rude structure, with its projecting eaves, the broad porch, irregular outlines and huge, rough chimneys, was as picturesque

and attractive a specimen of rural architecture as I had ever seen. What must it have been earlier in the autumn, when, festooned as it was with our Virginia creeper, it was glowing and blazing with the scarlet and emerald and golden glories of that most gorgeous of vines?

How could a plain, uneducated, American-born Dutchman, who had never seen the land of his fathers or a specimen of their dwellings, have wrought such a miracle of German rustic architecture with such primitive tools as an axe, saw, hatchet and auger, is difficult to conceive; it may be explained when philosophers explain how it is that beavers, birds and other creatures are perfect architects without having served an apprenticeship to that noble art.

It was with regret we took leave of our kind hosts, and nothing but the wish to get back to his home before sunset induced the Squire to give the signal to march as soon as he did.

As we had already as much game as we could possibly consume, and a quarter of venison in prospect, the Squire kept his dogs to heel and gave no time to hunting by the way, though we saw fresh signs of game on all sides. Just as we reached the Squire's outer gate, we overtook a tall, gaunt, broad-shouldered man, with a coon-skin cap on his head, moccasins on his feet, and clad in a brown homespun hunting-shirt, trimmed with blue woollen fringe. In the hollow of his left arm he carried an enormous old-fashioned flint-lock rifle, but little shorter than an ordinary fence-rail. To his shoulder was slung a handsome pouch of dressed fawn-skin, and an immense powder-horn, curiously carved. In his belt was a hatchet and a large butcher-knife, and at his back was strapped a knap-sack filled with newspapers, some bottles of wine and a half-box of fine cigars, a present from the Commodore, who announced his coming for the morrow to lunch. The messenger was the noted Stallins, a fine type of the mountain hunter of that day. He was a bachelor, had no special home of his own, but lived at free quarters at every house and cabin in the mountains for fifty miles around. He played the fiddle, and no "apple-butter boiling," quilting, or other frolic

could go on without him. He was the most popular man in the county, and could have fiddled himself into office had he not preferred his freedom.

We took it for granted he would stay all night, but no, he was to play the fiddle at a wedding on the Youghiogheny, full ten miles away, and he strode forth as buoyantly as if it were not more than as many yards, promising to come back on the morrow to meet the Commodore.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, May 20, 1887)

CHAPTER XVII

How the Old Sportsman—Talks of the genial Commodore's visit to the Chief and witnesses a rare exhibition of horsemanship by the old Seaman

FIFTY years ago great men and military heroes did not abound throughout the country as they do now; hence it may easily be imagined that the advent of Commodore Morgan, not only a social magnate, but one of the heroes of the War of 1812, created no little excitement in an isolated home in the wilderness. Accordingly, at breakfast the next morning his expected visit was the chief subject of conversation and I, having become *l'ami de la maison,* was admitted to the family council where the ways and means of reception and entertainment were discussed. Our kind hostess having gathered from the talk of her husband and myself that the old sailor was not only a great lover of the fleshpots and one of that noted band of jolly gourmets who gave prestige to the cellar and cuisine of that grand old landlord of the olden time, David Barnum, felt somewhat nervous and insisted on discussing the menu for each meal during the great man's brief stay.

As he was expected to lunch within a few hours and there would not be time to prepare an elaborate meal it was determined the lunch should serve as a light gastronomic skirmish leading up to the great festive battle to be fought in the evening in which the Chief expected to capture the veteran gourmet by means of his irresistible squirrel soup. For the lunch, then, we were to have cold roasted grouse, broiled venison, glade potatoes in their jackets and nothing more; while at dinner—which could not be until our return from an evening hunt about sundown—all the resources of the larder and the skill of Aunt Candace were to be brought into play.

As we left the breakfast table it was remembered there were no squirrels in the larder; and the venison had been left for Hans Bropes to bring over the next day. A servant was dis-

patched for the venison, while the Chief and I, taking our rifles, rode out to meet the Commodore, and bag all the squirrels needed for the soup by the way.

We pursued our road slowly, much more interested in our conversation than in the capture of such small game as squirrels which might be seen scampering in every direction; but now and then we stopped to take a crack at some unfortunate bunny who had the impudence to bark at us and offer a fair target. Upon the Squire's broaching his pet theory that all created things rendered services to man in compensation for all the damages they might inflict, I asked what possible compensations squirrels could offer for the destruction wrought by them on the farmer's crops, so serious in former times as to compel the authorities to put a price upon their scalps. I then cited a case in point when in 1750 the treasury of the Colony of Penn was actually bankrupted in paying off the scalp bounties.

"The squirrel, my dear boy," replied the Squire, "plays a much more important part in the economy of nature than he is given credit for; he does more for the perpetuation of our forests than all the scientific schools of forestry so cherished by the governments of Europe, for bunny is a most indefatigable tree planter; and if you are not afraid of a long story I will tell you how I found this out.

"In my bachelor days I was living in Clarke, in a snug little house seated in the heart of a beautiful grove of trees, principally oak, walnut and hickory. One bitter cold day as I was enjoying my pipe by the ingle-side, one of my negroes, who had been felling trees, tapped at the window and held up a full-grown gray squirrel, a female, which he had captured uninjured from a hollow limb. I opened the window and bade him toss it into the room, which was no sooner done than the affrighted creature took refuge behind a heavy bookcase. I resumed my seat and soon forgot the incident. I took it for granted the captive would soon make its escape through the door or window carelessly left open; but two days after when I came down to breakfast I was greatly surprised, as I entered the room, to see

the prisoner make a prodigious bound from the mantel to the top of the bookcase and disappear; then it was I conceived the idea of domesticating so pretty a creature, and gave strict orders to the house girls that the doors and windows should be carefully kept closed. Gradually, Miss Bunny became more and more tame; to such a degree as not only to eat from my hand but actually to root her way in between my back and the cushion of my arm chair to find a warm snug place; but she would never suffer me to put my hands on her. And so we lived in good fellowship through the winter until the spring was far enough advanced to sit with open windows. Then it was the fickle jade jilted me. She took French leave and I never expected to see her again. About a week after this I was delighted one morning to see her ladyship leap from the sill and disappear in the hollow of the decaying maple within ten steps of the house. I was not long in discovering that my pretty pet had gone off in search of a mate and had persuaded a wild denizen of the forest to put his head into the matrimonial noose and that the two were actually domiciled in my maple tree. The gentleman bunny was at first exceedingly shy, but gradually became bold enough to join his spouse in carrying off lumps of meat and other tid-bits which I took care to leave on the window sill when I happened to think of it. But to come to the kernel of my story. Near another window of the same room was a magnificent shell-bark hickory so exceptionally fine that it escaped the axe; though in dangerous proximity to the house. This tree bore delicious nuts and in alternate years the crops were enormous, and furnished my squirrels an abundant supply of their favorite food. I sat at that window for an hour at a time watching the pair; not eating, but industriously engaged in planting the nuts, not in one spot but wherever they might find them. They would dig a hole about an inch and a half deep with the fore foot, roll the nut in and not only cover it with earth, but ram it home carefully with their noses. The whole operation was as carefully performed as a trained gardener.

"When winter came and the ground was covered with snow, to a considerable depth, I frequently saw my active neighbors

dig down through the crusted snow for nuts which they invariably reached at the first attempt with the utmost certainty without feeling about. How they found on the blank, uniform service of the snow the precise spot beneath which lay the nut, is yet an unsolved problem to me, and yet when the spring came I found enough sprouting nuts to have made a considerable growth of hickory trees if they had not been grubbed up, nor would I have found a single sprout had not the nuts been buried by the squirrels. I found it to be the same in the forest with all the nut-bearing trees; hence I am persuaded that the mission of *sciurus* is to set trees and to furnish the material for such *purée* as will, I hope, astonish our epicurean guest tonight."

Just as this moment we were startled by two loud reports in quick succession and loud cries of "Whoa! Whoa!" within a very short distance. On hurrying forward we came upon a Jersey wagon with the Commodore and his landlord, Thistle, in imminent danger of an upset, for one of their team—terrified by the sudden explosions—had become well nigh ungovernable, and it was very doubtful whether Thistle the driver could have prevented a bolt and runaway had not the Chief leaped from the saddle and gotten the frightened beast by the head. When our travelers and their team had quieted down, the Commodore explained that they were getting along very pleasantly, when a doe crossed the road not thirty yards ahead of them, with an enormous buck in hot pursuit, and that he had put both his loads into the latter, and he was sure we would find him not far off dead, and insisted on our getting down to look for him. Of course, to please the old gentleman, we could do no less, but finding no blood, the Squire with a suppressed smile asked the Commodore with ball or buck-shot? "Damn it, no!" replied the old sailor; "I was loaded for pheasant and not for deer!" and immediately made his way back to the wagon. We resumed our march, the Commodore overflowing, by the way, with the most enthusiastic praises of the country, the fertility of the soil, the magnificence of the timber, and the abundance of game. Then with regrets of having not loaded at least one of his barrels with buck-shot he

vowed that if he had he would certainly have killed that deer and have checkmated Ballard's d—d yarn about the tiger in India and crowed over Ridgely and Claxton and McKeever for the remainder of the winter. A Baltimorean who reads this will know that the gentlemen named were all commodores, shipmates of Commodore Morgan and members of the band of Barnum's gourmets.

By the time the Commodore had gotten over the loss of the buck, we had reached the house and the old fellow was in the most genial mood. He declared himself to be both thirsty and hungry, and as he was a noted punch-maker our host had too much tact not to invite him to take upon himself that office, in which he succeeded so well that had not lunch been announced, one of us at least would have passed the limits of moderation.

At table our old hero excused himself for complimenting our hostess on her housekeeping. The broiled venison he declared to be far superior to the stall-fed park venison he had eaten at Lord Somebody's table in England, and all Ireland could not produce potatoes of such quality and flavor. He begged to drink her health and then branched off on his sea stories which all commenced as did the yarns of all our naval men of that day, "When I was up in the Mediterranean." In short, the old salt made himself so agreeable that even the children, who stood in so much awe of the great man who had fought the British and the Turks, ventured to climb into his lap and that night disputed the privilege of bringing his slippers.

Lunch over we retired to the porch for a smoke and to determine on the disposal of the evening. The chief wished to give the old gentleman some shooting, but how? It could not be done on wheels, and it was more than doubtful whether the Commodore, with his avoirdupois of over two hundred pounds, could shoot from the saddle, and as for hunting on foot it was out of the question. When asked if he could ride. "Ride!" exclaimed the old seaman, "I can ride the tail off any horse in Allegheny county. When I was up the Mediterranean, at Port Mahone, I won a steeplechase, though there were two crack English riders

in the race. My donkey distanced the field!" The old fellow seemed to think that his winning a race on an ass qualified him to ride a Bucephalus.

The Chief happened to own an old plug of a plow-horse, as tall as a giraffe and equal to the weight of Daniel Lambert; so it was decided we should hunt on horseback, and that the weight-carrying plug should have the honor of carrying the naval hero into action. But what a time we had getting him into saddle! The stout stirrup leather parted like pack thread at his first attempt to mount, whereupon he discharged a volley of the most tremendous nautical oaths, consigning to perdition the tanner, the currier, the saddler, and all concerned in the manufacture of the stirrup leather, and declaring they ought, every "son of a sea-cook" of them, to be brought to the gangway and made acquainted with the boatswain's cat. When at last we did get the old fellow hoisted into the saddle by means of the horse block, his good humor returned, and he rode forth quite gallantly, as if he were another Nimrod. He greatly admired the team of cockers, but when he witnessed their perfect discipline, so rare in that mercurial race of dogs, his admiration became enthusiastic, and it was pleasant to observe on the Chief's somewhat grim Scotch features, breaking out in spite of himself, the gratification it gave him. For the old Commodore had been in his youth an accomplished sportsman, had seen some of the best kennels in Europe, and no one in his day was a better judge of a dog. Alas! age and obesity were to combine to bring the jolly old cock to grief before he was many minutes older.

He had scarcely gotten through the outer inclosure into the forest when the spaniels, dashing off in full cry, speedily flushed and treed a pack of grouse. Our horses, partaking the excitement of the dogs, dashed off in full pursuit; even the Commodore's staid old plug partook of the sacred fire, and as he lumbered along shaking the earth under his awkward gallop, I looked at his rider, the winner of the steeplechase at Mahone, and if it had not been for my apprehensions of a serious accident, to an old friend of my father, whom we all liked in Baltimore, I

certainly would have fallen off my horse in convulsions of laughter. The struggle expressed in his broad countenance between physical pain, anger, pride and fear, no brush, pen or mimic art could possibly have rendered. Luckily we soon came to a halt, at a great lime tree, in which the grouse had perched. The Commodore, unwilling to burst the stirrup leather, and there being no stump in sight to aid him to dismount, fired away from the saddle, but the yelping of the dogs, the explosion of the gun and the general excitement converted the venerable old plug into a four-year-old, all the fire and activity of youth returned to him, he made a sudden whirl, kicked up his heels, produced an explosion on his own account, and bolted at speed, leaving his gallant rider sprawled upon the ground. Wonderful to say of the fall of so heavy a man, not the slightest damage was done, as the Commodore proved by springing from the ground as nimbly as a youth and calling out in the manner of the elder Booth, "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

This ended our shooting for that day, and we turned our faces homeward, where the Commodore brewed us another pitcher of what the Chief has ever since called the Morgan punch; which, though as hungry as wolves, enabled us to await with serene composure the announcement of a dinner, the menu of which you will get for your next issue.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, June 3, 1887)

CHAPTER XVIII

How the Old Sportsman—Tells of the Chief giving a dinner to the Commodore. The gentle reader has discerned ere this that the writer is an ardent admirer of the culinary art

FROM allusions incidentally made in the course of these reminiscences to the admirable housekeeping and the table of our hostess, as a matter of course this dinner to the genial Commodore—the acknowledged head of the Maryland epicures of the day—was a success.

The giving of dinners to appreciative people is undoubtedly an art and by many sensible people held to be the foremost of the arts. Now, our good hosts possessed this art in an eminent degree. The world-wide gastronomic experiences of the host, the refined table æsthetics of his wife and the rare culinary genius of the cook combined to produce that day one of those rare harmonious repasts in which there was not a discordant note and in which every dish was a *chef d'œuvre* in itself.

Naturally, as an *enfant de la maison* I took a lively interest in our successes and kept a close watch on our guest, curious to see the impression made on the famous gourmet by such a dinner in such a remote wilderness, and I was delighted to note the pleased wonder which actually spread over his handsome old face as he looked around the snug, unpretentious, but exquisitely furnished and admirably lighted dining room, with its large round table in the center which actually dazzled with the snow-white damask and the burnished splendor of its ancient silver and cut-glass. A brace of neat deft-handed maids of African descent, with bright intelligent eyes and complexions like polished ebony, coiffed in snow-white caps with linen collars and cuffs, and white aprons and dresses of the old-fashioned blue "birds' eye" calico, waited on the table. It may be the old prejudice of the *ci-devant,* slave-holder clinging to me still, but I always and still think that such table attendance at an unpretentious meal like that was more natural, more appropriate and in far better

taste than the most gorgeously-beliveried flunkey that ever stood behind the chair of the most ostentatious parvenu.

The beautiful Russian conception of converting a dinner into a poem by concealing the dishes and serving them in delicate portions on a table gorgeous with artistic plate and glittering crystal and redolent with the perfume of the rarest flowers, had not reached the South at that now distant day. Then all the substantials of a meal appeared simultaneously and it must be admitted that this old fashion was not without its advantages; for it gives the cook an opportunity to display his or her culinary æsthetics in serving a dish in a pleasing, appetizing form, and so stimulating the appetite through the eye, for a favorite dish prettily served to a hungry man is as fine a picture as a canvas of Meissionier. As you look at the *tout-ensemble* of the meal so served it gives rise to much pleasing gustatory speculation as to which dish you prefer and you have the liberty of choice—inestimable privileges denied you by the Russian fashion. No, I am too aged to accommodate myself to fickle fashion. While I pay a sincere tribute of admiration to the Russian method, I must be excused for clinging to the old way of serving a dinner. If I get hold of a saddle of Thorndale mutton, or a pair of Wm. T. Walters' Houdan cockerels, well larded, I may choose to make a dinner on either; whereas the etiquette of the elegant Russian innovation deprives me of the glorious privileges of "Cut and come again," and I am obliged, in a certain sense to "go it blind" and eat through a long menu which may include many dishes to which I would greatly prefer the Thorndale mutton or Walters poultry.

Our Amphytrion of the mountains had no greenhouse or conservatory, and the season for natural flowers was passed; so we had none of these with which to decorate the table, but one glorious dash of color was found to relieve the too brilliant white of the table and was more beautiful to my utilitarian taste than the rarest flowers; it was what the French call a *buisson d'ecrevisses*, that is, a great mound of scarlet crawfish symmetrically arranged on a great silver plaque and intertwined with the vivid

emerald green of a delicate vine. These miniature fresh water lobsters looked as if carved by a cunning hand from the most beautiful coral. They were a greater rarity than flowers, quite as effective in an artistic sense, and with the undeniable advantage of being most delicate eating.

An arm-chair of ample dimensions had been brought from another room and placed next the hostess for the special use of our Commodore, and he filled it with his portly form like a model gentleman of the olden time.

Beside the brilliant mound of scarlet crustaceans which cast a radiance of color on all the surroundings, there was but one dish upon the table as we took our seats. It was a noble tureen of squirrel soup with which we expected to captivate the king of the Baltimore bons-vivants and so achieve a great gastronomic triumph. The lid was lifted and it was helped around and enjoyed amid an uninterrupted silence, but our honored guest had not quite finished his plate when he broke forth in ejaculations of the greatest delight.

"Madame!" he exclaimed, "you have made the greatest culinary discovery of this or any other age. Your cook is a jewel beyond price, and your name and hers ought to be consigned to immortality and ranked high among the benefactors of the human race. What, pray, is the name of the artist who prepared this bisque?—for I will not call it either a soup or a *purée*—it is so far superior to either." On being told her name was Candace, he rejoined:

"Madame, she is more deserving of immortality than the Ethiopian queen of that name mentioned in the Bible, or indeed any other queen, for I never heard of any of them inventing so divine a bisque as this. Will you excuse me, my dear lady, if I ask for more?"

The old gentleman then declared that the most fastidious epicure that ever lived should be content to make his entire dinner on such a bisque. Then the Chief remonstrated. Fearing his other *chefs d'œuvres* would be neglected he put in a plea for his haunch of venison and summer ducks, so beautifully gilded in the roasting.

"I'll pay my regards to them all," exclaimed the Commodore. "I can get venison and wild-fowl in Baltimore, but tell me where in all this great world can I get such a bisque as this? I would sooner expect to find a Koh-i-noor in a stone quarry."

The old fellow united the powers of the gourmand with the delicate discrimination of the gourmet, for he did ample justice to every dish upon the table, save the crawfish; these he begged might be reserved for a salad on the morrow, which he promised himself to make.

As the appetite of the old gentleman became gradually appeased, his genial soul expanded under the inspiring influence of the rare rainwater Madeira, and he poured forth a copious stream of interesting talk relating his gastronomic experiences and adventures in foreign lands; but the flesh pots, not of Egypt alone but of all climes were evidently his favorite theme, nor did he neglect his exploits when a young man over the stubbles of the Eastern Shore of Maryland with the Lloyds, the Tilghmans, the Goldsboroughs, the de Conreys, and all that noble community of sportsmen and bons-vivants.

He told us how he had made an expedition from Alexandria, in Egypt, to Aboukir Bay, to feast on red mullet taken by himself; and how that classic fish did not compare with the croaker, the hog-fish, or the Spanish mackerel of our glorious Chesapeake. He spoke with grateful memory of a dinner of lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts given him by the Turkish admiral at Constantinople; of the ortolans and seven varieties of mushrooms in Italy, washed down with a rare variety of Lachryma Cristi. How at a breakfast at Perigord, in France, he went into ecstasies over one of those famous game-pies of that name which have conferred such undying lustre upon that little provincial town, and what an honor they conferred on him by giving him with the *paté* a bottle of the Clos-de-Vaugeot of 1819, admitted to be the best vintage of the best wine ever made since father Noah came out of the ark. He spoke of dining with an Austrian baron, a famous epicure and Consul at Bordeaux, on a *jigot à-la-Bordelaise* and a bottle of Chateau-Margaux of a priceless Comet

vintage. Both the *jigot* and the wine, he claimed, were local creations, not to be had in equal excellence elsewhere; and he retained, he said, a grateful memory of that dinner as one of the happiest events of his life.

He then told us of his pleasant experiences among the illustrious gourmets of that day in Paris—Cambacères, Barbé-Marbois, Brillat-Savarin, the acknowledged monarch of gastronomy by the whole civilized world; Véron, of European fame as impresario of the French Grand Opera, but still more famous for his unrivalled cook Sophie, who knew the art culinary and was the peer of Rosa Bonheur in the art pictorial; and finally of the immortal Maestro Rossini who was yet a more enthusiastic gourmet than musician and much prouder of his culinary than his musical compositions. He told us how one morning, after an early cup of coffee, he rode out to Passy to present a letter to the Maestro from his friend Cardinal Chigi, and how he surprised the obese composer in a semi-nude déshabille beneath the shade of a tree in his garden, earnestly engaged, with an ivory syringe, in injecting sticks of macaroni with a composition of his own which he claimed to be one of the profoundest combinations of culinary science, so exquisite as to be served upon the table to the sweetest pianissimo breathings of lutes and stringed instruments.

The accidental mention of Joseph Bonaparte, with whom the Commodore was on social terms at Bordentown, New Jersey, drew from Rossini an invitation to meet a few friends that day to breakfast at noon; and to pass judgment on the macaroni then in preparation. Of course, the Commodore blessed his stars for the opportunity.

"Mind," said Rossini as he took his leave, "noon sharp is the word; two hours hence and you will not be sorry to learn that Véron has promised to bring Sophie with him to cook us a *matelotte*, as she only in all the world can do it."

Without entering into the details of the breakfast, the Commodore contented himself with observing that both as regarded the quality of the viands and the charm of the conversation, it

was the most memorable and delightful meal he had ever sat down to, and then apropos of the dish—eels prepared by the famous Sophie—he grew eloquent on the edible qualities of that fish so highly estimated in Europe and held in such little esteem here.

"Untraveled and narrow-minded Americans," exclaimed the old sailor, "do not know how to appreciate the good things which Providence has bestowed upon us in a more abundant measure than upon any other people. They are so blinded by prejudice as to despise the eels which *en tartare* or *matelotte* make a dish for the gods! And there, (pointing to the scarlet mound of crayfish left upon the table) there is the crayfish, so numerous as to be an absolute nuisance through the land. I doubt whether one was ever cooked in Maryland. And yet it is universally acknowledged everywhere else in the civilized world as the most delicate and delicious of all the crustaceans and ranks there among the most expensive delicacies of the table. But nearer home, in Louisiana, crayfish is the ornament, the *bonne-bouche* and the pride of every Creole table."

Then the old gentleman, with a twinkle in his eye and as jolly and benevolent as a clean-shaven Santa Claus, asked if there was any such thing to be had in that far-away region as spirits, sugar and hot water? This was the signal for ending our symposium. The Glenlivat was brought out, the cigars and the pipes, and we were soon ready for the sleep that waits upon the just. I gave up my room to the hero and turned in with one of the boys.

It was understood before we retired that we were to dispose of the predatory 'coons after breakfast the next day. As the Chief wished to kill them more as a necessity than for sport it was determined it should be done in broad day, so that they should not avail themselves of the chances offered by the cover of the night.

The outcome of this 'coon hunt must be reserved for the next issue.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, June 17, 1887)

CHAPTER XIX

How the Old Sportsman—Describes a crayfish salad, and witnesses with disapproval the felling of a great tree and a fierce Raccoon fight

EARLY the next morning, as I was passing through the hall on my way to the stables to confer with black Sam on the art of 'coon and 'possum hunting, of which he was so consummate a master, I heard a hoarse ejaculation from the Commodore's room which sounded to the ear much like a cross between an oath and a groan.

On entering I found the old gentleman limping about his room in his night garments and pouring forth all sorts of nautical anathemas upon what he called that damned cross-eyed giraffe of a horse which had capsized him the day before and compelled him to lay up for repairs. He felt, he said, as if he had been beaten with clubs and every joint in his body dislocated, and unless he could limber up in some way, he would have to forego the 'coon hunt, a sport he used to enjoy so much when a boy. I did what I could to console him, telling him we would put off the hunt till night, by which time the soreness would wear off, and that as our game was already treed he could drive to the scene of action in his Jersey wagon. This, together with a generous punch made of rich Alderney milk and some rare old Jamaica, succeeded in restoring him to his usual good humor. Promising to return and help him rig for breakfast, I went out to the stables to have my confab with Sam.

I found that sable old Nimrod rather taciturn and glum at the idea of hunting 'coons by daylight.

"Taint fy'r," he exclaimed, "who ever heerd of huntin' night creeters arter sun up? De natur o' 'possums and 'coon an owls is to go 'bout at night, and de darker de night, de better dey can see, and it aint fy'r to 'sturb um when de sun most blind um."

I restored the old fellow's equanimity by telling him that on account of the Commodore's condition we would not go out until after night.

"I'se bin nussin dat gang o' 'coons all summer and keepen' de den a secret from all de niggers, and it would be a pity fur master and you all to go dere in daytime wid guns an' clubs an' nock em all in de head without a fy'r fight. 'Side dad, I wants to see um clean out deese orniary dogs of old Bropes."

Sam was now in high good humor, for he foresaw that in the usual night hunt he, Sam, would be restored to the direction of the campaign and to his importance among his brother darkies. He explained the strategy he meant to pursue. A couple of the boys were to be sent to make a small fire near the tree an hour by sun and to remain on the watch until the quality from the house got there; for, said he: " 'Coon an' 'possum and wildcat are mighty apt to come down outen de tree and go piroutin about twixt sundown an' dark an' ketch de birds as deys gwine to roos' an' den de hars begins to stir about; and now, young marse, let me 'vise you if deres fy'r play to bet on de 'coon, but don't you tell nobody I tole you so. I'll see dat de boys drap dat tree wid de top in de water. I'se seed dat 'coon three times, an' I tell you he mighty big and has a heap o' rings on his tail, an' if he has fy'r play an' a little water to fight in he'll catairamsously chaw up any dog in de State excep my old Bose—an he's dead and gone to where I hopes to jine him one of dese days."

And here Sam heaved a deep sigh. Could the old negro's affection for his departed friend, Bose, have made him jealous of the Bropes' dogs? It seemed so, for it was the only instance I ever saw one of his race taking part with a "varmint" against a dog; or, I might say, a white man either.

What with the milk punch, which the Commodore declared was good enough to resuscitate the dead, the assistance I gave him in dressing, we managed to get him to the breakfast table, where a short but delicious menu that Caréme himself would have been proud of, and his own naturally jovial temper soon triumphed over his physical ailments and he declared he would be sufficiently suppled up by night to join the hunt if he could go upon wheels.

"As for the saddle," said he, "it is out of the question, for I am like my old Brandywine frigate when we got back from the Mediterranean; I want recoppering."

I did not much fancy the idea of being confined all day to the house to keep the old gentleman company, and anticipated rather a dreary one, but I never was more agreeably disappointed, for seldom did pleasant talk lend such swift wings to time as did that of this old sea-rover.

The Commodore had been a keen sportsman from boyhood. It was his ruling passion, and his frequent opportunities of indulging it in every part of the world had not only made him, as far as the gun and rod were concerned, the crack sportsman of his native State, but had stored his retentive memory with an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, in the narration of which he had no living rival. The most striking characteristic of the old sailor was his unbounded pride in his native Chesapeake, which he always described as the noblest estuary on the globe, whose shores were the sunny side of Creation, flowing with milk and honey, and whose waters, teeming with oysters, crabs, hard and soft, bay-mackerel, shad, rock-fish, sea-trout, hog-fish, croakers, the diamond-back terrapin and the imperial canvas-back, formed an inexhaustible supply of the most delicious food ever created by a munificent Providence.

Even at that early date—more than fifty years ago—he was deploring the growing scarcity of canvas-back and the terrapin. He remembered when the latter were as cheap in the market as chickens; when there was scarce a negro on the eastern shore who could not feast on them at will. When, as a boy he hunted the raccoon and the 'possum with the negroes on the plantation, it was a common thing to wind up the night in some cabin with a supper of terrapin, simply roasted under the ashes, and it was his opinion that this primitive mode of cooking, imitated from the native Indians, was far superior to any yet invented by the most ambitious cooks. When he was a boy the choicest seven-inch hen diamond-backs, bloated with golden eggs, went a begging on the Baltimore markets at three dollars a dozen!

He told us how, after he was a man grown, he went with a gentleman named Endicott to an almost unknown island at the mouth of Gunpowder River, in a two-horse Jersey wagon, and how in the course of one morning, firing their ancient long, small bore, flint-lock, fowling-pieces into what were literally *clouds* of imperial canvas-backs and their cousins, the red-heads, until their guns got so hot they could not hold them with ungloved hands, they so filled that wagon as barely to leave room for themselves; and when men peddled canvas-backs through the streets of Baltimore at fifty cents a pair!

He remembered when the very pick of the planted oysters from Lynnhaven, from Carter's Creek, Cone River, Pocomoke, Pongoteague and twenty other famous beds, all distinct in appearance and flavor, were a drug along the Baltimore wharves at fifty cents the heaped bushel. He remembered, too, when every dwelling of any importance in the cities of Maryland and Virginia had its own smoke-house, and when every gentleman, whether of town or country, of any social position, took the greatest pride in superintending in person the curing of his own bacon and corning his own beef; when such names as the Lloyds, Goldsboroughs, Tilghmans and others on the Eastern; Bowies, Ogles, Contees, Mercers, Stables's, and Dorseys, on the Western Shore, became famous for the quality of their hams which the real gourmets ranked above the world-renowned Westphalian.

"Our golden days," groaned out the old bon vivant, "will soon come to an end. The great cities of New York and Philadelphia will devour our substance, and we shall have to exchange their weight in gold for our ducks, our terrapin, and our oysters, which were once within the reach of our poorest citizens."

Allow me here, Messrs. Editors, to gratify my individual friendship for a dear friend by stating that the Mr. Endicott alluded to by the Commodore was the father of the important art of lithography in this country, and also of that accomplished sportsman, artist, and writer, Mr. Francis Endicott, who a few months ago initiated the genial, jolly, ichthyological Fred Mather into the succulent delights of baked 'possum.

While thus deploring the threatened decadence of our Maryland and Virginia flesh-pots, the Commodore pulled out his watch and announced the important fact that the sun was over the yard-arm, whereupon the Chief ushered us all into another room, where we found a large old India bowl filled to the brim with apple toddy, which had been brewed the day before by the master-hand of the Chief and put away to mellow. After partaking of this refreshment the old seaman turned to his host and told him that he was now prepared to redeem his promise of the day before to convert the mound of crayfish into a salad on which he was willing to stake his reputation as a bon vivant. Pretty nearly half-a-peck of beautiful coral-like crustaceans were brought in by one of the sable Phyllises of the day before. The other one was called in and the salad-maker soon taught them to pick the meat from the shells. This speedily filled quite a large bowl, but wishing to dress it, in two ways, the Commodore divided it into two parts. The one was served with a mayonnaise sauce and the other was simply *sauté* in gilt-edged butter until of a rich brown and then *relevée* with a very few drops of taragon vinegar—a condiment which, together with some home-made cayenne sent him by a friend in South Carolina, the old fellow never traveled without. The salad and the *sauté* were both served at lunch with a few introductory remarks by the Commodore, which were none the less fluent for the preliminary ingurgitations of the seductive apple toddy.

"We people of the glorious Chesapeake, or at least many of us," exclaimed the Commodore, as he flourished the spoon with which he was about to help his salad, "do not sufficiently appreciate, indeed deserve, the innumerable edible blessings supplied us by that noble sheet of water; for while we neglect our fat yellow-bellied channel crabs, we go to New York and gorge ourselves on the coarse-grained, indigestible lobsters of the northern waters, which in point of delicacy and flavor will compare with our hard crabs as does the harsh astringent *vin ordinaire* with the delicate perfumed, velvet-like *Chateau Lafitte*. Not very long ago—by the way—we paid for this folly by the loss of our turf

honor and several hundred thousand dollars. Our peerless Henry was beaten by that Northern plater Eclipse, merely because William R. Johnson, the representative and guardian of our Southern turf, was fool enough to give himself a tremendous indigestion the night before the race. But here, gentlemen, we have before us on this table, a native, home-bred, fresh-water lobster, so abundant through the land as to be a nuisance, and often a very destructive one. Though he is far more delicate eating than his Northern congener, you will no more see him on a Maryland table than you will stewed pumpkin, pork and beans, pork and molasses or codfish. And now as the proof of the pudding is the eating, let me help you," and he proceeded to ladle out the very tempting looking salad.

As simple, untraveled, old Thistle, the tavern-keeper, who probably in all his life had never had an idea of *gourmandise* beyond a chestnut-stuffed Christmas turkey and a doughnut, was the only one of our party not familiar with the crayfish in all its culinary phases, it was amusing to watch the impression made upon him by a new gustatory experience. He was shy at first, and did not venture to cut in until he saw us all eating with great relish; then he took a mere taste, then more, and finally he pitched in with the full vigor of a mountaineer's appetite sharpened by liberal potations.

"I do declar'," he exclaimed, as he sopped up the rich dressing with a fragment of bread, "the things is eligint! Think of my wife being worried year after year by these tarnal things a borin' holes and makin' chimminies and a spilin' her lawn. I'll learn how to catch 'em and she how to cook 'em and we'll have 'em on the table three times a day. The children calls 'em chiminy-builders, and used to feed a pet 'coon on 'em, and he was uncommonly fond of 'em. That was all the good I ever thought they was fit fer."

The old Commodore was radiant at having made this convert, and promised Thistle to teach him all about catching and cooking the "chiminy-builders" when he got back to his quarters at the tavern.

Whist, a favorite game with our guest, served to keep him amused through the evening until dinner, which meal was pleasantly prolonged until it was time to move on the 'coons.

Donning our overcoats and mufflers—for it had grown quite cold—we sallied forth and found the moon about three-quarters full, riding high in the sky, and in that thin mountain atmosphere shining preternaturally bright. The reflection of her light seemed to convert the broad, level expanse of the meadow before us into a sleeping sea of molten silver, but there were signs abroad ominous of a speedy change in the weather, fatal to our sport. Legions of black, ragged, swift-flying clouds were charging across the placid face of the moon, reminding one of the squadrons of ghostly, midnight marauders which we read of in the wild German legends, and the shadows of the torn and distorted clouds were flitting in rapid succession athwart the silver sheen of the meadow like an endless procession of the hideous monsters which ruled the earth in the remote geologic ages before monkeys discarded their caudal appendages and became the lords of creation.

But who cared for these ominous appearances? Good fare and good liquor are such marvelous fortifiers of the nerves!

The jolly Commodore, like Tam O'Shanter, o'er all the ills of life victorious, was hoisted into the buggy, and the expedition set out, with old black Sam in advance as guide, singing as he went an old Virginia song which I fear has been lost to posterity, and of which, to my regret, I can only recall these two lines:

> "'Possum up a gum tree, raccoon in de holler,
> Saddle up de old hoss, martingale an' collar."

The chorus delivered by the rich mellow voices of the negroes, penetrated the dark recesses of the forest with a weird effect, reminding one of that appalling chorus of the demons in "Robert le Diable."

Old Sam, what with having now supreme control and being mellow with drink, was full of good humor and self-importance. Issuing his orders to his brother darkies with all the pomposity

of a militia colonel, he directed the fire which had been kindled at the foot of the tree to be removed to another place, and to be fed with dry brush, so as to throw a strong light on the entrance to the den in the forks of the tree. As the night was growing momentarily more chilly, we amateurs fixed ourselves comfortably near the fire to watch further proceedings.

The first thing done was to fell and clear away a medium-sized gum tree, the top of which reached to the lower limbs of the poplar, and by which the active varmints might have made their escape. Then Sam, with all the importance of a Burton Marye, or any other illustrious engineer, walked up to and around the great white shaft which sprang skyward sixty feet to the fork where the predacious vermin made their den.

Now, such is the skill of our woodsmen that they can fell a straight growing tree in any direction they may choose, but when Sam directed his two axemen to fell this tree with its top into the pool of water he had told me of, I concluded that through professional jealousy as a hunter of Hans and his dogs he (Sam) wanted our 'coon to win.

From my childhood I have deplored the inconsiderate levity with which our people will destroy the noblest trees, and according to my own personal theology, if there be any punishment in the hereafter, there must be some penalty provided for the irreverent fool who will, without sufficient reason, destroy in a few minutes the majestic growth of hundreds of years. Hence I confess to some slight emotion of regret when I saw two stalwart black barbarians sink their glittering axes to the eye into the very heart of this great patriarch of the forest which doubtless had stood there in all its beautiful prime long before good Father White had put his foot upon the shores of St. Mary's River in lower Maryland. And for what was this sacrifice? To compass the death of a miserable "varmint" whose hide was worth twenty-five cents!

On the other hand, it may not be denied that the martyrdom of a majestic forest monarch at the hands of expert axemen is an interesting sight, and in a degree, though infinitely less, as

dramatic as the martyrdom of Servetus at the hands of that amiable gentleman Calvin.

It would be refreshing to the troubled heart and busy mind of Gladstone to view our axemen of that night. The great Rembrandt could have derived his loftiest inspirations from the picture they presented as they stood with the ruddy and flickering glare of the fire on one side, and the inky blackness of the night on the others, with the muscles of their nude black and brawny torsos picked out into sharp relief and emphasized by the fire, and the glittering halo made around their heads by the circling axes as they fell with a musical rhythm of resounding blows upon the doomed tree, and all the while the hollow echoes came out from the mysterious depths of the forest like voices bemoaning the fall of the victim. The keen-edged axes had eaten to the centre of the forest giant, and as yet there was no sign of the presence of our game. Presently, with a strong puff of wind, the predecessor of the coming storm, the tree gave a groan as if it had been a human being, then two shadowy forms darted from the cavity of the fork—they were but half-grown varmints—and after some little time in getting the proper light, they were brought down by the rifle of Hans Bropes and strangled by his dogs. This was a mere incident, a prelude to the great tragedy. Had it been the old 'coon he would have been held sacred from the rifle and the club; his fate was to depend upon a royal duel between himself and the dogs.

The axemen resumed their labor, again the tree began to groan like a living creature, to crack and then to move, at first slowly and majestically, and then it thundered down with a crash that made the earth quake for yards around. Instantly the eager dogs disappeared amid the shattered limbs of the prostrate top still shrouded in a cloud of leaves and dust, when a sharp yell of pain came from one of them, and a muffled growl from the raccoon announced the battle was joined. The broken limbs formed sort of an abbatis that afforded some protection to the poor 'coon, as was presently proved by the agonized yells of another of the dogs, who rushed out of the melée with an eye hanging out of the socket and was seen no more that night.

We could see pretty well by the light of the torches, and *ursus lotor,* as Siemens calls him, seemed to be holding his own, but he was striving to get his enemy to the water, now but a few feet away, and at last succeeded. The dog had got a firm grip and held on like a bull-dog, but it was not a fatal hold; his mouth was only full of loose skin and fur. The looseness of the skin enabled the varmint to squirm in all directions and reach his enemy in all the tenderest parts of the body with his sharp, steel-like claws, which he kept moving with the speed, if not the effect, of the teeth of a buzz saw.

When the combatants fell heels over head into the pool, Sam could not restrain his delight:

"Dat ain't a gone 'coon now!" he exclaimed, "But it's a gone dog!"

But the victory was not as speedy as Sam anticipated. As the scientific name of the creature, *pocyoon lotor,* indicates, it is at home in water. This, together with its extraordinary vitality and endurance, make it in the water more than a match for any dog not twice its own weight. Though the dog persevered with extraordinary pluck and tenacity, he could no longer get one of those grips which, held onto long enough, prove fatal in the end. Every time he got such a one his head would be pulled under the water and his breathing checked, so that he was reduced to snapping, in which his antagonist was the superior. In a few moments after they entered the water, the two brutes presented a hideous and uncanny spectacle. The water and the earth were churned into a loblolly of red mud, and each was plastered over with it to such an extent as to be transformed into what appeared to be creatures of an infernal creation: neither pen nor pencil could describe their hideousness.

The combat was now so prolonged as to become tedious. It might have been brought to a speedy conclusion by allowing Hans to shoot the 'coon, but there was too much loyal love of fair play in our party to permit him to do so. Happily in a minute more the dog acknowledged his defeat by an agonized yell, and leaped from the mud hole, with his enemy clinging to

his rear with a death grip upon the most sensitive part of his body. That was the last we saw of the old coon as he disappeared beyond the now narrow circle of light given out by the expiring fire.

Though I never would fail to destroy a wild 'coon wherever I met him, as a destructive depredator on our game, 'coon-hunting after the above fashion, and dog-fighting, I hold to be among the barbarous amusements unbecoming a gentleman.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, June 24, 1887)

CHAPTER XX

How the Old Sportsman—Bids farewell to his good hosts of the Glades, and through a friend's letter tells of the changes time has wrought to those sometime wild stretches

THE next morning, the Commodore, having remained a day beyond the time fixed for his return, much to the regret of everybody, both black and white, determined to return to his quarters at Thistle's.

Of course, the Chief and I escorted him thither, and there I found a letter from my father, then postmaster at Baltimore, with the most imperative directions to proceed at once to Wheeling, West Virginia, on some important postal business, and then to report to him without the least delay. The letter was mandatory and however sorely against the grain, had to be obeyed with military rigor.

I had become domiciled with a most charming family on the familiar footing of a loved relative. I was in the heart of a hunter's paradise. I had won my spurs as a Knight of St. Hubert by doing to death two great antlered stags. All I lacked to crown my cynegetic glory were the spoils of a great black bear, and this I was to win under the auspices of the mysterious hunter Schwartz, at the fall of the first good tracking snow, which might now be expected at any moment. Alas, in those days of my youth I had not become, as I have since, inured to disappointment; and obedience to the paternal mandate went very hard with me indeed.

Returning to my friends to take an affectionate leave of the family, in which I included black Sam, the beautiful little cockers and even the horses, the next day found me in the mail coach on my way to Wheeling, a mode of travel, by the way, which I still regret even when whirling at speed in a palatial Pullman.

Alas! I have never revisited that part of the glade country since, and if I ever do, with so many years upon me, it must necessarily be to toddle in "lean and slippered pantaloon"

through the noble verandas of Deer Park or Oakland and witness without envy, I trust, the exploits of the younger men as they gather in the cynegetic laurels which I was so proud, in my youth, to win and wear. Of course, since the omnipotent hands of the Garretts and H. D. Davis have unlocked and laid bare the mysteries of that magnificent region, it does not abound in game and fish as it did when I penetrated there 50 odd years since, but it remains to this day to the lovers of the rod and gun, the finest field to be found this side of the far off Rocky Mountains, and for their benefit I have applied to my dear friend, Johannes Cygnus, who is one of the largest territorial proprietors and most expert woodsman of Allegheny County, to write me a description of the present condition of that remarkable country. This he does as follows:

"April 18, 1887

"I have read the paper which you sent me for the second time, and mailed it to G. W. Delawder. The shooting of the present day in the glades is still better than elsewhere, as far as my knowledge of other places extends. Pheasants, wild turkeys and woodcocks are still quite plentiful, bear and deer may be met in fairly paying numbers by a drive of thirty miles, or more easily reached by way of Davis' Pittsburg & West Virginia Central. Trout are still quite plentiful in many of the principal streams; and dams where black bass can be taken in small quantities, from the Yough. and plentifully from the Cheat, about thirty miles by Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

"The products of the glades, which are fast becoming available by ditching, etc., are grass, rye, oats, wheat, buckwheat, potatoes, and in fact, all vegetables. Corn alone cannot be counted on with certainty. Truly I do not exaggerate when I assert that beets, parsnips and carrots have been grown as large as a small child, cucumbers as long and as large as your arm, and all succulent, edible and free from woody fibre.

"Good old Scotch Ellen, our faithful housekeeper, nurse and friend for thirty-two years, on one occasion, speaking of a large beet, answered when asked, 'How large is it, Ellen?'—'Well, it's as large as Maxwell'; her large-sized child that she was carrying about at the time; 'however, it is down till Mr. Bidwell's, you can see it till yoursel.' I did see, and she had not exaggerated.

"Cauliflowers grown in the open air, side by side with cabbage, with no greater culture, so large that you could not place the bloom, stripped of the leaves, into a peck measure without bruising it. The native grasses will make any head of stock staggering with poverty in the Spring ready for the butcher's knife in the Autumn, while the same grass made into hay will make stock mangy during the Winter and barely sustain life. A well-set field of timothy will regularly cut four tons to the acre at each of two cuttings in the season.

"Nothing I have yet said is exaggerated—'facts air literally facts' (see Billy Florence in *Some Pay*). The timber in the immediate glade country is small, rarely reaching eighteen inches diameter, chiefly oak, and almost as lasting as the live-oak of the Carolinas. There are no minerals discovered in the glades except small veins of bituminous coal.

"I never knew your friend and host Campbell, the Scottish Chief, and only old Augustine Friend, known as old Steen, by tradition as a settler on a glade of mine on 'Strawberry Plains.' Of old Thistle I have never heard since spending a night at his tavern on the Old National Road over 50 years ago.

"The largest of the glades is that which commences on the western slope of the great Backbone Mountain, and extends to the Cranberry Summit, now christened, 'Terra Alta.' This glade is known as the 'Yough Glade,' a corruption of 'Youghiogheny,' the original Indian name. It contains, I should suppose, fifteen thousand acres or more.

"Many parts of these glades were quite wet, abounding in excellent cranberries and springs of unfathomable depth. Ginseng is not found in these glades, but in the smaller glades to the north of the banks of the Poeg Yough River in the neighborhood of Buffalo Marsh; that is McHenry's Sang Run, etc., which takes its corrupted name from the quantities of ginseng found there formerly.

"Fort Pendleton, a mere earthwork to guard the river crossing at the north branch of the Potomac to keep rebel Marylanders from joining their rebel friends in Virginia, now stolen into West Virginia, and to prevent supplies from getting southward, is fourteen miles from Oakland by good roads and about one mile from Elkin on the P. & W. Va., C. R. R., situated on the river. This place, Fort Pendleton, is well over the mountain. On the summit, the view to the south is very extensive, looking, it is said, into West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Maryland. It is certainly very grand. There are

several quite attractive points within easy reach of Oakland: 'the Swallow Tail Falls' on the Yough., 'the Falls of Muddy Creek,' the 'Falls of Deep Creek' in a very heavy white pine forest, the Buffalo marsh boiling spring, a large pool of boiling icy-cold water, the flow from which probably requires the diameter of a flour barrel to pass it. Eagle Rock is another extensive view to all points of the compass.

"The Mountain Lake Park, a new settlement of the Methodists, a sort of national camp meeting place, is situated about a mile from Oakland, and I believe that and Deer Park are made quite attractive with numerous picturesque cottages and a large lake, created by barring Bradford run, corrupted into Broadford.

"In the Spring, jack snipe are numerous in the glades, and in the Autumn wild-fowl of every variety are caught in the fogs, get bewildered by the mountain barrier and drop into every spot of water as big as a pocket handkerchief. Three years ago over a thousand canvas-backs, red-heads, bald-pates—miscalled coots, properly water partridge—with the largest sized fisherman merganser, were killed in two days. Geese and swan are also caught in this way occasionally.

"To go back! The cause of the excessive size and excellence of the vegetables and prodigious yield of hay, is attributed to the heavy nightly dews, equivalent almost to rain, and quite hot midday sun. We never feel suffering from the heat, however, owing to the never-ceasing fresh breezes, which come over miles of primitive forests and thousands of acres of wet spring-water glades. J. C."

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, July 1, 1887)

CHAPTER XXI

How the Old Sportsman—Has a perilous encounter with a bull alligator

OF all the sporting incidents of a long career I cannot remember one which made so profound and lasting an impression on me as an encounter with a great bull alligator just half a century ago. Every one of the minutest incidents connected with that perilous adventure comes as vividly before me now as if it had occurred but an hour since.

In the year 1836 with my servants and horses and my dogs I joined the great exodus which had been flowing for ten years from Maryland and Virginia to the cotton States in the Valley of the Mississippi. I had the rare good fortune to escape the hardships of the pioneer by finding a home in the Maryland settlement of Mississippi, already noted in the South for the refinement and unbounded hospitality of its people. Here I found myself not in a land of strangers but among fellow Marylanders, who received me with open and fraternal arms.

Among the social institutions of this charming settlement was a fishing club, which under the shelter of its ample buildings on the margin of the neighboring lake, was prepared once a week throughout the whole fishing season to entertain all comers with a profuse hospitality.

The labor of preparing the feast, which was indeed a labor of love, was generally under the direction of the oldest member present, who designated for each week a pair of his fellow-members who were to furnish all the supplies, both solid and fluid, for that week. As for the fish, as they fairly swarmed in the lake, they were taken in unlimited numbers by the amateur anglers of the club. The more skillful with the paddle and the trident speared the ponderous and lazy buffalo as they lay upon the surface of the waters basking in the sun. Others preferred the gentler and less arduous sport of angling for panfish beneath the shade of the cypress trees, shooting up in clumps from the

bosom of the lake, and such was the exuberance of fish-life in those waters that the club never failed of an ample supply for its guests, however numerous they might be.

The writer, as one of the settlement, became *ipso facto* a member of the club without the formality of a ballot, and on his first visit to the lake the duty assigned to him was to bring in a mess of perch. He was directed to paddle out to a clump of half-grown cypress, standing out of the water at some distance from the mainland, and hidden from the club-house by a projecting point of timbered land. This was a famous feeding ground for perch and I had the advantage of sitting in the shade with the thermometer in the nineties. But the craft to which I was assigned was far from being a model specimen of naval architecture—indeed it was rather more primitive in structure than the hide-and-wicket coracles of our Pictish ancestry, and far more cranky and unsafe. It was simply a section of the trunk of a moderately large cypress tree sharpened at the ends and hollowed out in the middle. It required all the practical skill of an acrobat to keep one's balance and avoid pitching headforemost out of it on one side or the other. It might have been mistaken for a rustic horse-trough but was appropriately called a "dugout."

I felt some misgiving at venturing on such a man-trap but it would never have done for a young Marylander, born and reared on the shores of the grand Chesapeake, to hesitate. I suppressed my apprehensions and embarked with all the pluck of a gallant argonaut in search of the golden fleece, for the cypress growth with much of the air but none of the skill of a practiced navigator. With extreme care to preserve my center of gravity and after considerable strain upon my nervous system, I reached my destination. There, making the dugout fast, I thought, to a tree, I commenced fishing. The sport was so fine as in a measure to banish my apprehensions and I was beginning to feel more at ease and indeed to enjoy myself. As I fished without a float I was at liberty to look around at the beautiful but gloomy, weird-like and sad scenery of a Southern lake. The semi-transparent

water lay without a ripple upon its surface, flat and dead. It did not pulsate with gentle murmurs upon a bright sandy beach but lost itself in the gloomy shades of a Lesbonian bog which the imagination filled with amphibious monsters and venomous reptiles. Far away in the watery avenues, penetrating the bog, might be seen darting hither and thither the mysterious snake-bird, which, swimming with its body entirely beneath the surface, protrudes a long snake-like neck and thus adds to the weirdness of the scene. From every tree waved long, sad-colored, funereal-like banners of Spanish moss as if it were mourning over a nature doomed and accursed. The silence around was most profound save when at intervals there reached the ear the splashing sign of a monster gar as he shot far above the placid surface of the lake with a hapless fish in his cruel jaws. Now and then too, sweetened by the distance, there crept over the water the tones of a banjo with which the negro minstrel of the settlement was entertaining the "quality" at the club-house.

There seemed to be something soothing in the gentle waving of the moss on the trees above. I had become familiar with the novelty of my position and felt as if I were enjoying "that peace which passeth all understanding," when the silence was broken by what sounded like a human sigh. Looking carelessly over my shoulder in the direction whence it came, every faculty of my entire body was instantly paralyzed with fright and creeping horror. There, within reach of my extended hand, prone upon the surface of the water, lay the largest alligator of the lake!

The mere proximity of the huge saurian was enough to shake the strongest nerves; but that was as nothing compared to the expression of the monster's eye, somewhat larger and much more prominent than that of an ox. It glowed with an intensity of malignant covetousness utterly impossible to describe and which for the moment checked the action of the heart and congested the blood with absolute horror; and there emanated from the beast a sickening musky odor which poisoned the surrounding air and paralyzed everything within its reach. For a moment,

while under the paroxysm of terror, I gazed intently into the eye of the hideous reptile like a helpless bird under the fascination of the deadly crotalus. I could plainly read in its expression an intense desire to seize and carry me off to some secret recess of Plutonian bog which surrounded us and there devour me at his leisure; and I do not believe that I would have survived to write this account had it not been for the most trivial accident which broke the spell that bound me. It was so insignificant an event as the falling of my hat on the water directly between myself and my enemy. With one convulsive effort I sprang from the frail cranky canoe to the body of the tree to which it was moored and with a preternatural agility inspired by fear was instantly beyond the reach of the reptile.

This escape from death, and a death so unutterably horrible, filled me with a solemn joy, but my trouble, or rather my martyrdom, was not yet over; as I sat in great discomfort astride a limb, not bigger than my arm beneath my weight. Looking down upon my defeated foe he shocked me again by the manner of his disappearance. Instead of swimming straight away he sank by almost imperceptible degrees slowly and perpendicularly down to the mud beneath him whence the rising bubbles notified me of his continued presence on the watch for another opportunity to seize me. While I sat thus suffering the physical inconvenience of a poor devil being ridden on a rail another torture awaited me, which, to all but the victim, had a touch of the ludicrous about it. One may sympathize with a poor fellow in danger of being devoured by a monstrous reptile but he can laugh at the same man battling with a lot of mosquitoes such as was now my fate. In a few minutes I was enveloped as in a cloud by these pestilent insects, not of your puny New Jersey sort, but of the genuine Southern galli-nipper breed, that could sting through a cowhide boot—and there I was in thin summer clothing that they could bore through anywhere, exposed to those blood-thirsty little devils with only one hand for defense, for with the other I had to cling like grim death to my tree. I began to think one crunch from the alligator might be a prefer-

able end to slowly being bled to death by these infernal midgets —and then as a climax to horrors I perceived that my dugout had escaped from its moorings and had already drifted far beyond my reach! I had yelled and shouted until I had lost my voice in the vain attempt to make myself heard at the club-house, where by this time the fun had grown so fast and furious that nothing short of the crack of doom would have attracted attention.

At last when I had grown too weary and faint to cling to my perch much longer, one of my neighbors engaged in spearing buffalo accidentally came in my direction, saw my boat adrift and heard my last despairing cry. He hurried to my rescue and in a few minutes I was beneath the hospitable shelter of the club-house surrounded by my kind friends, who vied with each other in restoring me to my normal condition with all sorts of refreshments both fluid and solid, but especially the former.

I gave them, I thought, a most graphic and even pathetic account of my sufferings, but to my astonishment got no sympathy. They were so hard-hearted as to call me a greenhorn for being afraid of an alligator; and though the infernal galli-nippers had made me look as if I had the measles, they only laughed at me telling me that in time I would become acclimated and "skeeterproof." Led by Abner Green, a near neighbor, the humorist and wit of the settlement, who soon became my very dear friend, the young fellows never let an opportunity slip to exercise their wit at my expense, and I became known in Natchez and Rodney as the man who had been treed by a "bull 'gaitor."

Finally the alligator subject became a sore one, but, fortunately, I had too much tact to show it, except on one occasion at Fayette, when my patience failed me and I got into a fight and received a black eye. At last I was driven to make a vow, as solemn as ever was uttered by a knight errant, to destroy that particular " 'gaitor" which had brought such ridicule upon me, and to silence the would-be wits by erecting the mortal remains of the monster in front of our club-house as a trophy of victory which none of them could achieve.

The determination to slay that particular saurian became with me a mania, an oppression clinging to me in my waking and sleeping hours. I confided my intentions to no one, and went to work with the patience and tenacity of a red Indian seeking the scalp of his enemy. Every day for a week I rode down to the lake at the same hour in the day between sunrise and sunset, and rowed myself about in all directions, not in a dugout, but in a good stiff, flat-bottomed skiff. I saw innumerable alligators of different sizes but not my enemy, who was the giant saurian of the lake.

One Saturday evening as I pulled my boat up to the club-house landing, I found, squatted like a huge frog upon a projecting log, a dwarfish, white-headed negro, who might have passed for a sable Caliban but for his good-natured face. He belonged to the adjoining plantation and had been emancipated by age and infirmities, and was, as far as he cared to be, a free man, with the advantage over his master of not being obliged to care for himself. He bore the name of the great Persian King, Cyrus, but was called "Si" for short.

This comical old darkey was a born angler and devoted himself night and day to fishing and trapping. He was a close student of nature, familiar with the habits of all the wild creatures of the district, whether of land or water, and to my great joy particularly so with those of " 'gaitors" as he called them. I related to him my adventure and inquired if it were possible to distinguish one of these saurian reptiles from another.

"Not," he answered, "if dey's all de same size; dey's harder to 'stinguish dan chickens ob de same hatchin'—but I spec I noes de dentical 'gaitor you's after. It mus' be de old bull 'gaitor, de boss ob all de 'gaitors, bout here."

He then made me describe minutely the locality where I had seen the beast.

"Yes, sho nuff, dat de old boss. We all done 'no 'dat critter ebber since we clar dis plantation, and dat's moe'n twenty years ago. De very fust night we come here we hear him beller same as our bull, and two days arter he done cotch our fool dog Tige when he came down here to drink."

"But," I asked, "does he always stay in the same place?"

"Jes as sure as you stays in your house. I done seen him for twenty years every time I goes fishin' dat way."

"Well, Si, if I were to give you a new shining silver dollar do you think you could show him to me close enough for me to shoot him?"

The old fellow's eyes fairly glistened as he exclaimed:

"Jes as sho as fallin' off a log."

He then went on to explain that he and I might conceal ourselves in a blind which he would construct close to the water and then by making his dog yell by pulling his ears or twisting his tail, he would draw up to close range every " 'gaitor" within hearing. Si was to go to work on the blind at once, and we parted with the understanding we were to open the campaign the next day.

On the morrow, after an early breakfast, I hurried, full of impatience, to the rendezvous, and there found a well-constructed blind with a comfortable bed of Spanish moss at the bottom. Soon after, old Si made his appearance with a big jug of persimmon beer on his shoulders and followed by a small cur dog. He explained that as we might have to wait there many hours "de moss bed and de 'simmon beer would be very comfable." I had brought with me a powerful express rifle, carrying a half-ounce ball, purchased in London. Making a loophole for this, Si and I laid down, and then the dog commenced to play his part in the drama, and as there was no gentle Henry Bergh there to protect him, it was the part of a martyr, for his merciless master, allowing his avarice to overcome his humanity, pulled the dog's ears and twisted his tail until the poor devil's yells of agony penetrated to the remotest recesses of the swamp.

It was not long before there appeared upon the calm surface of the lake and in different directions what might have been mistaken for air bubbles, but that they were in pairs. These were the eyes of the saurians projecting above the surface while the body was completely submerged. These eyes all slowly converged to the blind, but so slowly as not to raise the slightest

ripple upon the water, and it was difficult to realize that they were moving at all; but as the distance between them and the blind diminished, my excitement grew to fever heat.

"De old bull mighty cute," whispered Si in my ear, "but he sh'o' to show himself soon if he hear de dog."

Then he gave the canine tail an extra twist, and a yell went forth, keen and sharp enough to waken the Seven Sleepers. We had been in the blind four hours when the old man whispered tremulously:

"Yan he is! Here he come!"

He pointed to the clump of cypress trees, the scene of my martyrdom—and there were the two great eyes slowly approaching us. My excitement increased as the beast shortened the distance between us, but I had the resolution to wait until he was within fifteen paces and the nerve to take steady aim, and then for the first and only time in my life drew the trigger on a living creature with vindictive intent. The heavy ball tore off the whole top of the monster's skull, and I felt myself to be the peer of St. George, who slew the dragon.

By way of retaliation on the mocking members of the club, I had the putrid carcass of my dragon suspended to a tree within sight and scent of the club-house, and on the members complaining of the odor, I told them that I agreed with the Spaniard—that "there could be no smell so sweet as that of a dead enemy."

F. G. S.

DE SOTO DISCOVERING THE MISSISSIPPI

(Turf, Field and Farm, July 22, 1887)

CHAPTER XXII

How the Old Sportsman—Ventured deep into the wilderness of Louisiana, where his negroes were greatly affrighted, and how he there slew a most unsavory bear

I HAD been living in what was, in the ante-bellum days, the Eden of the South, the Maryland settlement in Mississippi, for about two years when the spirit of unrest came upon me and I determined to try the rough and adventurous life of a pioneer in the as yet untrodden depths of the cane-brakes of the Louisiana swamps. Having the force to spare from my Mississippi plantation, I drafted twelve picked hands of both sexes and with a very simple outfit of tents, provisions, and tools, packed upon three horses, crossed the Mississippi at Rodney and plunged boldly into the vast wilderness, the abode of the black bear and the alligator, which forms for hundreds of miles the western shore of the Father of the Waters.

My objective point was a large cane-brake on Choctaw Bayou, not far from its junction with the Tensas River and my only way to reach it was by the cattle-trail and the aid of a compass. The trail was too narrow for wheels and we had many deep bayous with precipitous banks to cross.

My negroes, who had already followed me near a thousand miles from Maryland and had acquired a fondness for vagabond life, started out in high spirits on this fresh migration to the unknown land. The ten-mile march over a fine road, through a well-settled country to Rodney, where we were ferried across the river, was enlivened with negro songs and the lively strains from the fiddle of one, John Boots, a gray-haired, bow-legged, little negro who cumulated upon himself the varied functions of carpenter, minstrel, wit and buffoon of the plantation. But after crossing the river, as we penetrated deeper into the wilderness, its gloomy grandeur, its solemn stillness and the waving banks of funeral-like Spanish moss, together with the sight of a couple of large alligators, disturbed in crossing the first bayou,

had a depressing effect upon the lively but superstitious darkies: their gaiety actually died away, their step lost its spring and they crept along like victims to some unknown but fatal doom. Even bow-legged Boots, the irrepressible pace-maker, became as solemn as the revered Dismal Horror preaching the damnation of little children. This depression of spirits was destined to culminate that night in a paroxysm of fright and horror such as my poor darkies had never experienced before and from which it took them a long time to recover. It happened in this wise:

Having been unexpectedly compelled to build a rude bridge by felling some trees across a narrow but deep bayou by which that country is intersected, night overtook us before we could reach our destination and we were compelled to bivouac in the midst of what is called a "hurricane" through which the trail passed. A "hurricane" is the most impenetrable of all jungles and is formed by the passage of a cyclone through the forest. The trees are not uprooted as by ordinary storms, but their tops are snapped off and fall to the ground, forming together with the semi-tropical vegetation which springs up among them a sort of vegetable chaos, impenetrable to all but wild beasts and reptiles, which find in it a safe retreat. The tree trunks are all left standing stripped of their bark and by moonlight look like an army of gigantic phantoms: it was in such an uncanny scene as this that we were compelled to pass the night.

Our fires were kindled and our frugal supper dispatched when the full-orbed moon ascended from behind a black curtain of huge cypress trees, and its light reflected from the white trunks upstanding in the "hurricane" made the surroundings still more ghostly. Simultaneously with the rising of the moon there also broke forth an uproar of discordant sounds sufficient to shake the nerves of the strongest man unaware of its cause. It could only be compared to the shrieks of maniacs in a bedlam and the howlings of the damned in the bottomless pit of all combined. The terror of my sable followers would be impossible to describe. They crowded around me and seemed to think that their only chance of salvation was in clutching my person. In vain I

explained to them that the clamor was produced by harmless owls. In fact every one of those lofty stumps in the "hurricane" had become the pedestal for an owl and these owls seemed to be unlimited in numbers and in species, and were vying one with the other in making the night hideous with discordant sounds. I at last hit upon an expedient for getting rid of the nuisance and pacifying the negroes.

A large horned scoundrel, bolder than his fellows, perched himself upon a lofty stump within easy range of my gun. His "hoo! hoo!" and "ha! ha! ha!," in a basso-profundo tone, appeared to be deliberately uttered for our annoyance and I determined to get rid of him *coute qui coute*. Though as a rule I never trouble the favorite bird of the Goddess of Wisdom—the owl is too useful to be wantonly destroyed—I felt obliged to sacrifice this fellow. Waiting until the increased light of the moon threw him into distinct relief I easily settled his hash with a load of No. 6.

Instantly, as if by magic, the horrible clamor was succeeded by the most profound stillness, interrupted at rare intervals by the distinct bellowing of a bull alligator and the welcome, familiar cry of the whip-poor-will. Comparative calm was retored to our bivouac, but not an eye was closed in sleep, the negroes gathered in a compact group and passed the remainder of the night in telling ghost stories to which I confess I listened with as much interest as any of them.

Anxious to get away from our sinister surroundings, daylight found us up prepared to resume our march and early in the forenoon we reached our destination, a section of land entirely covered with cane. Here I pitched my tents midway between a small but deep lake, or rather tarn and the bank of a bayou; and gave the hands a holiday in consideration of their terrors of the night before.

I tied up my dogs, and, taking my large-bore English rifle, sallied out for a still-hunt and to explore my surroundings. I was rejoiced to find in every direction abundant signs of black bear, deer, and wild turkeys, and within a quarter of a mile of

my location, and without taking the usual precaution of a still-hunter, I had the good fortune to bring down a noble buck with his horns yet in the velvet, therefore in the highest condition. Venison was a most welcome addition to our camp larder, which as yet contained nothing but fat bacon, while on my return I had the additional gratification to find a great pile of fish, buffalo and perch, and a large loggerhead turtle; all taken by the negroes who, having been bred on tide-water, were born anglers. This relieved me of all anxiety as to the abundance and variety of my commissariat. As for bread, meal and groceries, I would have to go for them myself with a pack-horse to the river bank, eight or ten miles away, whenever they might be needed.

The next morning we went to work in earnest. A force of men under Boots went off to cut cypress lumber for the cabins which were to supersede the tents, and the remainder of the hands were put to cutting down the cane, a labor which they appeared to enjoy. As for myself, my time was given to exploration, hunting and fishing, and when it is considered that a family of thirteen laboring people were never without an abundance of fish or fresh meat, all the produce of my rod and gun, it will be admitted that I was not the most inefficient laborer of the lot.

And so we got along quite cheerfully for some days until one evening about an hour by sun, Mr. Carpenter Boots and his gang of lumbermen came rushing into camp frightened out of their wits, stating they were pursued by the devil. People not familiar with the sons of Ham have an idea that a black man cannot blush or turn pale. If they had seen my man Boots, who was naturally as black as the ace of spades, they would have seen a negro literally the color of gray ashes and with teeth clattering like a pair of castanets, in the hands of a Spanish *gitana*. After a deal of cross-examining I learned their fright and stampede was caused by the visit of a harmless black bear, attracted by the odor of a piece of middling boiling on the coals. I ridiculed them for their cowardice and told them that if the story got out that four strong men, all armed with axes, had run away

from a bear, the women would laugh at them and they would never hear the last of it; that if it ever occurred again they would be jumping out of the frying pan into the fire, for they would most assuredly get nine and thirty, and that well laid on when I found it out, also that the punishment should be inflicted in the presence of all the women in the camp.

Two or three days after this all the cane-cutters, men and women, were stampeded in their turn by a bear, which rushed, as much frightened as they were no doubt, out of the hollow of a large tree-trunk, lying concealed by the standing cane. I concluded that both stampedes had been caused by the same beast and that he made his den somewhere in this vicinity. I determined at once to make every effort to get rid of so troublesome a neighbor.

I had with me four dogs, all of the same litter, an accidental cross between a plucky, stout, wire-haired terrier and a favorite foxhound bitch. Not caring for mongrels I had intended to drown the whole litter, but a friend living on the Mississippi side of the big river, where there were still some bears left, volunteered to take them home and train them as bear dogs. The cross was a fortunate hit, for at eighteen months those four puppies could not be matched on bear in the whole State. Fortunately for me, just after I had made up my mind to go into the swamp, but before I went away, my friend sold his plantation and I got back the dogs. I had been out with them within a week after my arrival in the swamp; they found a bear quite near the house and gave me a fine cry, but soon ran out of my hearing and I found it impossible to follow them on foot, and the saddle from the many bayous was out of the question. One Sunday, however, about two weeks after, as I was fishing in the bayou, a man came paddling down, who claimed to be a neighbor, living on the same water about six miles above me. He said he had heard of my arrival and had called to make my acquaintance and offer me his neighborly services: his name was Goodrick, he was a good fellow and an expert at bear hunting. I told him of my success in that line and asked him to come down with

his dogs and help me to kill my too-familiar bruin. On the day appointed he came in a row boat with five hard-looking mongrels which turned out to be real first-class bear dogs, knowing how to nip bruin in the rear also to keep out of the way of his tremendous paws and fatal hugs. My neighbor lodged with me over night, and after an early breakfast the next morning we took field with our dogs which, united, made an excellent pack of nine.

Not far away we struck the hot trail of a bear, the tracks of which, much resembling the footprints of a gigantic negro, showed him to be of unusual size. In a few minutes he was "bounced" and went away straight through the thickest of the cane at an awkward rolling gallop that surprised me by its speed. Goodrick and I followed at our best pace, but as it was on foot and through a dense cover of cane, I found it the hottest and hardest work I had ever undertaken. I determined then and there that in that style of bear hunting the pleasure did not compensate for the tremendous exertions required, and that I would give it up unless I could find some easier method—which, in fact, I did as soon as I got familiar with the country. Our bear, in this instance, clung to the cover of the cane as long as he could, doubling up at no great distance from us and rushing through the dense growth with as much ease as if it had been a wheat field. On two occasions he came quite close to where we were standing, making a noise as he tore through like a young cyclone, but though nearly twenty yards away we did not get a glimpse of him. At last the dogs made the place too hot for him and he broke away in a straight line and was soon out of hearing. Goodrick, who knew the swamp as well as he did the palm of his hand, anticipated the course he would take and bidding me follow he took a short cut to a point he knew he would pass to gain the "hurricane" where he would have been comparatively safe; but as we neared the point we were aiming at, the cry of the pack reached us again and presently the music changed into fierce savage yells, indicating the quarry had been brought to bay.

With infinite toil we struggled through the dense jungle under a heat of 90 degrees or more, to the spot, where we were rewarded by one of the most extraordinary and dramatic scenes that ever greeted the eye of a hunter. There stood, with his back to a large gum tree, on his hind legs and apparently six feet high, one of the most horrible objects I ever beheld; an enormous beast almost denuded of hair and so reduced in flesh as to suggest a skeleton. The creature in health and condition would have tipped the scales at five hundred pounds, but now he was a hideous, mangy shadow. As he stood there with his ears thrown back, his small black eyes flashing fire, his red tongue hanging out and his great white tusks snapping like a steel trap, I thought he was one of the most formidable beasts I had ever encountered. The dogs too, which while keeping out of the reach of his blows, formed a close circle around him, with their bristling hair and ferocity seemed transformed into so many wild and dangerous beasts. The pack kept far enough away to afford us a fair shot at the beast without endangering any of their number, and we fired simultaneously, I at the neck and Goodrick at the heart; the creature fell so dead as not to injure the dogs in his death struggle. The dogs, which always in such cases pile in on their fallen prey, were whipped off to prevent their contracting the disease from which the beast was suffering, but the only fun we derived from our exertions was the destruction of the troublesome varmint, for the creature itself was too disgusting to touch.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, August 5, 1887)

CHAPTER XXIII

How the Old Sportsman—Penetrated deeper into the wilderness; discovered a great lake; killed a vicious reptile and of other wild creatures of the forest

I ENTERED the wilderness in the last days of October and was driven out in the month of June by the rise of the Father of Waters which occurs annually at that period. The elevated cane ridge on which I had pitched my camp was beyond the reach of the ordinary June rises of the river and I naturally clung to it with the tenacity of a barnacle to a rock; but the implacable waters continued to rise inch by inch and, spreading over the lowlands, finally cut me off from all possible connection, except by boat, with the banks of Mississippi, from which I drew my weekly supplies of bread and groceries. Then it was I was compelled to select three of the largest cottonwood trees I could find and convert them into canoes, in which I floated my people and our belongings to security on the river bank.

Thus I had been living in this gloomy wilderness of cane, palmetto and cypress for seven months. But young, with a vigorous constitution, and a fondness for adventure and field sports so great as to amount to a passion, what cared I for the fact that my humble cabin leaked like a sieve, and that on stormy nights the unchained winds screamed and howled through its unchinked logs like so many wild demons escaped from pandemonium? What cared I that the very air I breathed was thick with a southern breed of galli-nipper mosquitoes, that can bite through a cast-iron pot and compelled me at times to take shelter beneath a net to eat my meals? My new home was none the less an elysium for one whose ruling passion was sport with the hound, gun and angle-rod. Now when I look back on the ups and downs of a long career both at home and in foreign countries, I can candidly say that those seven months of isolation in the wilderness, deprived as I was of luxuries and with

scarce enough of the necessities of civilization, are remembered as among the happiest of my life.

Though the reader may have an idea of what my life was at that time it may be well to give a record of a single day, an average day, and by no means an exceptional one; it was when I found my way to the unnamed lake alluded to in a former chapter which afterward became to me an inexhaustible preserve both of game and fish with none to dispute my sovereignty.

It was two days before I lost my dearly loved and lamented "Snap." As usual, all hands were up with the dawn and breakfast over by sunlight; a breakfast as abundant as it was excellent, though we were in a wilderness. The hands went to their allotted tasks of rail-splitting and cane-cutting. With my Man Friday, (Joe Cooper) and my inseparable "Snap" I embarked in a brand new canoe not quite finished, the handiwork of the plantation carpenter, John Boots. Working under special directions, he had made this dugout as broad as the timber would permit, as a consequence it had little of the crankiness of the ordinary canoe and was nearly as steady and stiff as a flat-bottomed skiff, and therefore well adapted to its destiny as a fishing and shooting boat.

My new acquaintance, Goodrick, who had helped me to kill the mangy bear, had given me verbal directions for finding the lake. We were to paddle up the bayou nearly two miles, until we came to a gigantic cypress which had fallen across the stream and nearly obstructed its course. Here I was to land on the opposite bank and travel by compass due north a mile and a half, first over a broad belt of pine forest, with a thick undergrowth of palmetto (the same as our fans are made of) until I reached a ridge of heavy cane which was to be crossed; still going due north until I came to another belt of forest and palmetto, on the further side of which I was to find the lake covering a vast surface—how large he did not know but it was, he told me, the greatest resort in that country for all the wading and swimming birds—including swans—known to our feathered fauna; and in summer swarming with alligators. He warned

me to keep a bright lookout in crossing the palmetto plateaus on both sides of the cane ridge as I would not fail to find deer, turkeys, and, unfortunately, rattlesnakes in abundance; as such ground was a favorite resort for these creatures.

Choctaw Bayou, where I navigated it, would average seventy-five yards in width between almost perpendicular banks and looked more like a canal than a natural waterway. It has scarcely any current and its depth is regulated to an inch by the Mississippi River. During high water in that river the bayou will float a frigate while at low water it can be waded. Its course is as tortuous as that of a worried snake, thus offering the fowler who knows how to paddle a canoe frequent opportunities to surprise the wild-fowl within easy range in its many points.

On this occasion, as Joe, a skilled waterman, paddled me on my course with as little noise as a bat or owl makes in its flight, I observed something unusual or at least new to me in the conduct of the ducks. I failed to surprise them as usual, feeding in the bends, they all seemed to be on the wing and flying down the bayou in the opposite direction to which I was going. I might have remained seated in the canoe and shot them as they went over, but an incoming bird is a hard shot, particularly when that bird is a duck with such a breast plate of feather as they wear. I immediately pushed ashore, and partially concealing myself in some reeds on a projecting point, I had such shooting at close range at "left-quartering" birds as the Father of of our "Ted" Grayson must have had at Carroll's Island sixty years ago when he was a pioneer duck-shooter at that favorite resort of the imperial canvas-back. I shot as fast as I could load my muzzle-loader and stopped only at the fact that I had already slaughtered more birds than my darkies could consume. So getting afloat again and taking a paddle myself, we soon reached the fallen tree, the terminus of our bayou travel.

Leaving directions with Joe to await my return even until night, and to occupy himself in the meantime with drawing and plucking the ducks and in fishing if he chose, I stepped ashore followed by "Snap" and climbing the almost perpendicular bank

I found myself on the palmetto plateau in a forest of the grandest timber, so open that I could see to a great distance in every direction except due north where the vision was bounded by a curtain of magnificent canes, every one of which would have made a noble salmon rod. Making for the ridge, I had scarcely proceeded two hundred yards when up jumped, almost under my feet, a spiked buck. Fortunately I had adopted the habit from the time I entered the wilderness of loading the left barrel of my gun with an imported wire cartridge, an English invention, a mixture of BB shot and bone-dust, enclosed in a cylindrical net work of fine wire. I took a snap shot at the deer at short range and knocked him over with a smashed shoulder and before he could struggle to his feet "Snap" had him pinned by the nose and held him down until, with some risk from his sharp hoofs, I managed to draw my hunting knife across his throat; when, as my man Joe was within hearing, I whistled him up and left him to skin and butcher the carcass while I proceeded on my way.

My next adventure was not so pleasant. I had nearly reached the cane ridge and had halted in deliberation whether I should risk being thrown out of my course by pursuing a gang of turkeys which, at sight of me, had run under its cover, when I was startled by the most extraordinary, the most peculiar, and to me, a novice, the most nerve-shaking sound that ever greeted the human ear—the war-whoop of a Comanche Indian could not have been more appalling! Looking in the direction whence it came, I espied in a little space, ten paces in front of me, gathered in his coil, with uplifted crest and rattles vibrating, ready to spring, a magnificent specimen of the king of reptiles, the *Crotalus horridus!* As, spell-bound, I stood and gazed, horror and apprehension were tempered with admiration for there was something truly noble in the creature so different from all others of his genus. He stood bravely in his defense and gave loyal warning to his approaching enemy, and I thought to myself that he would make a much fitter national "to-tem" for a great free people than the piratical bald eagle which I

so often have seen devouring carrion and robbing the industrious and harmless prey.

But I had no time for philosophizing. I blew off the rattler's head with a charge of No. 8, and cut off his rattles as a trophy. I successfully crossed the cane-brake, not an easy thing to do by the way, without a compass, and found myself upon the plateau; on its far side, and in the distance I caught the shimmering glitter of the lake of which I was in search.

Resisting the temptation to stalk some deer feeding to the right of my course, I was soon standing on the marshy borders of the lake; and I thought that I had rarely witnessed anything so serenely beautiful as the scene before me. Indian summer, called by the French creoles of Louisiana, the summer of St. Martin, was upon us in all its glory. The sun, now far down in the west, was throwing horizontal bars of light through the natural avenues of trees which bordered the lake and converting the hazy atmosphere peculiar to the season into liquid gold. The great expanse of the lake lay straight before me, and branching off in two directions were wide avenues of open water, bordered by cypress trees, all clad in pendant banners of the sad-colored Spanish moss, without a breath of air to give them motion, the whole forming a dreamy, melancholy landscape, yet filled with a weird beauty impossible to describe. But the sadness of the scene was somewhat redeemed by the number and variety of the birds in view. Far out in the lake beyond reach of my gun was a company of noble swans—a pair following with their young brood, for two of them were of a spotless white, while the others were of a slate-color. They had probably just arrived from the frozen north and were now resting their weary wings and luxuriating in the genial air of the southern clime and in the security of this secluded lake. Nearby and within easy range were ducks of every variety, while here and there in sedges on the margin of the water might be seen tall blue cranes on their tireless watch for their finny prey. While I sat there the murderous instincts of the sportsman gave way to the love of nature; I gazed in admiration, forgetting

I had a weapon in my hands, until the declining sun warned me to hurry back to my boat, which, for that hour, was far away and had to be reached by an unfamiliar path.

On my return, the only incident of note which occurred was an opportunity of which I gladly availed myself, of putting the contents of a wire cartridge into a wild-cat which was entering the cane-brake with a bird in its mouth. Though he was mortally wounded he contrived to ascend a tree out of the reach of "Snap" who was close upon his heels. There, anxious to get home I left him glad to save my dog from the clawing he would have received from the dying "varmint."

I found Master Joe lying flat on his back with his mouth wide open like a "'gaitor" catching flies and the fishing line fast to his waist. But the ducks had been drawn and the venison nicely butchered and packed in the hide and stowed away. Nothing remained to do but to cast off, take our paddles and make the best of our way home, where we arrived in good time without further adventure.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, July 29, 1887)

CHAPTER XXIV

How the Old Sportsman—Witnesses the tragic death of a faithful companion and swears revenge on all saurians

NOT many weeks after my settlement in the great Louisiana swamp a misfortune befell me, which even now after the lapse of half a century I cannot recall without a feeling of regret. It was the loss of a dear companion and the most devoted friend I ever had—snatched away from me by a sudden and horrible death. True, he was only a dog, a bull terrier, but if the whole of the human race were endowed with the noble qualities of that dog one might believe in the possibility of the millennium on earth.

There was no quality desirable in a dog that my poor Snap did not possess. While as gentle, as companionable and affectionate as a spaniel, his courage was dauntless, and he would have attacked the king of terrors—if there were such a being—at my bidding. He would stand on quail and drop at the shot like a well-trained pointer. He was, for his weight, the best retriever I ever saw and never failed to give intelligent obedience to every command he received. Indeed he performed feats of intelligence so extraordinary as almost to convert me to the Buddhist doctrine of transmigration of souls and to the positive belief that if I had a soul myself he (Snap) must be similarly endowed.

It was early in November, the migration of the wild-fowl had begun and they were flocking into the wilderness of the swamp in every variety and in vast numbers. The alligators, like all reptiles exceedingly sensitive to cold, had, as I believed, all retired to hibernate in the unfathomable mud of the neighboring lakes; and now no longer in dread of losing my pet retriever by these treacherous saurians, I went out almost daily accompanied by him in pursuit of the ducks whose clamorous quackings could be heard in all directions; this I did as a matter of business as well as pleasure.

I had only to take a leisurely stroll for a mile or two up or down the bayou on which I dwelt, in order to bag a sufficient number of wild-fowl to keep my servants amply supplied with mallard, teal, gray and wood-ducks. One day about noon, directed by the quacking of some mallards, I crept up to the edge of the bayou and fired both barrels of my 10-bore into a group of ducks swimming below. Though I had made a "ten-strike" I was far more elated at the magnificent style in which the birds were retrieved than in the success of my shot. Snap took a running leap from the top of the bank, fully ten feet above the water, and disappeared beneath it with a duck in his mouth. On coming to the surface, instead of bringing that single bird ashore, as most dogs would have done, he seized upon another and retrieved the brace; and thus brought nearly all of them in pairs. But what displayed almost human intelligence was the fact that, while so excited and actively employed, he had not failed to observe what his master had not seen—that a wing-tipped duck had escaped down the bayou and disappeared in a bend. After dropping the last fowl retrieved upon the pile, instead of swimming down stream he ran down the bank at speed to the bend where, catching sight of the fugitive, he again took to the water and then commenced the most exciting contest between the pursued and the pursuer. The duck, a magnificent cock mallard, apparently uninjured, and more at home in the water than the dog, easily escaped capture by diving. I might have put an end to the doubtful contest at once, by a shot from my gun, but this was a phase in aquatic sport that I had never witnessed before and it was far too interesting to be so abruptly terminated. But, alas! it was terminated and by another agency than mine and in a way that caused me deep sorrow at the time and regret even now.

The dog seemed to be actually in contact with the fugitive and in the act of seizing it when presto the duck made a dive of such duration that I fancied it had been pounced upon by one of the prodigious garfish which infest all the Louisiana waters. I got a glimpse of it however as it came to the surface fully a hundred yards away, and now for the first time showing distress.

Snap was soon up with it and was in close pursuit as the two disappeared around the bend. I hurried on to keep them in view and just as I got sight of them there was a rush and a swirl in the water, like that made by a monster pike in darting on his prey and my gallant dog suddenly disappeared; never to be seen by mortal eye again. When I arrived breathless, all that could be seen upon the surface of the sullen styx-like waters were a few bubbles and a thin streak of blood! There was something so sudden, mysterious and shocking in such a death that I was absolutely paralyzed with horror, and I am not ashamed to confess that I sat down and wept bitter tears over the loss of my dear friend and companion. How long I sat there I don't know, but I do know that when I got up it was with a heart burning with rage and vindictiveness, and that I then and there declared an eternal vendetta on the whole saurian race, which from that day to this I have followed up with the sleepless vigilance of a Corsican mountaineer. I will not press myself to state the number, but I can safely assert from the first to the last a noble holocaust of alligators was sacrified to the manes of my beloved "Snap."

I sat helpless, mourning my loss, gazing hopelessly on the spot where my pet had so suddenly disappeared; I know not how long, but the sunlight had been blotted out by huge masses of inky clouds, big with wind and rain and storm, which spread over the landscape a dusky gloom in accord with the gloom in my heart, warning me to seek shelter while I had yet enough light to find the way. Catching up my pile of ducks, I hurried home and immediately commenced preparations for a war which I determined should endure as long as I could put a rifle to my shoulder, or that there should be an alligator alive within the bounds of my district.

In the continuous and energetic prosecution of this war many preconceived but erroneous ideas as regards alligators were corrected and though I say it myself, I became the most expert hunter of these reptiles in all that part of Louisiana. Among the popular errors regarding them is that they are exceedingly ferocious and dangerous to man. Now, my experience has taught me

that they will attack any creature they can master *except* man—for in the years that I have lived in their midst I never heard a well-authenticated instance of their molesting the lords of creation. Their horny hides are supposed to be impervious to a rifle-ball, but in my experience I never knew a ball to glance from the back of the toughest old bull 'gaitor. They are thought, like all cold-blooded animals, to be exceedingly tenacious to life; I never found them more so than a deer, or as much so as any of the wild members of the genus felis; a rifle ball, 70 to the pound, planted immediately behind the shoulder invariably proving fatal.

Before I ascertained this fact I invariably fired at the head with a half-ounce ball from a short, heavy English rifle, which not being nearly so accurate as our old-fashioned long-barreled American rifle was the cause of my missing at times. Alligators generally lie out on the immediate margin of the water sunning themselves and dozing or catching flies with their heads pointed down toward the water, so as to glide beneath it at the slightest alarm. But in those days when they never had been hunted they were not easily alarmed, and we could generally paddle, taking care to keep the paddle on the off side of the canoe, to within twenty or thirty paces of them. Then, upon the reception of a ball not larger than an ordinary buck-shot close behind the shoulder, the 'gaitor, without giving the slightest indication of having received a mortal wound, would slide into the water and, diving, make a bee line easily traced by the rising bubbles, and there with the body beneath the surface, but the nostrils sticking out, breathe away the short span of life left him as quietly as if he were going to sleep. Within forty-eight hours the gasses generated by incipient decay would swell the carcass and it would then float high on the surface as if made of cork.

Before I made this discovery I fancied that my first victims had escaped me, but finding the swollen remains floating two or three days later, explained the mystery of their apparent escape. Thereafter I took the precaution to take with me on my expeditions a heavy steel trident, used for spearing the enor-

mous gars which infested the bayou and decimated the more useful fish, varying their menu now and then with a wild duck. Armed with this trident, whenever I cared to secure my game after shooting it, all I had to do was to follow the line of bubbles in the wake of the wounded beast to where it stopped and heave the weapon into him and back the canoe out of the way of his death-flurry should he make one; but they were usually passive, for they do not die game.

My object in securing the carcasses before they became putrid was three-fold; gastronomic, anatomic and economic. In cutting up the first big fellow I killed I found I could get from the thick part of the tail beautiful transparent steaks which might be mistaken for those from a halibut. Fired with enthusiasm at the idea of discovering a new dish, I subjected these steaks to the profoundest combinations of the culinary art; but, alas! a rank, musty odor resembling that which pervades a negro convention in hot weather clung to the flesh, defying the chemistry of the kitchen and I abandoned my culinary experiments with regret, but was partially consoled by the fact that what was rejected by my gastronomy was accepted as a royal treat by my dogs. I was thus relieved of all anxiety as to their commissariat and thereafter they were frequently regaled on savory stews of alligator meat and corn meal. In half a hundred of the creatures which I examined I never found anything more substantial than insects, crayfish and—strange to say—fragments of bark stripped from the cypress tree, but never the slightest remains of any warm-blooded animal. The heart of even the largest of the saurians is not larger than a hen's egg and the peculiarity of it is that it will pulsate for several hours after being taken from the body.

Unfortunately, the art of converting the skin of the alligator into beautiful leather, now so much admired, had not been discovered, otherwise my crusade might have proved profitable, for in eight months I cleared quite an extensive district of country of a number of reptiles which, sooner or later would have destroyed every dog I had. To me, a sportsman life in the

swamp without the service and companionship of dogs would have been intolerable.

My campaign against the alligators and, indeed, against nearly all the wild denizens of the swamp, whether of the air, land, or water, was fought out chiefly afloat on the sluggish waters of Choctaw Bayou and the unnamed lake in the near vicinity. It had the advantage over most campaigns in this, that it was unattended with fatigue; for seated in the bows of a commodious and stiff canoe well supplied with all the appliances for the 'gaitor and for both shooting and fishing, I was paddled in any direction I might fancy by my stable henchman, Joe Cooper. He was the most skillful canoeist of all tide-water in Maryland and from my seat in that canoe, in addition to the alligators—the chief object of my pursuit—I slew, at different times several deer, three wild-cats as large as any of my hounds, as many otters, many turkeys, innumerable wild fowl, to say nothing of every variety of fish known to those waters.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, August 12, 1887)

CHAPTER XXV

How the Old Sportsman—Tells of the death of three pigs by a savage varmint, and how he pursued the creature and finally overpowered the murderer

ONE evening early in December I had a visit from my neighbor Goodrick. He had come to claim the assistance of myself and dogs in getting rid of a large beast conjectured to be a panther, which had taken up its quarters somewhere near his settlement and had succeeded in carrying off, at intervals of a few days, three of his litter of pigs from which he had hoped to raise a large stock of hogs—for in all the world there is no finer range for swine than the swamp of the Lower Mississippi—the only check to their increase being the alligators and such wild varmints as the bear, the wild-cat, and the panthers, against which piggy, when roaming in droves, as he always does, knows not how to defend himself.

The first pig missing from Goodrick's lot had probably been carried off while the sow and her litter were distant in the range and out of hearing from the cabin near which she always made her bed at night. The loss was attributed to a wild-cat, or rather a lynx, which were scattered through the swamp in sufficient numbers to prove a serious nuisance to the settlers. The loss of the second victim was ascribed to the same agency. Three days after this the marauder, emboldened by impunity, snatched the third victim from its bed close to the house. This time the old sow gave the alarm and as three great gashes in her side proved, made a brave defense of her young. The dogs came to her rescue and took up the trail of the fugitive robber in full cry, but as there was no moon it was too dark for the owner to follow; he had heard the chase, however, receding for ten minutes when the cry suddenly ceased, as if the quarry had been overtaken. It was resumed after a few moments and continued until the pack ran out of hearing and poor Goodrick could but exercise the virtue of patience and wait for daylight,

at which time his pack came dropping in singly, and in pairs, and sadly used up; two of them had gashes in their skin that needed the needle, and his best dog, doubtless slain, he never saw again.

After doctoring the wounded and making a hasty breakfast, Goodrick shouldered his rifle and, taking the direction followed by the dogs the night before, succeeded in finding the remains of the dead pig and in a muddy place the unmistakable spoor of the predaceous panther. Then wisely conjecturing that two hunters and two packs of dogs could more easily compass the death of a dangerous beast than one, he got into his dugout and paddled down to me for assistance. Of course I was more than glad to hunt so formidable a beast and make war upon a common enemy; who if suffered to live would have laid the whole Parish of Vidalia under contribution. Calling Joe and embarking my dogs, some in Goodrick's canoe and some in my own, in twenty minutes we were under way to the scene of action.

As on our arrival it was too late in the day to commence a chase which might, and probably would, last for many hours, my host proposed we should give our dogs a full feed of ash-cake as a preparation for a hard day's work on the morrow, and then kennel them in a small stable which, with a view to the present contingencies, was so carefully built as to be dog-proof. I will here remark for the benefit of the uninitiated, that in the South dogs are rarely incarcerated in kennels or subjected to the tantalizing cruelty of a chain. The precautions suggested by my host are a matter of course. It has been voiced that the very best preparation for a hard day's work by hound, setter or pointer, is a full feed on the night before of plain ash-cake, flavored with pot liquor or other grease; and with hounds the precaution of locking them up is to prevent their going off during the night, as they certainly will do should they catch the wind of any varmint, prowling near the house, which they are accustomed to hunt.

Giving directions for baking an extra quantity of ash-pone, and having yet a couple of hours of daylight before us, Good-

rick proposed we should occupy them in shooting the wild-fowl, which from that hour until dark we would find flying in great numbers and variety over a narrow strip of land about a mile away, which separated the bayou from an extensive tract of submerged land. Followed by my man, Joe, who was to take back to the house the first teal killed to be broiled for supper, we paddled up to the place and from the moment we reached it until it was too dark to shoot, we had as delightful sport as ever I enjoyed. When we returned to the house we also found it filled with the aroma, so delicious to the nostrils of the hungry, of broiled blue wing, venison steak and strong coffee. After supper we fed and kenneled the dogs, smoked a pipe or two, took a night-cap, and retired to bed, where we were lulled to sleep by the sweet but somewhat mournful negro melodies chanted at the quarter not far off.

Early next morning we were prepared to open the campaign, having neglected nothing to make it a success. Goodrick had explained to me for my guidance in case we should get separated, that his settlement was located on the narrow neck of a peninsula of two or more thousand acres formed by a great bend in the bayou and that if we succeeded in finding the panther within its limits the beast having that dread of water characteristic of all the cat family would cling to it to the last extremity rather than swim the bayou to get out.

A dense fog lay upon the earth as we sallied forth and followed the direction taken by the dogs when they chased the beast a few nights before. As we proceeded through the clearing of some twenty acres, on the right and left and in front, we could hear the peculiar sound made by the woodcock when flushed but the birds were invisible in the fog. *Scolopax rusticola,* the most desirable of our smaller game birds, finds in the Louisiana swamps a most congenial Winter home and at that season resorts to them in vast numbers, but semi-nocturnal as the long bills are in their habits they remain within the twilight of the dense cane-brakes while the sun is below the horizon and are not to be bagged in a loyal sportsmanlike manner. But at night

they may be found in great numbers in the cleared grounds and are fire-hunted as the sora are in the marshes of Maryland and Virginia.

But to return to our panther. Within a short distance from the house in the open field we came upon the carcass of the unfortunate pig with scarcely a scar on it, the dogs having pushed the robber so closely as to compel him to drop his prey untasted.

The dogs ranged industriously for two hours or more without result, but just as we were resigning ourselves to a "blank day," far away in the distance we heard the peculiar note of an eccentric old dog of mine called, from his color, "Rusty," who was in the habit of hunting on "his own hook" but was forgiven this unpardonable sin on account of his unimpeachable veracity. Whenever that deep basso-profundo note of old "Rusty" was heard, you might bet your life on its truth.

At the rallying shout of "Hark to Rusty!" the combined packs made a bee-line for the old dog at their best speed and soon the sleeping echoes of the gloomy swamp were aroused by such clamorous chorus as never had been heard before in that silent wilderness. There was not a voice missing from the crowd, every dog was well up, for they were running on a burning scent, and running to kill.

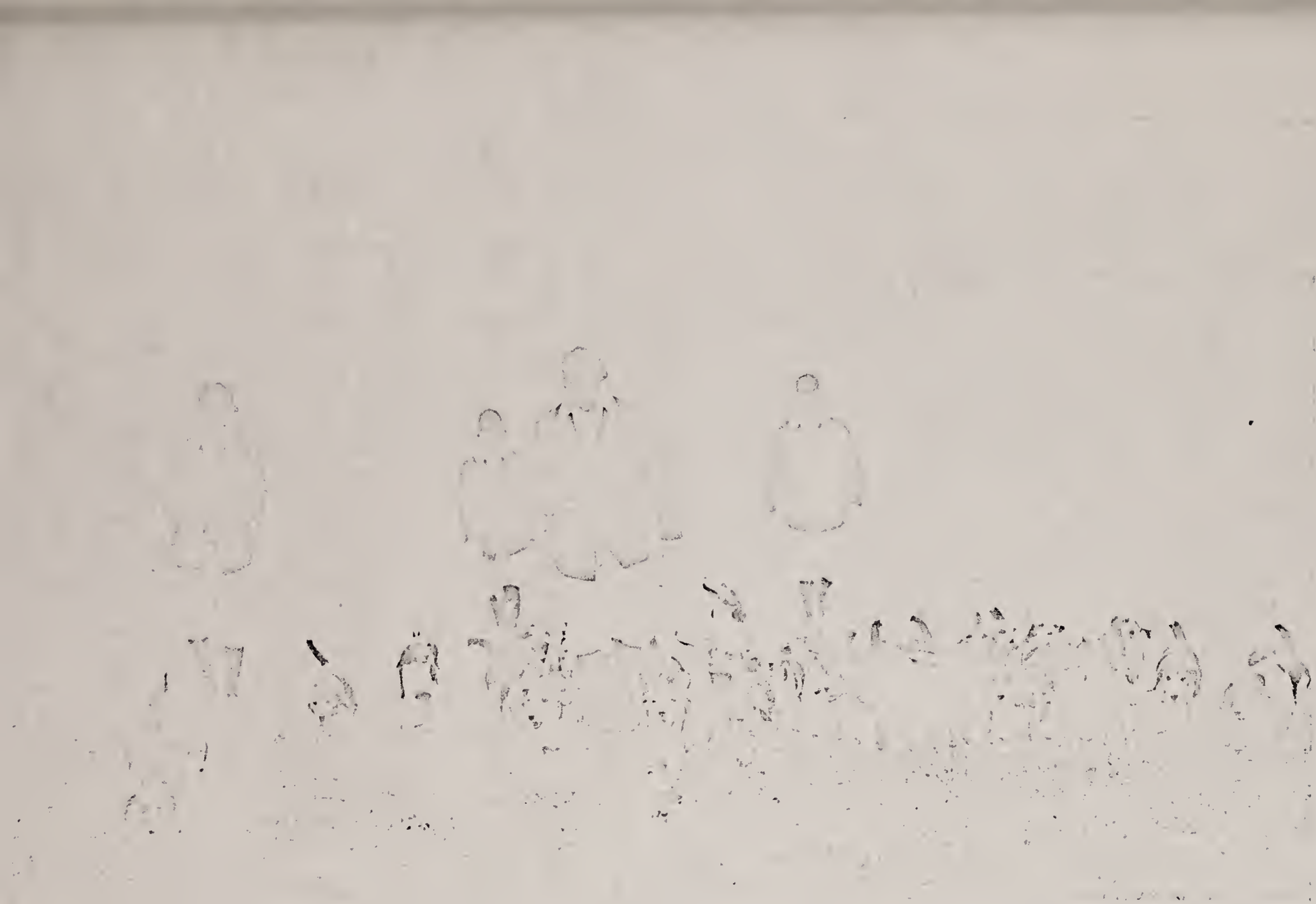
At first we apprehended the dogs might be on the trail of a deer, but from the speed and erratic course of the chase we were soon convinced that this could not be the case, for a deer so closely pushed would have taken water at once and put the bayou between himself and his pursuers. No other varmint than the cat would have made such short doubles as our quarry was doing; and as the spoor indicated, that cat was beyond a doubt our panther.

Before Goodrick and I could get up, the dogs had, as the change in the cry clearly indicated, brought the beast to bay, but when we reached the spot all we found was a promising young dog of mine yelling in agony with a broken spine and a lacerated scalp hanging over his eyes. Requesting my companion to do what I could not do, he put the poor creature out of

his misery; and I hurried on burning for revenge to where the beast was again at bay about three hundred yards distant. This time to my great satisfaction the panther had taken to tree and there he was stretched out at full length, offering a most tempting target. I had the prudence, before coming to close quarters with so formidable an enemy, to wait the coming of my ally, Goodrick. Meanwhile I kept my eye on the beast and never did I behold such an incarnation of malignant hate and ferocity as it glared on its clamorous pursuers, twenty feet below.

When my friend got up we fired simultaneously and deliberately, and fortunately for our dogs the murderous creature died before it reached the ground. At our firing the only indication it gave of being hit was a convulsive flip of the tail, but made no charge as we had apprehended. It lay quite still, then the head began to droop until it touched the limb, the hind quarters slowly slipped from their support; it clung suspended by the fore legs in mid air and finally these gave way and down it fell amidst its pursuers as savage as itself. The panther measured eight feet from tip to tip.

F. G. S.



VERNON-SOMERSET BEAGLES (PEAPACK, ESSEX, N. J.)

Richard Gambrill, master, in centre; Mrs. Gambrill, behind at left, hunting over the very country Col. Skinner wrote about when Harry Munn was Master of

(Turf, Field and Farm, August 19, 1887)

CHAPTER XXVI

How the Old Sportsman—Discusses the admirable qualities of the Beagle, and expresses high appreciation for this breed of man's faithful friend

MY first acquaintance with beagles was made when in my twelfth year, I was sent to the old feudal castle of La Grange, the home of General Lafayette. The wound received at the battle of Brandywine, which crippled him for life, together with incessant political labors, prevented the dear old General from enjoying the sports of the field even had he been so inclined; but his son George was a sportsman, and always kept at La Grange a brace of French beagles called *roquets* for the use of himself and guests, always numerous at that hospitable abode. It was in following these *roquets* on foot, season after season, for four years, that I learned to love the breed. Subsequently I hunted with beagles in the mountains of Auvergne, in Alsace-Lorraine, in England and owned a pack of my own in Virginia,* and I can now assert with truth that I have had more satisfaction and enjoyment with them than with any other dogs; and I will also venture to predict that sooner or later they will be in greater demand in this country than any other variety of sporting dog. One obvious reason for this is the fact that around our centres of population the hare, the legitimate quarry of the beagle, will survive all our feathered game and be the very last of our *ferae naturae* to become extinct through the criminal violation of our game laws. Already quail and other game have to be sought for at points more and more remote and their pursuit has become too expensive for the majority, and these will by degrees give up the pointer and setter and take to hunting hares nearer home with the beagle.

I have no memory for dates but it was during the Harrison administration that I settled in Prince George County, Maryland; and first became the owner of a small "cry" of beagles. A

* F. G. Skinner is credited as having imported the first beagles to America.

British nobleman, Lord Caledon, sent to my father three couples of nine-inch beagles; these were turned over to me and though too small and delicate for my taste, they became a source of great enjoyment to myself and neighbors.

These toy hounds were full of ardor and their sense of smell so acute that they would open freely on a trail too cold to be acknowledged by any other dog; and their perseverance was such that they would, when not interfered with by the impatience of the huntsman, unravel the most intricate doubles made by the cutest old buck hares and finally run them to a standstill.

But a serious condition to these "basket" or "pocket" beagles, as they are sometimes called, is the lack of stoutness or physical power; great delicacy of constitution, the natural consequence of the methods pursued in dwarfing them down to Lilliputians. They were very shy breeders, and in the six years that I owned them I never could, notwithstanding the utmost care, increase the original three couples to more than six. I moved from Maryland to Virginia and took my pets with me, and there I found that as far as turkeys and ruffed grouse were concerned they might be made as efficient as cocker spaniels, for they would trail and tree these birds quite as well.

In July and August, the dead season for the sportsman, it was a great enjoyment to sit on the piazza in the moonlight nights, pipe in mouth, and listen to the musical cry of the little fellows as they would hunt the hare on a scent which lay strong and rank on the dewy grass through the garden and meadow below the house; but alas! the war came and when Siegel's Corps passed our valley my little pack passed with it. Your Germans are great lovers of dwarf hounds and I readily condoned the robbery on the principle that "to the victors belong the spoils." In an enemy's country I myself might have succumbed to such a temptation.

Several years elapsed before I again became the owner of beagles. I was living in the beautiful village of Fern Bank, below Cincinnati, on the Ohio, when through the kindness of my friend Rowe I received, from the kennel of the late General

Rowett, a picked pair of such beagles as I had never seen out of England—perfect types of the breed, fifteen inches in height, of everlasting endurance and the coldest noses, and with voices as sweet as the vesper bells of a convent heard floating over the blue waters of an Italian lake. "Jack" and "Jill," for so I named the couple, through their beauty, their companionable qualities, and above all their excellence in the field, became great favorites throughout the neighborhood while yet only puppies. I cannot give the reader a better idea of what they were like than by referring him to portraits of "Rattler III," owned by Mr. W. Stewart Diffenderfen of Woodbrook, near Baltimore, to be found in the *Turf, Field and Farm,* of October 8, 1887; of "Trailer," belonging to the president of the American Beagle Club, Mr. H. F. Schellhass of Brooklyn; and "Cameron's Racket" belonging to Mr. Krueger, published in the *American Field* for August. All three of these portraits are facsimiles of my Rowett beagle, "Jack," as he was in life, and no camera could produce a better likeness of him.

From my experience in hunting roe and roe deer in Alsace-Lorraine with bassets, which may be called beagles of the larger size, and from performances of my Rowett dogs, I am satisfied that the best dogs in existence for driving deer and foxes to the gun are of that strain of beagles of which "Rattler III," "Trailer" and "Cameron's Racket" are the truest types.

On a small forest in Alsace-Lorraine not more than two hundred acres in extent, a pack of bassets would drive the great red deer all day without forcing them beyond its limits. The breed of these dogs was just sufficient to keep the quarry moving without inspiring it with such terror as to compel it to abandon its accustomed paths, upon which the guns are posted to meet him on the passage. In New England, where foxes are hunted with the gun, the sportsmen pride themselves on the speed and endurance of the hounds, and yet neither of these qualities are desirable when the main object is to shoot the gun. Before fast hounds a fox will run straight away on a bee-line for ten miles or more; before fifteen-inch beagles he will double about like a rabbit and offer

many more chances to the gun than he would when driven by fast dogs. At Fern Bank, on the Ohio, I have known a fox to canter about before my two Rowetts for two hours at a time without getting out of hearing, and Reynard seemed actually to enjoy the sport. Had I been so inclined I might easily have shot him, as I had a dozen opportunities of so doing. I had the misfortune to lose both of these promising dogs however, before they commenced to breed and the manner of their ill-timed death is elsewhere mentioned in this book.

I once paid a visit to that first-rate sportsman, General T., and wrote for the *Turf, Field and Farm* a description of his admirably-constructed kennel. He showed me a pack which he soon after got rid of; so-called beagles, they were uneven in size, unassorted in color and as unlike the beagles which I had seen in England as an Italian greyhound is unlike a bull-terrier. They may have descended from the genuine stock, but an ignoramus in attempting to increase their speed by an outcross had succeeded in producing a lot of mongrels called "American beagles" quite different in form and action from the "Rattlers," "Trailers" and "Rackets."

Many years ago when in Yorkshire, England, I had the pleasure, which was indeed a delight, to hunt three times with fifteen couples of fifteen-inch beagles, believed to constitute the best pack in all England. On one occasion these dogs ran a hare and killed her twelve miles as the crow flies from her starting point in two hours; following through all her doubles the pack must have run twenty miles. These dogs were all black, white and tan and at a little distance were as much alike as so many peas in a pod. They ran together in a clump and a large blanket might have covered them all as they ran, there were no skirters, no laggards, and no leader far ahead of the pack.

On my asking the huntsman how he contrived to get together so perfect a pack he said, "Be sure you get the right stock, then breed for uniformity in size, speed, nose, color and bottom. Too much speed may be as objectionable as the lack of it, and be sure to get rid of skirters and liars."

If our American breeders will follow this rule and make a joint effort to acclimate here the European hare, in a few years hunting with beagles will become the popular sport of the land.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, September 2, 1887)

CHAPTER XXVII

How the Old Sportsman—Tells of wily Reynard being chased for many miles by the gentry of Baltimore, only to meet an ignominious death at the hands of a pastry cook

IN the halcyon days of the South preceding the Civil War, in Maryland and Virginia, and indeed in all the slave-holding States, the chase primed all other field sports.

It was only under the institution of slavery that a landed *gentry,* such as happily still exists in England, and on the Continent of Europe, was possible in such a republic as ours. The planter, confiding the management of his estate to a hired overseer or a foreman, selected from his own slaves, had ample leisure to devote himself to a fondness for open-air sports inherited from his British ancestry and in which the chase with hound and horn took the precedence. From the early colonial days down to within about a half-century ago, the importation, breeding, training and running of thoroughbred horses was almost exclusively in the hands of the rural gentry of the South. In those good old days, gentlemen, with the aid of some confidential, old family negro, bred, trained, and ran their own horses in fair and honorable competition with their neighbors and friends; and the tricks of the "blackleg" were unknown.

Racing was a passion with those who could afford to indulge in it; but foxhunting was the popular sport of the South, and the planter or farmer who did not keep one or more hounds was the exception. There was not a county in any of the older slave states that could not turn out one to a dozen packs of good, staunch, old-fashioned foxhounds, which, like the Byron hounds of Broadmax, and Tucker, of Gaston, are *for hunting in our country* far superior to the modern British flyers which our Anglo-maniacs will still persist in importing.

In those happy ante-bellum days it was as much a matter of course that a country bred boy should become a foxhunter as that he should be birched or paddled by some "down East"

pedagogue in an old field school; his apprenticeship to the chase would commence as soon as his juvenile legs could carry him to the field where, barefooted and in company with all the negroes and curs of the plantation, he would exhaust himself in the pursuit of Molly Cotton-Tail; and many a Southern boy, like the writer, saw his first chase from the croup of the paternal horse, where he would cling through all the perilous incidents of the longest run with all the tenacity of a young chimpanzee to its mother's back.

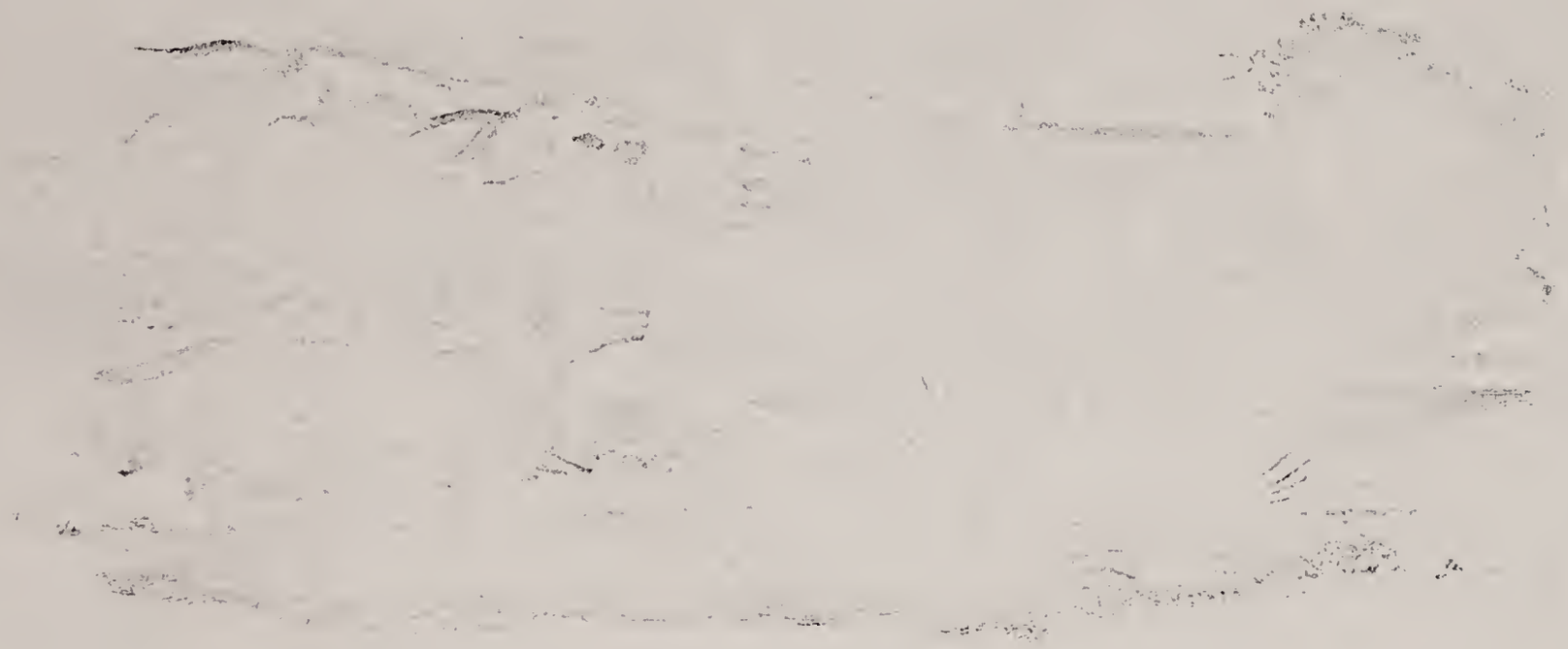
But the joys of the chase were not monopolized by the rural folk. In my younger days the cities of Baltimore, Washington, Annapolis, and doubtless many others, had their hunting clubs and kennels within the corporate limits, and I have hunted with the three first mentioned while yet far down in my teens. It is a ludicrous incident which occurred with the first of these, the Baltimore Hunt, at which I was present, that I am about to relate.

A short distance below Baltimore town, on the east side of the Patapsco River, on the peninsula of which North Point, of wartime fame, is the southern extremity, dwelt one of the wiliest foxes of that day. He was large, red, with an unusual amount of white on the tip of his brush, indicating mature age and its concomitant guile. Though, through two seasons, he repeatedly baffled the Baltimore hounds he was highly prized by the club; because he was a sure find and always afforded a noble run.

On hunting days it was the custom of the hunt to breakfast before daylight with some one of its members resident of the town; and the privilege of thus exercising the rites of hospitality was a subject of contention with the married men whose wives, like those of Lexington, Kentucky, in the present day, vied with each other in the number, variety and succulence of their flesh-pots.

On the occasion alluded to, the club sat down a full hour before daylight to a noble repast of the late Tom Johnston, in South Eutaw Street, not far from the Three Tun tavern in

close proximity to which was the kennel of hounds in charge of the venerable son of Vulcan, called Colonel Amy, famous for the good time he made scurrying from the dangers of the battlefield of North Point (where he commanded a regiment of raw militia) to safety in the bosom of his anxious family. Breakfast was not quite over, when at the door in the street a "Toot!! toot!! toot!!" of the tin horn and inharmonious howling of twenty couples of hounds disturbed the matutinal slumbers of the whole ward and warned us to get in the saddle and be off, for the cover in which we expected to find our fox was fully six miles away. Those were comparatively primitive times in the good town of Baltimore, now grown to a great city; there were no doughty policemen with their clubs to dispute our progress through the streets of the sleeping town; so we wended our way through the whole length of Market Street, the chief thoroughfare of the city, leading to the hunting grounds. Not far from North Point, we checked at the corner of Gay Street to pick up that grand old sportsman and Macenas of the town, the late Robert Oliver, the grandfather of the Colts and the Gibbs of New York—if there be any of them still to the fore. We crossed the bridge and got along quietly through Old Town without other incident than the death of an unfortunate grimalkin, snapped up and killed by two young hounds which the huntsman had neglected to put in the couples. We had progressed some two or three miles down the Neck, as these peninsulas are called in Maryland, when the leading dogs, as yet uncoupled, winded a fox in a clump of second growth pines some three hundred yards to our left. Half a dozen of the field immediately dismounted and helped the huntsmen to uncouple, the pack dashed into the thicket and almost immediately "bounced" their fox and went off at speed with a roar like rolling thunder, loud enough to shake the bones of all the dead warriors beneath the sod at North Point. The sportsmen, who through their repeated defeats had learned the tactics of the enemy, soon recognized their old antagonist, and were prepared to defeat his stratagems, the most effectual of which was to run for long distances on,



FOX AND HOUNDS OF THE GOOD OLD TYPE

When the hounds were almost identical with the American foxhound of today. From the painting by George Garrard, A.R.A. 1760-1826

or within, the very edge of the water. This game was blocked for him by riding on the river bank and keeping sight of the water without losing hearing of the hounds. Thus balked, the fox then made a noble straight run down the peninsula to the lighthouse on the point, where the keeper and his people gave him a roaring view-halloo. A convenient road, running in the same direction, parallel to the course, enabled the field to keep abreast of the hounds the whole way. At the lighthouse, Reynard doubled back and gave us another straight run of seven miles without a check and without a moment's cessation of the grandest chorus of canine music that ever delighted the ear of a huntsman.

The fox had now gotten nearly to the lazaretto within a mile of the city, when he was coursed and turned back by some cur dogs. Then down he came again over nearly the same ground he had just traveled; but the scent was burning hot and the hounds ran at a speed they never had attained before. With heads up and sterns down, they advanced in a compact mass three, and four, and five abreast; they were running to kill and they knew the end was not far off. The fox, which we viewed repeatedly with his magnificent brush, that erst flourished his defiance, was now dropping in the dust, evidently sinking, for he resorted to the last stratagem of his kind—that is, doubling short, like a rabbit, in the young pines and dodging from one thicket to the other. He had neither the heart nor the strength to take another long stretch.

The whole field of horsemen, without a single absentee, headed by old Mr. Oliver, with his silver locks streaming in the wind, and screaming encouragement to the dogs with the voice of a stentor, was drawn up in a small field between the two pine thickets whence they repeatedly viewed the beaten fox as he dragged himself from one to the other almost in sight of his relentless pursuers. Every man of us was aglow with the anticipation of the glorious termination of the chase by the death of the fox that had so often baffled the hunt. The fox and the hounds had just disappeared for the last time in one of the

SPORTSMAN WITH ONE POINTER ON BIRDS, THE OTHERS BACKING

thickets, when the loud report of a gun was heard, as if by a supernatural agency; a dead silence fell upon the land.

"Great Jehovah!" exclaimed my father, "some villain has murdered our fox!"

Alas! it was but too true. Some fool had dared to commit what hunters hold to be the unpardonable sin, he had shot the fox in a country where the murder of a fellow citizen may be condoned; but of a fox, never!

In this instance the criminal was soon discovered and apprehended, and if mortal fright and fear of instant death could atone for such an offence, he ought to have been absolved and forgiven.

As in a body we were making our way to the cover to investigate, there stepped out from the pines a small, shriveled, sallow-faced Frenchman. The little man had on a pair of leather gaiters which reached his thigh. These, together with a preternaturally long nose, gave him somewhat the appearance of a gigantic yellow-legged snipe. He had a gun upon his shoulder and carried an enormous game-bag, from which dropped the magnificent brush of our noble fox so untimely slaughtered. The miserable little creature stepped forth to meet us with the triumphant air of a conqueror about to receive thanks and congratulations for his achievement; but instantly he wilted down under the indignant and furious glances and the deep anathemas with which he was received; and as if he beheld the head of Medusa he dropped his gun and stood paralyzed with fright.

Old Mr. Oliver, about the most charitable of men, was indeed furious and proposed to hang the "damned little parley-voo," as he called him, to the nearest tree with his bridle-rein. The late John P. Kennedy, who was a humorist and who recognized the little man as a cook of no ordinary skill, gave a comic turn to what threatened to be a tragedy by gravely proposing that the vulpicide should be tried then and there by a drum-head court-martial and upon conviction be instantly put to an ignominous death. At this proposition, gravely announced, and unani-

mously adopted, the fright of the little Gaul reached its climax for in his ignorance as a foreigner he actually believed that under our game laws (heaven save the mark!) we had the power to constitute ourselves a court of last resort, with the power of life and death.

"Ah, messieurs, ah, gentlemen!" screamed the little man as he fell upon his knees, "I have made grand mistake! pardonez moi! I tink you weesh to kell ze reynard and I vas so happy to help you vit mon fusil. I not know you hang man in zees free countrie for killing ze reynard same as for kill citoyen; pardonnez moi dis times, and I promise on ze honneur of Frenchman nevair, no nevair, to go any more to ze chasse or shoot fusil more in dis country. No more nevair!"

By this time the first flush of anger had passed away, the tragic had given way to the comic, and Kennedy deprived the little fellow of his fox, told him to go in peace and thereafter confine himself to his stew-pans and his casseroles.

"That man," observed the author of *Horseshoe Robinson*, as the Frenchman hurried away, "is of more value than fifty foxes, for he makes the best crab and oyster gumbo soup to be had this side of New Orleans!"

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, September 16, 1887)

CHAPTER XXVIII

How the Old Sportsman—Tells of a fair lady of Washington who gave a hunt breakfast, and of the wheels of government and the nation's business being momentarily paralyzed by a merry fox hunt

FEW of the memories of my youth are so agreeable to my old age as those of the once famous Washington Hunt which flourished in the District of Columbia through the administrations of Jackson, Van Buren and Tyler with a degree of brilliancy and success never approached on this continent by any similar organization before or since.

It is a remarkable fact to which I am glad to call the attention of the young men of the present day, the Dulanys, the Goldsboros, the Whitings and others, that from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary down even to the present hour there has never been a day when a fox, red or gray, could not be unkenneled within sight of the dome of the Capitol and within hearing of the church-bells of our national metropolis. I repeat, I am glad to mention this fact that there may be no excuse for the apparent, or alas! real degeneracy of the present race of the young men of the District, who neglect to revive the manly sport of foxhunting, surrounded as they are by all the conditions favorable to its success.

For many years before the organization of the Washington Hunt, a quiet genial old fellow named Stewart, who was wisely content to live upon the scant revenues of two shabby billiard-tables as long as he could when so inclined, hark to the cry of a pack of hounds, had a kennel of some seven or eight couples of native breed which was located across the avenue opposite what is now Willard's great caravansary. The old man hunted regularly three times a week through the season. He was not a bold nor hard rider but so thorough was his knowledge of the country, his dogs and his game, that he always kept within hearing of his hounds and rarely missed being present at the death.

Next to a good run, old Stewart's greatest delight was at night, seated before a cheerful fire with a jorum of screeching hot punch at his elbow, to relate to his companions all of the minutest incidents of the chase and to comment on the individual conduct of each of his dogs, as if they were so many human companions, and to do this so eloquently as to interest his hearers and make several proselytes to his fox pursuit. The first and most influential of these was that noble old man, General George Gibson, Chief of the Subsistence Department of the U. S. Army.

The late John S. Skinner, then owner and editor of the *Turf Register and Sporting Magazine,* and postmaster at Baltimore, who was frequently in Washington on official business was induced by the General to ride to the Stewart hounds, and was so delighted with the sport that he proposed the organization of a regular fox-hunting club on an extensive scale. The time was propitious. "That fine old English gentleman all of the olden time," the British minister, Sir Charles Vaughan, albeit no longer a foxhunter himself, and all the numerous members of his legation, among them Pitt Adams and Sir Andrew Buchanan, recently H. B. M. Ambassador to Russia, both "first flight men" in the hunting fields of England, espoused the cause with the greatest ardor and in a short time the club enrolled among its members many of the highest dignitaries at Washington, both native and foreign, such as the Hon. Louis McLane, two or three Senators, several members of Congress, nearly all the officers of the Army and Navy resident or stationed at Washington. As for young men about town, whether they hunted or not, membership in the Washington Hunt was held by them to be indispensable to their social standing.

With potential aid of the *Turf Register* and the zeal of influential subscribers scattered throughout the Southern and Western States, and above all, a full treasury, the club succeeded in gathering together a pack of forty or fifty couples of the best hounds that were ever mustered in an American hunting field, and these were hunted in the old-fashioned style and in

the only way that hounds should be hunted. They were all natives without an exception; and were run upon the trail of living game, not on aniseed bags; and the sportsmen were not such sybarites as to object to meeting at early dawn while the dew yet sparkled on the grass, retaining the scent of the prowling fox.

In those days foxes were *hunted,* not courted as in England. They were trailed up step by step through their wanderings of the night until finally unkenneled, when the run commenced with a glorious burst of music, and to a sportsman with the true venatic afflatus, this patient, skillful unraveling of the intricate maze of Reynard's wanderings is quite as enjoyable as the run itself, for it brings into play other and even more valuable qualities in the hound than mere speed.

The Washington Club was admirably managed from its inception. Though its most influential counselors were Englishmen with wide hunting experiences at home, it never gave in to the Anglo-mania affecting the clubs of the present day and strictly abstained from the importation of English hounds. It confined itself to native dogs exclusively, the best which could be obtained from Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas, for love or for money. With the pecuniary resources at its command the Hunt could and did draft from its kennels and destroy all dogs not up to its standard. It retained, at a high salary, Mason Clark, son-in-law of old Fuller, as general manager, and Clark, a lightweight and perfectly familiar with country for twenty miles around the city, was the best cross-country man that ever rode to hounds in the District of Columbia, and a born fox-hunter. Clark was assisted by two volunteer whips of unquenchable zeal and nearly equal to himself in all the attributes of the huntsman. These amateurs were Pitt Adams and Andrew Buchanan of the British Legation who were held to be "top sawyers" even in their native Leicestershire.

Of course as the Hunt was the fashion, many of the leading belles of the States—more particularly those from the slave states accustomed to saddle from childhood—graced its meetings with their presence, often in the field and always in the

ball room. When a bag-fox was to be turned out there were but few absentees.

In 1833 and '34 Mrs. T. R. G., the fair and regal mistress of Eckington, the leader of fashion in Washington for several winters, and the patroness of the hunt, promised some gentlemen of the club a magnificent hunt breakfast if they would provide a bag-fox so as to insure a run after the repast.

A few days thereafter, the pack ran a large dog-fox to earth somewhere on Arlington Heights, after a short burst of only fifteen minutes. Contrary to the custom of the club, it was determined to dig out and bag this fellow, in order to comply with the conditions of the fair lady who had promised the breakfast. After several hours digging by some negroes belonging to Mr. Custis, who superintended the operation in person while relating to us the exploits of George Washington in the hunting field, Reynard was secured and bagged. And on this occasion let me remark, the value of a fox-terrier or a dachshund was made apparent, for had we had either to indicate precisely where the fox was underground, we might have dug down to him in twenty minutes, and thus have been spared a great deal of hard labor.

Mrs. G., duly notified of the capture, fixed the next day but one for the breakfast; but as it was utterly out of the question to entertain all the subscribers to the hunt, the fact that the run was to be preceded by a breakfast was made known only to some twenty specially invited guests, who were to sit down to table at sharp nine. The "meet" was announced in the papers for 11:00 A.M. at the Eckington gates, out of sight of the house, and with the additional announcement that a bag-fox was to be turned down. This latter announcement drew out, as it always did, an immense field of people who had no more to do with the club than the man in the moon. The stratagem to protect the house from a mob of "rag-tag and bobtail" succeeded admirably. The weather was magnificent and everything worked like a charm. The breakfast, in the highest style of the culinary art such as would have tempted a Roosevelt or a

Hutchinson, was dispatched before the "hoi polloi" began to assemble at the gates, and the number of hacks and horsemen of high and low degree was, for a city like Washington, really enormous. The crowd, as is usually the case, proved utterly unmanageable, and it was with difficulty and only by stratagem that we contrived to get off at all. A man was dispatched by the back way, unseen by the crowd, and instructed precisely where to turn down the fox, to remain at the place, and to signal with his horn the moment it was done. Giving Reynard fifteen minutes start, the hounds were laid on and went away, heads up and sterns down, on a burning scent in the direction of Bladensburg, and at such speed as soon to leave the cockney horsemen far in the rear.

But now the indignation at the unruly conduct of the mob gave way to an overpowering sense of the ridiculous. In the rush of some fifty or more cockneys to get to the front they ran against and over each other, and many saddles were emptied. Horses excited beyond control ran away with their helpless riders and these might be seen in all directions, hatless and powerless, clinging to their horses' manes like so many monkeys at a circus.

When near Bladensburg, Reynard veered to the left, crossing the Eastern Branch before the village, direct for Riversdale, where the astonished proprietor, Charles Calvert, gave the fox a view-halloo as he passed close to his front door. The river proved a stopper to the greenhorns and from that out the old veterans of the hunt had the chase all to themselves. Major Nicholson, father to the gallant Commodore, Pitt Adams, Andrew Buchanan, Columbus Munro and Mason Clark, were all riding gallantly in the first flight at Riversdale at a killing pace almost in sight of their fox. At the negro quarter some cur dogs turned the fox into a dense thicket of second-growth pine, where he made several doubles; and, gaining somewhat on the pack, he broke away again with a good lead in the direction of the Potomac. In the hope, probably, of regaining his native cover around Arlington, he crossed to the right bank of the

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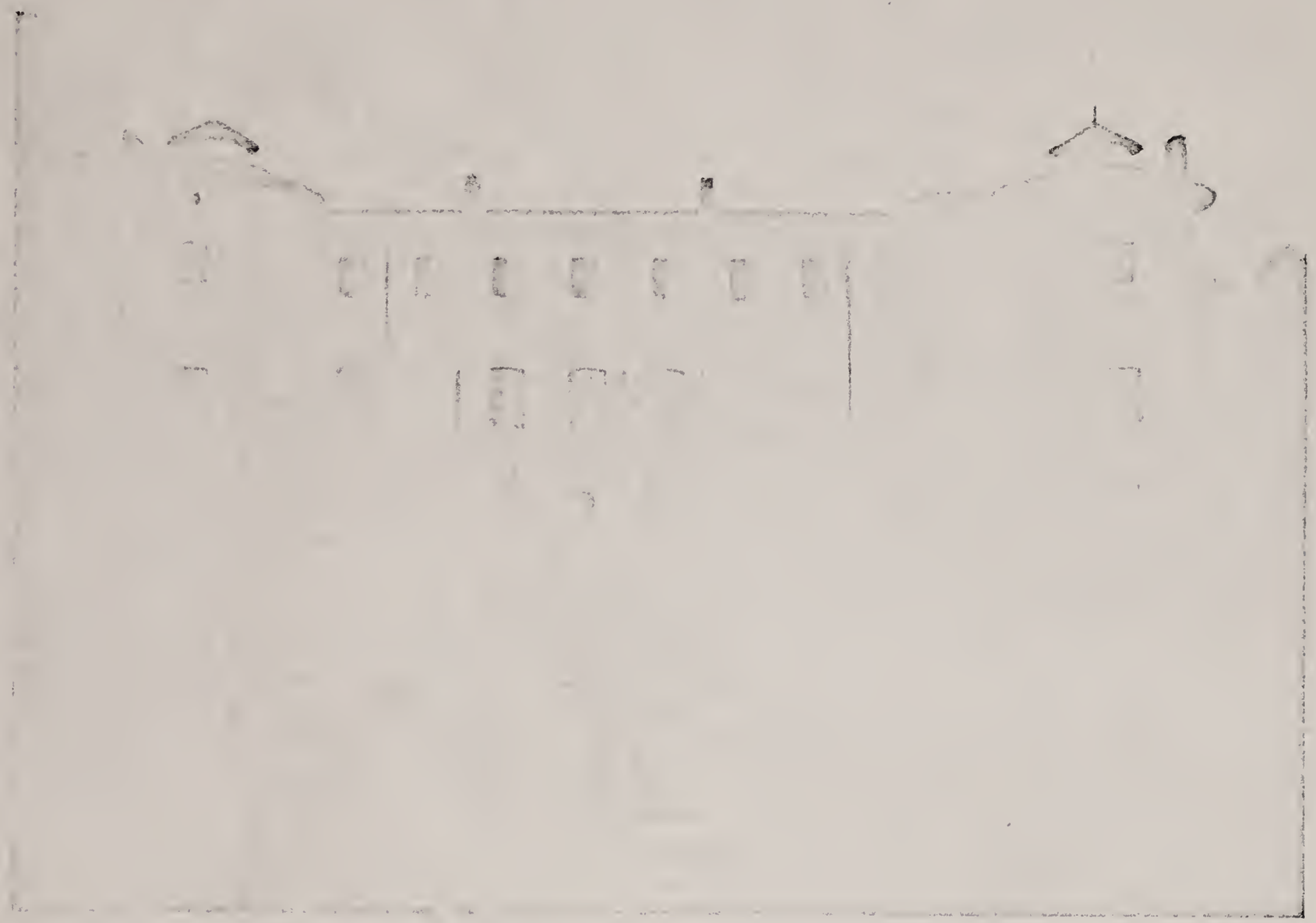


CHATEAU DE CHAVANIAC

Birthplace of Lafayette where he hunted and trapped both day and night and so enured himself that the vicissitudes of Valley Forge were as nothing to him. Colonel Skinner was often a guest at the Old Chateau

MASS AT ST. HUBERT'S

great Eastern Branch and skirting the Congressional burying-ground made a beeline for the river, passing between the Navy Yard and Capitol Hill. It was a gallant attempt but the burning scent and the open country were too much for him and the dogs ran into him in splendid style just as he gained the river bank.

But the sportsmen were wound up to a high pitch of excitement, too high to be content with such a short run, and got to debating whether they should cross the Eastern Branch and try for a fresh fox in Prince George; or cross the long bridge into Virginia. It was so fine a scenting day that there was little doubt of their finding a fox in either direction, but the debate was brought to an abrupt termination. The irrepressible Buchanan of the British Legation had contrived to get the hounds into a stable and lock the door on them; then taking one of his bridle reins he made it fast to the dead fox and galloped away at speed for Eckington, our starting point, leaving instructions with Clark to lay the hounds after he had gone sufficient way.

Now it so happened that the Capitol, with Congress and the Supreme Court then in session, was in direct line of his flight. Buchanan, in the ardor of the chase and forgetful of all diplomatic etiquette and sancity of the premises, committed, let us hope unwittingly committed, the sacrilege of dragging the odorous carcass of the dead fox close beneath the windows of the national temple, where the assembled wisdom, both legislative and judicial, was then engaged in grave and solemn debate. Fancy the irreverent mirth of some, the indignation of others, and the astonishment of all the legislature and judges at this sudden invasion of their sacred precincts by a cyclone of yelping hounds and clattering horsemen. The voices of the buncombe orators of the lower house were drowned in the clamor; the conscript fathers of the Senate were interrupted in grave debate; and the august majesty of the supreme tribunal of the nation was momentarily forgotten. In a word, the functions, legislative and judicial, of the greatest nation under the sun were

paralyzed by this mad freak of the irreverent and run-mad foxhunters. All the windows at the front of the Capitol were thrown up and instantly crowded with the heads of the amazed functionaries, and among them was an enthusiastic foxhunter representing the sovereign State of Mississippi, Mr. Harry Cage. Casting aside the dignity of his high office, he rushed out bareheaded and leaping upon a stranger's horse, standing at the rack, joined the mad race and rode yelling like a wild Indian at every jump of his horse, until the drag was run into at Eckington gates, three miles away.

This wild escapade of the Washington Hunt was near making a great scandal, inasmuch as the drag was drawn up by a foreigner, a diplomatist, and above all, a "blasted Englishman." Certain demagogues attempted to construe the event into a national insult but Old Hickory, whose nephew and secretary, Andrew Jackson Donelson, rode in the first flight on this occasion, and who himself had been, in his youth, as fond of the chase as of the turf, turned a deaf ear to these hyper-sensitive hypocrites.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, October 21, 1887)

CHAPTER XXIX

How the Old Sportsman—Goes to visit a French nobleman of distinguished lineage, and how after losing his way, he finally arrives at a great fortress and sees strange customs and people

I HAVE no memory for dates, but it was more than fifty years ago, when yet quite a young man, I made a hunting tour through the romantic province of Auvergne, in France, and made the acquaintance of the venerable Count de M., one of the most remarkable, one of the most eccentric, and withal, one of the most lovable men with whose friendship I have ever been honored. The Count had two ruling passions of a somewhat contradictory nature; these were: Charity and The Chase. Our meeting was accidental and our acquaintance was due to the fact that his uncle and my great uncle, Colonel Jack Stewart, of the Maryland Line, marched shoulder to shoulder in storming a redoubt at Yorktown.

A residence through the Spring months of the preceding year at the Castle of Chavagniac, the birthplace of Lafayette, in the mountains of Auvergne, had made me familiar with the numerous trout streams of that volcanic region, and I had returned there in the autumn to find the hunting and the shooting quite equal to the fishing, which in all those tributaries to the Loire would satisfy the greediest angler that ever cast a fly.

I had arrived at that quaint historical town of Clermont as the guest of my college friend and chum, Alphonse de C., to hunt over the paternal estates, which were of princely extent; and, armed too with a permit from the steward to shoot over the lands of Castle Randon, an appanage of the royal family of Orleans. On the day of my arrival at the home of my friend C.—a queer architectural conglomeration of feudal castle, manor and farm house—preparations were making for what the French call a *grand diner d'apparat* to come off that evening.

A large party was expected and among the guests was to be the old Count de M. and his son. The former was held to be the Nimrod of the Province, and so great was his passion for the chase that he was infinitely prouder of his official office and title of "Grand Louvetier" (Great Wolf Hunter) than of the family title, which dated from the Crusades.

The Count's image is distinctly stamped upon my memory in a dual form. The first impression was that if he only had a rapier by his side he would present the beau-ideal of a courtier of the time of Marie Antoinette, so nearly did he dress to the fashion of that epoch. In height he was full six-feet-two. He was, though near seventy, as straight as an Indian. Thin in the flank, he had broad shoulders and was deep in the chest. He had a prominent nose, shaped like the beak of a bird of prey, and would have looked like one but for his large violet-blue eyes, which fairly beamed with benevolence and good nature. Never was breeding more thoroughly stamped upon man than upon this old provincial nobleman. Not less remarkable than the physique was the costume of the Count. He wore not only the powder, the queue and the *ailes de pigeon* of the last century, but the costume as well. The son was a tall stripling, evidently a chip off the old block, but without his eccentricities.

When we were taking our coffee in the salon after dinner the Count came up to me, and in the most gracious manner, entered into conversation by telling me that he had just learned that I was an American and that he had a great admiration for my country, that his near kinsman, the Duc de Lauzun, had served there with distinction at Yorktown, etc., etc., and then, without giving me time to reply he began to question me about the field sports of my country, and more particularly the hunting—the grand *chasse-à-courre* he called it. Shooting he deemed of minor importance, and he had never cast a fly in his life, though surrounded by trout streams. Fortunately, I was thoroughly posted, and answered so well as to secure from the old gentleman an invitation to visit him and hunt a wild boar three days there-

after; which invitation, my friend C. told me, was a signal mark of favor to so young a man:

"You must not fail to go, for you will not only ride to the finest pack of St. Hubert hounds in all France, but, for the time being, you will become the inmate of the most extraordinary household, and the guest of two of the most agreeably eccentric hosts in all Europe."

Of course, I needed no such urging, for I would rather have become the guest of so renowned a hunter as the Count de M. than of the King of France himself.

"Remember, young gentleman," said the old Count, as he took my hand at parting, "I shall expect you to dinner punctually at six on Saturday next, for on Sunday morning, with the favor of the blessed St. Hubert, we will attack the finest boar in all Auvergne, and do not forget that punctuality is as indispensable in hunting appointments as those of gallantry. And, by the way," he added, "you will find at the chateau an old acquaintance, who, like yourself, is in the diplomatic service. He is a kinsman and has been my guest at every hunting season whenever he could get away from what he pleased to consider very important duties; that is, waltzing and dancing the polka with the ladies of the court."

With this parting joke the Count got into his great lumbering coach and drove off.

The invocation of the "blessed" St. Hubert led me to fancy the Count to be somewhat of a devotee, but I subsequently found out that St. Hubert, the tutelar saint of sportsmen, was the only saint in the calendar for whom the Grand Louvetier had the slightest respect.

That night as my host and myself smoked our pipes in my room, I tried to pump something more out of him in reference to this queer old Count, but he was reticent, saying that my astonishment would be lessened and my enjoyment diminished by any revelations of his, and that my friend, who I would find at the Tower of Meillac, for so the old stronghold was called, would explain what otherwise would be incomprehensible.

"Of course," said C. as he was leaving me for his own room, "I will give you a mount, and a good one, too," but this kindly offer I had the firmness to decline, knowing that I could hire a very fair hackney from a livery stable in the town. And here I would advise such young friends as may do me the honor to read these reminiscences:

Never, when they can dispense with it, ride a borrowed horse to hounds.

This is a maxim impressed on me by my father when I was yet far down in my teens. I have done it more than once, but any conscientious man will be handicapped by the fear of injuring a friend's horse, he will not do himself justice, and will fail to ride in the first flight as he might do if mounted on his own nag. Indeed, this maxim ought to extend still further to dogs, guns, and to everything used in the sports of the field.

On Friday morning, after a ten o'clock *dejeuner à la fourchette,* a far more serious affair than an ordinary American breakfast, particularly as on this occasion we had such a *paté de Perigord* as might have served old Talleyrand to seduce his rival diplomats at the iniquitous Congress of Vienna, and claret galore, both Léotard and Margaux, of the famous vintage of 1819, I set out about noon for my destination, allowing myself six hours for a ride of some twenty miles. I was mounted on an active, wiry little Auvergnat gelding, showing, in both action and appearance, the generous Barb or Arab blood of his progenitors, left there by the Saracens after their decisive and final overthrow by Charles Martel at the battle of Tours.

A more delightful day never beamed upon the earth, and a more picturesque country of mountain and plain I never beheld. The mountains, the hills, and the rocks being all of volcanic formation, assumed the most extraordinary and fantastic shapes, and many of these craggy hills, inaccessible apparently to the foot of a goat, are crowned with the crumbling ruins of ancient castles, each of which figures in the legendary history of the province. On my left was the giant Puy-de-Dome, an extinct volcano, the grandest mountain in all France, from whose hoary

summit might have been witnessed the greatest events in history, from the invasion of Caesar to the return of Napoleon the Great from Elba.

I became so enchanted with the scenery and absorbed in the thoughts of the faraway past which it suggested as momentarily to absolutely forget the object of my journey; but presently from a rise in the road I was reminded of it by a view in the far distance of a huge donjon-keep, towering far above the giant trees of the great forest by which it was surrounded. I recognized it at once from description as the Castle of Meillac and plodded toward it. I had ample time to reach it, for it could not be more than five or six miles away, but after entering the forest I contrived to get lost, but fortunately met a charcoal burner who, with the smut upon his face inseparable from his occupation, looked like the Old Boy himself, but who was on the contrary a pleasant obliging fellow, as all the Auvergnats are, and pointed out the road to me. I took it at a brisk canter, but unfortunately at the end of a mile it forked, and I took the wrong direction, and kept it until convinced by the falling light of my error.

I had pulled rein and was deliberating on the next thing to be done, when just before me and not twenty steps away, appeared the most formidable beast my eyes had ever beheld. He planted himself in the middle of the road and glared upon me as if about to resent the intrusion of a stranger in his forest home. The monster was full four feet high and seemed to be all head and shoulders, and from the sides of his champing jaws gleamed his great white tusks. At the sight, and still more at the smell of this savage monster, my horse reared and shied so violently as nearly to unhorse me. As for the beast, it plunged into the dense cover on the roadside with a snort indicating a fright quite as great as my own. It was a wild boar of unusual size, a "Solitaire," they called it, and if I had had the misfortune to have fallen from my horse he would certainly have charged, they told me, and I would not be here now to write out these reminiscences.

I had scarcely recovered my nerve when I heard in the remote distance and in my rear the soft musical sounds of the great French horns, which Continentals always use in the chase. I could clearly distinguish two instruments blowing what in the technical language of French venery is called a "Hallali!" and a choir of angels I thought never produced such heavenly music as those two hunting horns.

The direction of the sound at once made me aware that at the fork I had taken the wrong *chute,* and now I had to countermarch under whip and spur in order to recover the other road while I yet had daylight to distinguish it, and this I did successfully, the cheering fanfares from the blessed horns becoming more and more distinct as I advanced. But by this time night had fallen and it was pitch-dark. In the distance I could now descry four great squares of light in a perpendicular line, one above the other, and crowning all, a great bonfire, which filled the gloomy forest with shafts of red and yellow light, casting fantastic and eerie shadows across the path. I now gave a shout with all the power of as strong lungs as ever young fellow was blessed with, and immediately was responded to by a triumphal flourish that made the welkin ring.

As I got nearer, I began to make out the dim outlines of the ancient fortress, and they differed greatly from any human habitation I had ever seen before or since. The only part visible at first was a square tower of great height and cyclopean proportions, battlemented at the top, with a small, slim, round tower at each of its four angles, and a large square window in each of the high-pitched stories of the main tower. On nearer approach I found the base of the great tower surrounded by numerous smaller and more modern buildings, like so many pigmies seeking protection at the feet of a giant.

As I approached still nearer, wondering how I was to gain entrance, a great door at the base of the tower was thrown open and a crowd of retainers—some of them with lanthorns and not a few howling dogs—issued forth headed by the Count, his son and my friend the diplomat R., whom I scarce expected

Un Hommage à
Monsieur Harry Worcester Smith.
à titre de Confraternité
Cynégétique

LA LOUVETERIE

Roger Durieux

Paris 4 et PLAT du Lieutenant
de Louveterie de France

Lyons 1932

LA LOUVETERIE

This is one of the oldest organizations in the interest of sports in the world dating from 813 when founded by the great Emperor Charlemagne. The old laws governing it, inscribed upon parchment in the antique Latin phrases, still exist and can be traced down through the ages. The official charged with their oversight was "Le Grand Louvetier" or Chief Wolf-Hunter, a position created under Francis 1st (1515-1547). The entire organization and administration of La Louveterie is a part of a public service in the Ministry of Agriculture while the various organized bodies of huntsmen are each headed by a "Lieutenant De Louveterie" who is equivalent to a Master of a Hunt

THE HUNTSMEN OF THE DUCHESS D' UZES — À BONNELLES

to meet in these wild mountains so far away from his dear Paris. My welcome was the warmer as I had been given up as lost, at least for the night. A groom took my horse and I was ushered into the stronghold without more ado, and instantly, as had been predicted, my astonishment commenced, nor did it abate one iota while I continued the guest of that singular old nobleman.

Fancy an immense high-pitched square apartment measuring near fifty feet in the clear, with walls—which I had the curiosity to measure—fourteen feet thick. At the side opposite the entrance was a great cavernous fireplace of enormous width, with a high projecting mantel of elaborately-carved stone, supported far out into the room, so as to form a sort of pent-house, by a pair of grinning medieval monsters carved in stone originally gray, but now stained and blackened by time. Pendant by a great iron chain from the lofty ceiling, now invisible in the gloom, was a huge iron triple-beaked lamp, each beak giving out a great yellow smoking, flickering, flame like a pine torch. The very vastness of the apartment made it gloomy and the only alleviation to the gloom was a great fire, leaping and crackling like a thing of life, on the ample hearth, and casting distorted shadows of men and women upon the opposite wall.

On one side of the hearth and beneath the projecting mantel were four old-fashioned armchairs, covered with the Utrecht velvet, for the Castellan, his family and friends. Opposite, on the other side, was a stone bench for the more favored retainers, among which might be noticed two wiry-looking old fellows in the ancient hunting livery of the Count. At a comfortable distance from the fire was a large, round, shallow basket, on which lay upon her back a magnificent hound bitch, of the rare and precious St. Hubert breed, with a litter of young puppies clinging to her dugs like a bunch of grapes. In the centre of the great room was a massive oaken table, at which were seated a dozen or more superannuated old peasants being liberally helped to bowls of some sort of broth, which to my hungry nostrils smelled very good. These people, I learned, were a portion

of the old and worn-out poor of the estate, who, by immemorial usage, were entitled to a bowl of broth whenever called for between matins and the curfew, which was still tolled as regularly at the castle chapel as in the feudal days. Prowling about beneath this table and around the hall several dogs might be seen, as much at home apparently as the master himself. They were of different breeds, but all evidently of the purest blood. On one side of the hall, by the light of a rude torch stuck into a sconce in the wall, were a couple of young men engaged in mending some dog-couples and another cleaning a gun-lock. A little further on was a party silently intent upon a game of cards.

But what excited my unspeakable wonder was the metamorphosis in the Count. The gorgeous butterfly of three days before had become a plain chrysalis. The laced coat, and embroidered waistcoat, the rich Mechlin lace cravat and ruffles, the silken small-clothes and dainty silken hose, the varnished pumps and the golden buckles had been replaced by a hunting suit of the coarse native homespun of the Auvergne mountaineer; but this uniform was so eloquently cut, made and worn that the blood and breeding of the long-descended noble was quite as apparent as if he had been arrayed in purple and fine linen. This homespun attire, my friend informed me, was the Count's habitual wear, and never changed except when on very rare occasions he attended a state dinner given by some noble of his province, or by himself.

I could scarcely credit my friend or even my own eyes when I found that this uncarpeted and uncomfortable hall, in which rude peasants and dogs were free to come and go, was the favorite and habitual sitting-room of a gentleman of the *Ancien Régime,* who had made his bow at Versailles, who was very wealthy, and inordinately proud of the antiquity of his race and the blueness of his blood. With that exquisite politeness of which the *ancienne noblesse* alone have the secret, the Count speedily relieved me of the mortification naturally felt at my apparent want of punctuality. The family had dined long since, he said, and his uncle, the chevalier, had even retired to bed,

for which his great age, he hoped, would excuse him; but his daughter, Mademoiselle Clémence, to whom he would now do himself the honor to present me, would doubtless see that I did not starve.

He then called for *bougies* (wax candles), which I observed were in silver sconces of rare antiquity and artistic value, and taking one in each hand, himself led the way, begging to be excused for doing so, to a corner of the hall, where an arched and curiously-carved doorway opened into one of the corner towers entirely filled with a winding stair of easy grade to the story above, composed, like the one we were leaving, of a single vast chamber of the same dimensions, which with its antique but faded hangings and profusion of rich furniture of the preceding century was as magnificently imposing as the room below was rude and rustic. Here, half-buried, as it were, in a vast armchair of the time of Louis Quinze, before a gorgeously carved fireplace, said to be the work of the immortal Jean Goujon, was the Count's only daughter, the peerless chatélaine of the ancient Tower of Meillac, as the castle was called. She arose from her chair with an imposing dignity and grace becoming an empress and the blood which had descended to her undefiled from her Crusader ancestors who had followed Bouillon to Jerusalem and Philip-Augustus to Ascalon.

With eyes like a gazelle, pencilled brows, black as night, a wealth of hair like fine spun gold, and a form like a Venus Victrix, the mountain princess was peerless among all the fairest maidens of fair France. I might have fallen in love with her at a glance but I was diffident. I had not the wealth of a Rothschild, nor the pedigree of a Lafayette, nor the presumption of a Lauzun; like a foolish moth I would have perished in the flame of her glorious eyes.

There was a round table in the room daintily served with a repast as simple as it was exquisite, and for me alone. Fortunately, for my peace and for my reflection, too, my lovely hostess did not, as an American girl would have done, attempt to do the honors of the table. In France it would not have been

comme il faut in a young girl. Thus the *estomago,* undisturbed by the flutterings of the heart which her glorious presence would have occasioned, did its duty nobly, even as it does now when I dine with Henry Cranston at the New York Hotel, or when Charles Hutchinson selects the menu at John Chamberlin's in Washington. No, the fair lady was merciful, and after showing me to the table she gracefully retired; but as she did so, could not, woman-like, refrain from discharging from her glorious eyes a whole sheaf of Parthian arrows that rankled in my heart and disturbed my dreams for a long time after. Indeed, the scars are there still, and I don't know whether I am not as proud of them as any old warrior of his wounds. While eating I caught a suppressed yawn upon the benignant countenance of my venerable host, whose bed-hour had long-since passed, so taking one last bumper of his exquisite Margaux I declared my wish to retire for the night.

The Count, merely remarking that in that house the curfew, except on occasions like the present, was always the signal for bed, took up a pair of candles, led the way up another tower and winding stair to the fourth and topmost story of the great keep. We entered a room which, plainly furnished, had no less than a dozen single beds in it, separated by screens, and here I found the diplomatist hard at work deepening the color of a huge meerschaum. The Count, telling me to choose my bed, that the hunting equipage would start precisely at ten next morning, and that his uncle Gontran, the Chevalier de Malte, would do himself the honor to make his respects before I was out of bed in the morning, bowed politely and left me to join my friend and room-mate in a cosey smoke, and to wonder who this Chevalier de Malte could be, who was to pay me this matutinal visit while I was yet in bed? But who and what he was, and the magnificent boar and wolf hunting I enjoyed, I must defer relating until the next issue of the *Turf, Field and Farm.*

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, October 28, 1887)

CHAPTER XXX

How the Old Sportsman—Was visited before dawn by the strangest of hosts, and how later he saw many remarkable hounds; went on a great boar hunt; became lost in the forest, but in the end was crowned with evergreens

THE diplomat—my room-mate—and myself talked ourselves to sleep in discussing the oddities of our host, so singular a compound of the grand seigneur, the ardent sportsman, and no less ardent friend of the poor, to whom he was in a sense a second Providence.

The novelty of my situation rather disturbed that serenity which gives such sweetness to the slumbers of youth; perched as I was in mid-air, in a great feudal tower of unknown antiquity and so rich in romantic legends of the Middle Ages, my sleep could not be sound. I was transported to dreamland and the wildest and most incongruous visions passed in review before me. I saw belted knights jousting in friendly tourney in the castle court and then riding forth gallantly arrayed in plumes and silks and velvet; escorting fair dames mounted on prancing palfreys to hawk the heron or chase the stag; then I witnessed the arrival of the royal messenger, who came in hot haste with the summons to war; immediately the towers and battlements echoed and re-echoed with the blare of trumpets, calling the people to arms, and then mail-clad knights rode forth in martial array at the head of their vassals and retainers, marching to the fatal fight of Poitiers, (not far off) from which none of them returned alive!

Then, by one of those fantastic transitions which occur only in dreams, I was lost again in the darkness of the forest, a great tempest raging and the great trees bending and groaning beneath the howling blast of the storm, when, by a flash of lightning I saw again the monstrous boar of the day before about to charge me—when I leapt up wide awake to find it was not the lightning

which had disturbed me but the glare of a candle in the hands of the oddest and queerest old fellow I had ever seen.

Tall and slim and straight as a ramrod, he was arrayed in a flowing dressing gown of high colors—scarlet predominating. On his head was a black tasseled night-cap, imperfectly concealing a profusion of snow-white hair. He had large dark smiling eyes, and like my host, the Count, a prominent hooked nose which gave him an aquiline expression. His complexion was that of a sound rosy winter apple. Familiar as I was with the weird "Mysteries of Udolpho," my first impression was that my visitor was the phantom of some long-deceased Crusader, condemned for his sins to haunt the halls of his ancient home. As I sat up in bed gazing upon the apparition, with eyes stretched wide with wondering apprehension, the vision made a graceful bow:

"Excuse me my young friend," it said, "if I did not do myself the honor to receive you on your arrival, and if I disturb you thus early to pay my respects; but this is a hunting day and on such occasions the dawn never catches anyone napping in the Tower of Meillac. I am the Chevalier Gontran de Meillac, a Knight of Malta, and uncle to your host the Count."

Then placing his candle on the night table, the old gentleman seated himself *sans-façon* on the foot of my bed and after complimenting me on my country and alluding to the part taken by his relatives, Luynes, Noailles, Rochambeau, and others in our Revolutionary War, he gave me, at my request, a programme of the proceedings of the day which was as follows:

At dawn, two *valets de limiers* were to be sent out to *faire le bois*—that is to say, as soon as it was light enough to see, two experienced huntsmen, each holding in leash a *limier,* a veteran hound of the most delicate nose, trained to hunt mute while held in leash, were to go in different directions and endeavor to find the trail and to locate the bed or lair of the beast it was desired to hunt. This practice is founded on the well-known fact that all the *ferae naturae* lie down in some well-secluded spot just after daylight, and there remain throughout the day. The valet and his *limier,* or track-dog, find this

lair without disturbing its occupant, and report the location so that the pack may go out at any hour of the day with the certainty of a run without trouble and loss of time. The same result is obtained in England, where there are no large forests, by means of artificial coverts; that is, a space of ground set apart for the purpose and planted with a prickly shrub called gorse, in which foxes find shelter and where they may, if present, be found at any hour in the day, and if necessary these coverts are stocked with foxes imported from the continent. When the *valet de limier* locates the animal desired—whether it be stag, roe or boar—he reports to the master, who decides upon further proceedings.

In a great hunting establishment like the Count's a pack may consist of fifty or more couples of hounds. These are often divided into two relays, and as much judgment is required of the huntsman in putting in the second relay as of a general advancing his reserves.

After the Chevalier had retired, my friend R. posted me as to his status in the household and his peculiarities of character, which were not less singular than those of his eccentric nephew, the Count.

The old gentleman, now in his seventy-eighth year, was with the exception of a liability to vertigo, which prevented him, to his great regret, from riding to hounds, as hale and hearty and active on his feet as at fifty. His mania, now that he was precluded from hunting, was to traverse on foot in all directions and in all weather, the vast domain of Meillac, in search of such of the humble tenantry as might require assistance of some sort.

When a young man and a younger son, without the prospect of a great inheritance, he was compelled, as was customary with the *haute noblesse de l'epée,* to choose the church or the order of Malta for his future career, and he selected the latter, a sort of military priesthood, like the orders of St. John and the Temple, in which celibacy was obligatory. After remaining a bachelor knight or chevalier till past middle age he unexpectedly

became joint heir with his nephew to the large undivided estate of Meillac, and wishing this to descend undivided to his grand nephew he had resisted the inclination to marry had he entertained it. But the old gentleman never could divest himself of the idea that he still possessed feudal rights, and it was somewhat after the feudal fashion that he attempted to enforce his benefits. His charity was often obtrusive, to the annoyance of its recipients.

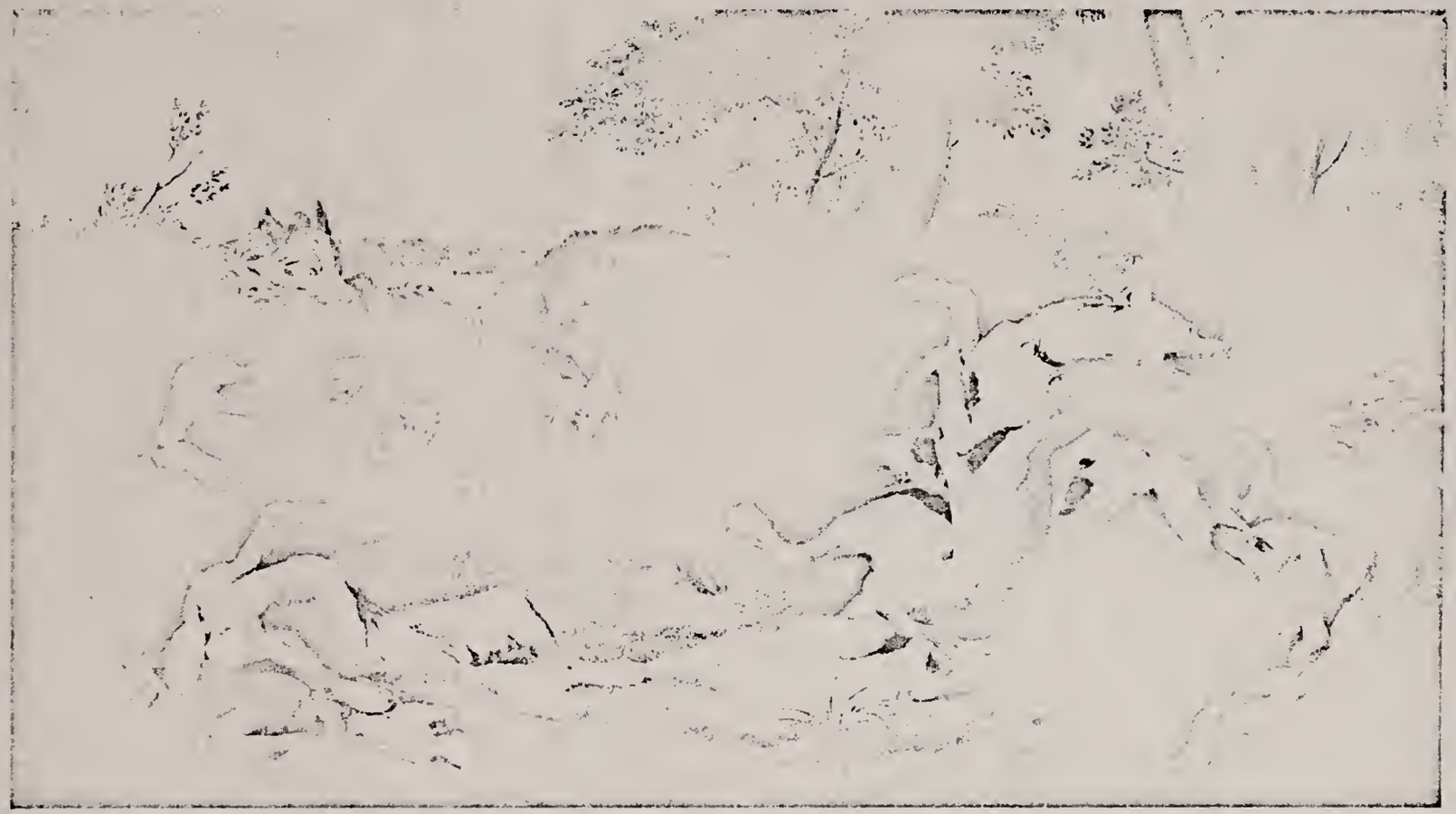
"The Chevalier," concluded the diplomat as he yawned and stretched himself in bed, "is certainly a most estimable man, the very salt of the earth; he would be much more agreeable but for his mania for waking people up before day."

Just here his speech was interrupted by the blare of trumpets and the howlings of a hundred hounds, loud enough to wake the dead; the first flush of dawn had appeared on the tops of the surrounding mountains. On hunting days at the Tower it was the invariable rule to welcome it with a révéille blown on their French horns by the four huntsmen of the establishment, and I must confess that the mellow music responded to by the hounds from their kennels some distance off was not only pleasant but quite exciting.

In spite of the remonstrance of my companion, who declared breakfast would not be ready for three hours yet, I leapt from my bed with the greatest alacrity and hurried down to the lower floor to see and learn all I could of the French method of hunting on a great scale.

In front of the castle were the four *piquers* facing inward and blowing away with might and main and considerable skill at their horns. In the middle of the great hall were the Count and his son, arrayed precisely alike in the picturesque hunting costume of the last century—three-cornered cocked hats, green coats, silver-trimmed leather breeches, and great jack-boots.

The old gentleman greeted me with paternal kindness and complimented me on my early rising and upon the fine hunting weather. He had sent out, he told me, half an hour before, his two *valets de limier* in different directions to locate either a boar



BOAR AND HOUNDS FIGHTING

By Frans Snyder. Born in Antwerp 1570. Court Painter to Philip III of Spain

By courtesy L'Illustration

By permission Serge Ivanoff

HUNTING THE WILD BOAR WITH A CHEETAH

or a stag, but he hoped it would be a certain old boar, a *solitaire*, "which had been ravaging the potato fields for ten days past; the potato is the staple food of our poor mountaineers."

These men would bring him their reports while we were at breakfast, or at the *rendezvous-de-chasse* in the forest some three miles away. By this time the four *piquers* having apparently blown themselves out, the music ceased, and marching into the hall, they stood like soldiers at attention in front of their master awaiting his orders. After asking some questions relative to particular dogs, calling them by name and directing several of them to be left at home, the Count ordered the *piquers* to proceed to the kennels at once to put the couples on the hounds which were to hunt. With the Count's permission I accompanied them, and glad I was I did so, for such an admirable exhibition of canine discipline and training, especially among hounds, I never witnessed nor dreamed possible.

I found a large general kennel and several smaller ones adjoining, all substantially built of brown stone, pipes of running water through each and all, with well inclosed yards proportioned to the size of each kennel, these yards communicating with each other by narrow doors. In the large yard, as one of the men informed me, were no less than fifty-four and a half couples of dogs of the St. Hubert breed; these hounds were so uniform in size and coat as to puzzle a stranger to tell one from the other. Their ears were the longest I had ever seen and literally brushed the dew from the grass. The predominant color was black, the coat was as rough as that of the Scotch terrier, and they were leonine in appearance and in voice.

In the anticipation of a hunt that day, the hounds were full of animation and yelling with eagerness, but the instant the chief huntsman entered the inclosure and lifted his hand they all dropped like pointers at a down charge and so remained as mute as mice. Then, opening a door which opened to an adjoining inclosure and without lifting his voice above a conversational tone, the huntsman called by name such dogs as were to be left at home, some eight or ten in number. Each got up as

called and sneaked through the door, evidently greatly mortified at being left behind, for they knew as well as we did why they had been ordered out. I was to witness a still more striking instance of discipline at the coupling of the remainder. Outside of the yard, forty yards away, stood two of the assistant huntsmen, each with a pile of couples at his feet. When a dog's name was called, not only that dog but his mate in the couples immediately arose, and the pair went to one or the other of the men and submitted quietly to the collars, proceeding a little further, they lay down at the foot of the fourth man, who was awaiting them. And so they went on, couple after couple, until they were all gathered into one compact mass, there remaining silent and quiet until summoned to the field. I never witnessed, in the canine way, anything so interesting as this, and I thought to myself that the military discipline of a great captain could not have excelled the kennel discipline of these Meillac hounds.

Here I will, I hope, be excused for pausing in my narrative to suggest to the numerous breeders of my favorite beagles, that if they will be at the pains, though I admit it is very difficult, to subject their vivacious, highstrung, headstrong little beauties to a similar discipline they will add to their own enjoyment and to the efficiency of their packs.

At intervals between eight and nine o'clock a sonorous fanfare from a French horn would be heard coming up out of the depths of the forest, which was replied to in joyous tones by the Count's son on his own instrument. These trumpet calls announced the arrival of some neighbor to the hunt breakfast and when that meal was ready all of the expected guests, some eight or ten in number, had proved their good breeding by their punctuality, for not one was absent and as several of them were young cavalry officers from a neighboring garrison—all quite as devoted to Bacchus as to the blessed St. Hubert—they gave life and animation to a repast which might have been rather grave and formal for my taste, presided over as it was by our dignified septuagenarian hosts. Our gazelle-eyed and queenly chatélaine was conspicuous by her absence from the table. Either

the proprieties, as the French understand them, forbade her appearance, or the good old Count did not wish to subject his rollicking young guests to the restraint of her presence.

While we were at the table one of the men who had been sent out with his *limier,* or track dog, was ushered in and made his report. He had found the fresh track of an enormous boar and had located the beast in a bog about four miles away without disturbing him; but in doing so, had crossed fresh tracks of a hind in company with what was evidently, from the size of the spoor, a ten-tined stag. The other man did not come in.

"He will probably report to us at the rendezvous in the forest," observed the Count. "This discovery of a boar and a stag track crossing each other is unfortunate in one respect, as it will require great care and prudence to prevent the pack from dividing on the two. The stag might give more sport, but I must first stop the ravages of that boar on our people's potatoes; and by uncoupling at first only a dozen or so of our steadiest hounds I hope we will escape the calamity of a divided pack. And now, gentlemen," he said, rising from his chair, "as the clock is on the stroke of ten, I propose a bumper in honor of the blessed St. Hubert and an immediate departure for the rendezvous."

The bumper was taken, no time was lost in getting into the saddle, and I found strapped to the pommel of mine a holster, containing a short double carbine of exquisite finish, the work of the famous Desvisme, the Dougall of French gunmakers. I owed this thoughtful attention to the kindness of the young Count who had supplied me with his own favorite weapon.

We formed quite an imposing procession as we issued forth from the precincts of the castle. The van was led by the four mounted *piquers,* all blowing upon their horns a particular air consecrated to such occasions; then came the Count and his guests, in pairs; then the hounds, in couples and in one compact mass, flanked on each side by two kennel-men on foot and armed with long-thonged hunting-whips; while the rear was brought up by the young Count, and his cousin R., the diplomat.

When the procession was out of sight of the castle the music ceased, and we proceeded on in silence to the depths of the forest until we reached the rendezvous, a wide circular space clear of trees, ornamented with a curiously-carved stone cross covered with the moss of ages. From the central point diverged half-a-dozen roads, like the spokes from the hub of a wheel and as straight. Here we found quite a reinforcement of sportsmen from the neighboring town of Le Puy and other parts of the province, all in some sort of hunting costume, and many provided with hunting-horns, *couteaux-de-chasse* (hunting swords) and short carbines or double guns. Here, too, the *valet de limier* who had not appeared at the breakfast table made his report. About four miles off, in a northwest direction, his track-dog had found the yet warm trail of a large wolf, and had followed it for a long distance without locating the beast, which seemed to be travelling without any intention of lying down. He was of opinion that it was a cunning old brute which had already defeated the pack on two noted occasions.

At this report the Count showed some vexation. He reproved the man and observed that as Grand Louvetier of the district, his honor was concerned in the suppression of that wolf and that he ought to have clung to the trail as long as he could put one foot before the other. He ordered the man immediately back and told him not to return until he had located the "varment" if it was anywhere within the limits of the Province.

"We must get that wolf," said the Count, "if it takes till Christmas; but in the meantime let us attack the boar."

Calling the chief huntsman, he directed certain dogs by name to be uncoupled—a dozen in number—and enjoining the profoundest silence on the field he directed the man who had located the beast to lead them to the trail without crossing the track of the stag.

We soon reached the place, and here the *limier*, a magnificent creature and the most reliable veteran in the pack, stopped for an instant, and throwing up his head, uttered in a deep basso-profundo voice a thrilling cry that made the very leaves on the

trees quiver; then went off at a loping gallop, followed by the uncoupled dogs detailed to follow him. The remainder of the pack was left at the meeting place, to be uncoupled as soon as the chase was fairly under way.

The first detachment of dogs had not been gone more than three minutes, when from the change in the cry we perceived they were not running but baying the boar. Probably seeing so few of his enemies, the old fellow had preferred fighting to running, but upon the approach of the horsemen he changed his mind and dashed away down wind at a pace that I could not have conceived possible to a creature of his species; but he did not retreat without leaving his mark behind him. The crowd of cavaliers had surrounded him in some confusion and when he made his rush to get away, he overthrew, apparently without an effort, a horse and his rider, cutting a gash in the former from flank to shoulder like the clean cut of a scimitar, that nearly disemboweled the poor beast; but the excitement was so great that man and horse were left to their fate as we swept on in pursuit. The boar, happily taking the desired direction, the remainder of the pack, uncoupled at the opportune moment, joined in the chase and swelled the cry into a rolling thunder of music.

Talk of excitement! Nothing on earth save the excitement of a great battle in which you have the luck to be on the winning side can compare with that maddening chorus of deep-toned throats accompanied by the mellow harmonious notes of a dozen French horns.

So far, though it was my first boar-hunt, I did credit to my Maryland and Virginia training. My little hired horse turned out a trump and bore me gallantly in the first flight of riders; but my good fortune was not destined to last; in leaping an insignificant gully both girths parted and I was unhorsed. I was unhurt, but by the time I had repaired the damages the chase had disappeared over a ridge and when I had climbed to its crest, hounds and horsemen were out of sight and hearing. Hastily taking a narrow road before me which seemed to lead

in the right direction, I hurried on at speed; but it proved to be a blind road and soon petered out. Now I had not only lost the hounds but had lost myself!

I dismounted, hitched my horse and stepping off to some distance, put my ear to the ground, but could hear neither hound nor horn; but I did hear the sound of two voices coming up to me from a sunken road just below me. The parties were conversing in the, to me, unintelligible patois of the country. One of these voices, evidently that of the old Chevalier, was pitched in high tones of threatening and remonstrance, while the other was in the whining tones of entreaty. Moving a little nearer and putting aside the shrubbery I looked down and understood the matter at a glance. A miserable peasant, doubtless one of the objects of the Chevalier's charity had been surprised by the old gentleman in the act of endeavoring to extract a donkey and a freshly-cut load of stolen wood from a mud hole in which they had stalled. I could make out that the old noble was threatening his dishonest retainer with the penalties of the law while the other was begging off in the most piteous tones. From my place of concealment I looked on with curious interest. Presently the old Chevalier's voice softened, pity took the place of anger and the scene ended in his actually putting his own shoulder to the wheel and helping the man out of his difficulty. and telling him to go and sin no more. Here, thought I, is an act of charity quite as great as that of the pious French king who suffered the thief to cut away and steal the skirts of his cloak.

As soon as the peasant was gone, and without letting the old gentleman know I had witnessed the act of amiable weakness, I called out to him and told him of my mishap. He tried to console me by telling me that if the boar was not overtaken and killed he would certainly, as is the habit of most wild animals, return to his first tracks and make for his starting point, and just as he was saying this he put his hand to his ear and motioned me to be still. We both caught the far distant note of a horn.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Chevalier joyously, as the sound

of both dogs and horns grew more distinct. "That *bien aller* is from my nephew's horn, I would know it from a thousand. My dear young friend, your loss will be your gain for if you will hurry to yon tall pine (pointing to a great tree some four hundred yards away), and remain quite still, the boar, which is making for the bog at the head of the great pond, will pass close by you, and you will find yourself in the lead of the chase. I will join you there; but hurry on, and don't wait for me! And don't fire on the beast unless it is in the last extremity to save the dogs."

I soon reached the tree, and dismounting, hitched my horse to a swinging limb a few paces away, took my rifle from the holster and awaited events.

The pack was now rapidly approaching with the speed and the continuous roar of an advancing cyclone, and not thirty paces in front was the monster boar; with bristles erect, flashing eyes, and foaming jaws, he looked far more formidable than the biggest bear I had ever seen in the swamps of Louisiana. But for the Chevalier's parting injunction I might have placed a ball or a brace of them behind his shoulder, for I was not in the least unnerved, but why bring so glorious a chase to a sudden termination? A few steps farther the fugitive found his course intersected by a rather wide gully with almost perpendicular banks; he hesitated and then pitched headlong to the bottom; recovering instantly he crossed over and as he was painfully trying to climb the opposite bank three of the leading dogs fastened upon his hams, and they all came tumbling backward in a confused mass to the bottom of the gully, where they literally disappeared beneath the living mound of struggling dogs which piled upon them. But the powerful beast soon shook himself free and stood at bay, and already two of his foes were limping, howling away with great gashes in their sides.

Now, if ever, was the time to shoot to save the dogs, but such was the confusion I could not choose the spot for my ball. I had to aim where I could and not where I would, so seizing

the first safe opportunity I planted a ball just where the shoulder blades meet at the top of the back, and breaking the spine, completely paralyzed him; he was henceforth comparatively harmless. Just then the Count, his son and many others came tearing up and the old gentleman got in the final and fatal shot, just in the burr of the ear; and *then* such a triumphal blast sounded from more than twenty horns was never heard outside of France, and the *jeune Americain* was overwhelmed with compliments and congratulations.

A messenger was dispatched to a neighboring hamlet for a team, the cart was decorated with green pine-boughs and the dead boar placed upon it in the most conspicuous position; the hounds were coupled, the wounded dogs were doctored and placed upon the cart, a grand procession was formed, and, to the music of twenty horns, marched to the castle with the blushing writer at the head of it, crowned with evergreens as the hero of the day.

F. G. S.

A RELAY IN A FRENCH FOREST

STAGS FIGHTING

From the painting by J. F. Rich.

(Turf, Field and Farm, November 4, 1887)

CHAPTER XXXI

How the Old Sportsman—Describes a great rabbit shoot, presided over by the venerable Chevalier, and gives a recipe for Civet-de-Lapin, *a most savory dish*

WITH the great hunting establishments of the Continent, the killing of the larger game, such as the bear, the wolf, the stag, or the boar, constitutes but the first act in the great cynegetic drama, and the ceremonies after the death the second. This second act, though to me it savored somewhat of tomfoolery, I will attempt briefly to describe.

When we arrived at the castle with our dead boar mounted on the improvised triumphal car, we entered a large courtyard in the rear of the great tower, amid the acclamations of the people, the sonorous fanfares of a dozen or more horns, and by the red glare of numerous torches, always kept in store for such purposes. A tall tripod stood in the centre of the plaza, and to this the victim was suspended by the heels and quickly eviscerated by the chief huntsman, and the offal devoured then and there by the hungry hounds as their share of the spoils of the chase. The "hurl," or head, with parts of the neck, was then quickly and deftly amputated and placed—muzzle up—on a large wooden platter and carried in solemn procession by four liveried whippers-in to the great hall at the base of the tower and placed upon the great oaken table for general inspection and admiration.

My good fortune in disabling the boar, and thus probably saving the lives of several of the Count's beloved hounds, so ingratiated me with the old gentleman that at dinner that evening he insisted I should abandon my intention to return to Clermont on the morrow and promise to remain with him an indefinite time, or at least until I had witnessed both a stag and wolf hunt; and this promise, as well may be imagined, I was more than glad to give, particularly as my host engaged to send a messenger to my friend, the Vicomte de C., with a letter explain-

ing my delay and a pressing invitation to ride over himself and join in the proposed hunt.

Four gentlemen who lived too far away to return to their homes that night on their tired horses, remained with us, and being all young fellows with a proper appreciation of the juice of the grape, they added greatly to the hilarity of our dinner, at which some extra corks were drawn in honor either of the boar, the blessed St. Hubert or myself as the hero of the day—I could not well make out, for I must confess that when the toasts were given my ideas were somewhat muddled.

The four gentlemen were all lodged with the diplomat and myself in what my friend called the omnibus chamber, at the top of the tower, and here, whether ordered by the good count or his fair daughter, or smuggled by their cousin the diplomat I never knew, we found a charming collation, with an abundance of wine, set out on a table in the middle of the room, and where, without intending any disrespect to the curfew regulations of the household, we young fellows made a night of it.

While at the dinner table the old Knight of Malta had observed that on the morrow it would be his turn to do the hospitalities of the castle, and that as we could not take out the hounds he would be happy to avail himself of the superior skill of his guests in thinning out, by means of a *grande battue* the rabbits on the estate, as they had increased beyond all bounds and were becoming seriously destructive to the crops, particularly the *lucerne* and young clover. Since he had been precluded by vertigo from riding to hounds, the Chevalier had assumed to himself the managements of what he called the *petite chasse* of rabbits, hares and feathered game. A small cry of beagles, a few cockers and pointers, and indeed all the sporting dogs on the estate except the great St. Hubert hounds, were under his exclusive control, and in following these and in shooting he could, notwithstanding his great age, hold his own with the youngest.

Our jolly vigils in the omnibus chamber did not prevent our being punctual to the breakfast hour, a breakfast which

even now, after an interval of fifty years, makes my mouth water as I think of it. Truly the palate hath its memories as well as the brain! Mine, I know, holds in grateful remembrance a certain boned turkey, stuffed with fresh Perigord truffles, served on that occasion to which I returned again and again, and then got up from table deploring the youthful diffidence which prevented me from asking for more.

After breakfast, without sound of horn, which is held sacred to the *grande chasse,* and never sounded elsewhere, except at a solemn high mass of St. Hubert or the funeral of some noted sportsman, the Chevalier mustered his forces for the *battue* in the lower hall, and as we marched out there were, including the four *piquers,* no less than fourteen double guns, without counting at least a dozen boys and understrappers attached to the kennels and stables.

We soon arrived at the warren, which, as I had never seen one before of such extent, I examined with much interest. It extended about a mile along the base of a rather steep hill, with a wide, flat space before it. The soil of both hill and flat was sandy, and naturally so barren as to produce nothing but a jungle of worthless shrubs, brambles and sour grasses. No effort had ever been made to improve it; in fact, the only profit to be got out of it was in the shape of rabbits, and these increased so rapidly as to have grown latterly into a serious nuisance.

The Chevalier now marshaled his forces in a straight line, the guns and the beaters, the latter carrying bags in which to put the game and acting as retrievers, alternating with the guns at intervals of three or four yards. Thus arranged they all advanced abreast and aligned on the Knight, and the Count, who occupied the extremities of the right and left wings. The march had no sooner commenced than the firing began and was one incessant pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! precisely like the skirmish line of an army advancing to battle. In this way we pushed on through the whole length of the jungle for more than a mile. It need not be said the slaughter of the bunnies was enormous, but it was not yet ended; this *battue* was only the

first act in the tragedy. The rabbits which had escaped the gauntlet of the guns had plunged into the burrows on the hillside and thence were to be driven out and undergo another fusillade, and this I fancied was the best fun of the day. The gunners were all countermarched to their starting point, and there found waiting for them some of the Chevalier's people with a lot of straw-colored, red-eyed ferrets. Each of these ferocious little beasts had eyelet holes in its lips like those in the lobe of a girl's ear; they were taken from their boxes and their mouths tied up with stout saddler's silk, passed through the eyelet holes in their lips, and were thus effectually muzzled and prevented from killing their game underground, which they certainly would have done, in which case, drunken with blood they would have immediately gone to sleep and so remained torpid and out of reach in the depths of the burrows for the next twenty-four hours, or possibly never be recovered.

Everything being now ready to begin the sport, the marksmen were again aligned and stationed on the hillside about a gunshot apart, with instructions to remain stationary, and shoot the rabbits as they bolted from their holes. The ferrets were now put in the burrows and immediately disappeared in the darkness in eager pursuit of their prey. Presently the terror-stricken bunnies began bolting in every possible direction, behind, before, to the right and to the left of the guns, and with such electric speed as to make it the most difficult shooting in the world. Blue rocks from the traps are child's play to it. To shoot a rabbit bolted by a ferret is the severest test of marksmanship within the whole range of field sports; still, some of the gentlemen present, from long practice at this particular sport, were very successful, and quite an addition was made to the spoils of the day. If my memory served me, the score amounted to two hundred and sixty head, including an unfortunate grimalkin, taken in *flagrante delicto*.

Leaving some men to secure the ferrets as they came up out of the burrows, we returned to the castle, preceded by a one-horse cart laden with our game, and on our arrival found quite

a crowd of old women and children awaiting our return, and among these, as was the custom of the manor, the larger part of the game was distributed, a good portion reserved, however, for a charitable institution in the district, and several braces of the best for the use of the castle, where in due time they were converted, with supreme culinary skill, into a *civet-de-lapin,* the only form in which such dry and flavorless meat can be made acceptable to an educated palate, and a recipe for which I will tack onto this paper for the express benefit of my friends, Frank Endicott and Fred Mather, out of gratitude for their discoveries in culinary science, and for having initiated the benighted sons of Gotham into the unctuous delights of baked 'possum.

At dinner I expressed to the Chevalier my surprise that the wholesale slaughter of that day, repeated as he had informed me, twice or thrice a year, did not put an effectual check upon this plague of rabbits.

"Well, I assure you it does not," he replied. "If you will study the question you will see that while we destroy them with one hand, we encourage their increase with the other. The closed season, so indispensable for the protection of the more valuable game, also protects the rabbits, and they breed so fast —much more so than the hare—that they more than recover in one season their losses in the other. Moreover the vigilance and skill of our game-keepers has almost exterminated the foxes, stoats, weasels and birds of prey, all of them the most destructive natural enemies of the rabbit."

"How would it do," I inquired, "to give your peasants the privilege to hunt at will in your warren? Would that not prove a remedy?"

At this suggestion the eccentricity and caste prejudices of the old noble broke forth in an exclamation of horror.

"What!" said he, "allow our people to shoot in the warren? Don't you see it would be a fatal privilege? How long do you suppose they would be content with rabbits? The next thing they would be destroying our hares and sooner or later become incorrigible poachers. No sir, ours are very good peasants, but *le bon Dieu* did not create game for such as they to shoot."

I must confess I was greatly astonished at this tirade from so intelligent a man as the Chevalier. Here was the most gentle and lovable of old gentlemen, with the benevolence and charity of a saint, who sincerely believed no man was entitled to kill game unless he could show sixteen quarterings on his coat of arms.

Many years after, I heard a similar sentiment expressed, but in a more moderate way, by my old friend, Beverly Tucker, a crack shot, and my shooting companion for many seasons. Bev and I were shooting one day over the Hazel River bottoms in Rappahannock County, Virginia, we were having first-rate sport, the dogs were performing to perfection and so were we; we were in high spirits.

"Ah!" exclaimed Bev as he "wiped my eye" and cut down his tenth bird without a miss, "partridge-shooting is far ahead of all other field sports, and I believe the Master up yonder made the birds for gentlemen to shoot. Common people can't get the dogs or the guns."

As my old friend is not a candidate for president or even for alderman, I trust this revelation of his aristocratic instincts will not prove an indiscretion. I would not like to be his Parson Burchard.

And now, by way of compensation to such as have had the patience to read this somewhat prolix reminiscence, I offer the following invaluable recipe for converting a dry, savorless rabbit into a dish which has the unqualified approbation of the immortal Francatelli, that planet among the stars of culinary science:

CIVET-DE-LAPIN

"Cut two rabbits into small joints, then parboil one pound of streaky bacon, and cut it into square pieces the size of walnuts; fry these in a stewpan until they acquire a light brown color, then take them out on a plate, and fry the pieces of rabbit brown also. Next shake a handful of flour over them and toss them over the fire two or three minutes; add the fried bacon, a pint of mushrooms, an onion stuck with four cloves, a carrot and a small bunch of parsley; season with pepper and salt, moisten

with a pint of port wine and a quart of good broth; stir the civet on the fire till it boils, and then remove it to one side that it may clarify itself by gentle ebullition. Fry half a pint of button onions in a small stewpan with a little butter for five minutes, and when the *civet* has boiled about thirty minutes, throw these in; as soon as the pieces of rabbit have become tender, remove the scum and grease from the surface, take out the onion, carrot and bunch of parsley, and if there appear to be too much sauce, pour it into another stewpan and reduce it by boiling, stirring it with a wooden spoon to prevent its burning. Then pass it through a tummy or sieve upon the civet. Pile up the rabbit in the center of the dish, and garnish round with mushrooms, etc.; pour the sauce over it, place a dozen of croutons of fried bread cut in some fanciful shape round the base, and serve and eat with a grateful heart."

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, November 18, 1887)

CHAPTER XXXII

How the Old Sportsman—Witnesses a quaint dance of the peasants, and on the day following takes part in a notable stag hunt

WHILE we were all so hotly engaged in the slaughter of the rabbits an additional guest had arrived at the Tower, quite as remarkable a character as my hosts themselves, to whom he was distantly related. He was a nobleman of what the French call *la vielleroche,* and in figure and features the most magnificent specimen of a man I think I ever beheld. He had been, as was customary with the younger sons of the French nobility in his generation, educated for the church, but the inexorable conscription of the Napoleonic wars had forced him into the army, and he had escaped from the disastrous campaign of Russia a colonel of dragoons. After this he had returned to his first love, had reentered the church, where doubtless his antique name and the favor of the Bourbons would have lifted him to the highest dignities had he not preferred remaining in the position which he then held of curate to an obscure mountain parish, of which he had become the idol. His undoubted piety was not of the austere, repellant, Puritanic sort; on the contrary, his Christianity was of the cheerful kind which sympathized with his parishioners in all their innocent enjoyments. None of their homely *fêtes* were considered complete without his presence, and no one contributed to the jollity of the jolly dinner which we had that day as did this grand old man, this soldier-priest.

In compliment to the foreign guest, *le jeune Americain,* as I was called, it had been arranged to give that evening, in the lower hall, a rural ball at which the peasants of the estate were to perform *la bourrée* and other dances peculiar to the Province of Auvergne.

No sooner was dinner over than we descended to the room below, which we found comfortably filled but not crowded with rustic folk all decked out in the quaint and picturesque costumes

of Auvergne, unchanged by capricious fashion in the last five hundred years.

The dance to the music of a hurdy-gurdy and a species of bagpipes was in full swing as we entered the hall; the music was somewhat barbarous to a cultivated ear, but I doubt whether Musard or Strauss ever put such fire in the heels of the performers. The reverential love in which the Count and his uncle, the Chevalier, and Monsieur le Curé, were held by these simple rustics banished the awe and diffidence which their presence might otherwise have inspired, and the youngsters capered away without other restraint than that which the strictest propriety enjoined. They dance not only with their feet, but with all their limbs, their eyes, their hearts, and their very souls. The rosy, stout-limbed mountain girls, in their queer costumes, of which snow-white starched caps, profusely trimmed with valuable lace of their own making, and a multiplicity of short skirts were striking features, offered us a natural, native ballet which I, who had seen the divine Taglioni and the bouncing Ellsler, thought far superior to any I had seen on the boards of the Grand Opéra. The legs of these mountain lassies, if not so well drilled, were honest at least, and without a suspicion of padding. On one side of the hall, propped against the wall, was a forty-gallon cask of wine, presided over by a bright-eyed old woman who dispensed the contents with a liberal hand to all who chose to apply, and yet in all that evening not the slightest symptom of inebriety could be seen.

This wine, called *Vin du Vivarais,* peculiar to that locality and not transportable to a distance, was sold at half the price of lager beer in New York; as light and innocent as milk, and really delicious to the palate, it became my favorite tipple during my stay of several months in Auvergne. I often thought, while freely quaffing this delicious vintage of Vivarais, and since drinking the wild claret of the Monticello Wine Company of our own Albermarle, in Virginia, that the day will come when our native wines will supersede all demoralizing alcoholic drinks and banish the absurd fanaticism of local option, which would teach a tyrannical majority to deprive us of our individual liberty.

At the close of this impromptu rustic *fête,* at a very early hour, I witnessed a religious scene which made an impression upon me as salutary as it was profound. At the stroke of the chapel bell the music and the dance instantly ceased and a deep silence fell upon the assembly, and all there, male and female, fell upon their knees facing the curate, who, rising from his chair, advancing a step and shaking his flowing white locks upon his broad shoulders, stretched forth his hands and pronounced, with magnificent dignity, a short blessing. I never saw off or on the stage anything so dramatic. Then the company in profound silence passed out, making an obeisance to the Count, the Chevalier, and their guests as they did so. Ah! thought I, how many a fashionable ball have I attended which would have been the better for the frank, honest gaiety and the modest propriety of these good rustics of Auvergne.

Just as we young fellows were taking our chamber candles to light us up to our dormitory in the top of the tower, a charcoal-burner from a distant part of the forest, and looking like a wild man of the woods, entered the hall and asked for the Count. He came as was his duty, to report that he had discovered as he was going to his work that morning the lair of a *tête royale;* that is, a stag with a full head. It was the second time he had seen him, and he was confident he would continue to harbor in the same place unless he was disturbed or there should come a change of wind and weather. The man could not have brought the old gentleman more acceptable news. He was told to go and get his supper and be ready to go out with the hounds in the morning and rewarded on the spot with a bright five-franc piece, which to him represented about five days' wages.

Of course, this announcement set us all agog and there was no delay in getting to bed, for the Count said he more than suspected that this was the identical stag which had beaten him twice before; that he was the 'cutest, the stoutest and the fleetest of his kind he had ever encountered, and that if we killed him at all, it would be after a hard day's work.

The usual clamorous concert of French horns, with which

the days of the *grande chassé* were always ushered in at the castle, aroused us all the next morning while it was yet dark as Erebus—so dark that dressing was next to an impossibility, had not the diplomat's valet come in with lights and coffee. On going to the window we found the whole outer world enveloped in a fog as dense as ever made it dark at mid-day in the streets of London. This, I fancied, augured ill for our day's sport, but a gentleman, a native of the country, explained that, on the contrary, we could not have a more promising morning, for toward noon the mist would rise and roll off in clouds, and leave the ground damp and moist, holding a scent better than usual; that, moreover, there would be no necessity for hurrying through our breakfast as there would have been had the weather been dry and clear.

For my own part, I hurried through my toilet and hastened down to the kennel to witness again the admirable discipline of the hounds already described. On this occasion there were ninety dogs put into the couples, and as far as I could judge by the eye there was not an inferior animal among them. This done I went to breakfast, and had I been an ancient Roman, I would have marked the day with a white stone; as, for the first time in my life, I was initiated in the great gustatory delights of the *civet de lapin,* for which I gave the recipe in my last paper. This *civet* was certainly a culinary miracle; but, let the reader understand, the mushrooms used were fresh and succulent, and not the indigestible, tasteless fungi brought us in tin cans, which are of no more edible value than so much cork, and the despair of the few really great culinary artists we have among us. And here also I will venture to avail myself of this opportunity to solemnly protest to my readers that I will not be responsible for a *civet* cooked by my directions if canned mushrooms are used. It is a disgrace to our American horticulture that we cannot, as in Europe, get mushrooms in any quantity and at all seasons.

"Take your time, gentlemen," said the Count as we seated ourselves at the table. "As long as this fog clings to the ground

as it does now we may cling to the mahogany; but when it lifts, as it is bound to do with the wind, we must be up and going; and as we will have in all probability a long run we will all be hungry enough before we get back, so I would advise you to spare neither food nor wine."

We needed no such pressing. Saint Anthony himself would have succumbed to the temptations of such food and such vintages as were placed before us. As for me, I ate myself into a comatose condition and felt as, I fancy, an anaconda might do after bolting a deer or a missionary.

A little before noon as we were enjoying the soothing pipe or cigar, the fog began to lift, and rolling itself into great clouds, slowly climbed the surrounding hills; this was the welcome signal to horse. Falling into line and led by our host we sallied forth, but as I quickly noticed, without the chorus of horns and the solemn pomp observed when we went after the boar. Upon my inquiring the cause of this omission:

"I regret it exceedingly," replied the Count, "for according to the rules and traditions of our ancient French venery, which we try to perpetuate here, the hunting of a stag-royal should be attended with more pomp and display than that of any other animal; but this is an exceptional case. The stag I hope to kill today is an old veteran and has already beaten me twice, besides being superior to my hounds in speed, and quite as stout, he is as cunning as the devil himself. Though he is lying full five miles away from here he would be sure on this wind to hear the very first note of our horns should they be blown, and on the instant he would be up and off and get such a lead on us that we never should be able to make it up while daylight lasted. No, we must get the wind of him by making a wide circuit; steal upon him in the utmost silence and endeavor to get away with him on good terms. This rule holds good with foxes and any other beast of the chase that has been often hunted."

The stag had been marked down by the charcoal-burner in a great wood of a thousand acres or more, some four miles off in a direction due southwest of the castle while a brisk breeze

was blowing from the northeast. This required quite a wide circuit, and that accomplished, we entered the forest and made our approaches with the utmost circumspection and in the profoundest silence. At the proper moment the dogs were uncoupled, but still kept massed and prevented from ranging under the eye and whips of the *piquers*. Presently an old track hound, who could be relied on, threw up his head and gave one prolonged howl. Then the storm burst, the whole pack broke away with a roar, followed by the horsemen blowing upon their horns in a perfect delirium of excitement.

"Ah! my friend," exclaimed the delighted old Count, "we shall blow a triumphant *hallâli* over this fellow before the sun goes down, for we have got away on excellent terms with him; the scent is burning and after doubling about here for awhile, he will make for the river across the flat open country, in full view for near two leagues; but we shall have to ride our best!"

And truly we did have to ride. As predicted, the chase was loath to leave the forest and doubled about like a hare in the hope of gaining a good start before he tried the open, and while he was doing this the diplomat and I got thrown out for a time; but fortunately in our wanderings about to recover the chase we found ourselves at the edge of the wood overlooking a vast plain stretching for miles away to where it was bounded by the main tributary of the Loire, with blue hills in the background. As soon as we reached this spot we recovered the sound of the horns and the cry of the hounds, and not a quarter of a mile away, we had the inexpressible delight of seeing the chase break cover.

A truly royal stag with a noble head of horns bounded forth with an ease and grace of motion utterly indescribable. He boldly took to the open as if now scorning the shelter of the wood, and as if he could outfoot with ease his clamorous pursuers. My friend and myself stood silent and spellbound with admiration, but the admiration grew into the wildest enthusiasm when some hundreds of yards in the rear of the flying stag

the hounds came into view in one compact mass, running seven or eight abreast and throwing their tongues as only those deep-throated French St. Hubert hounds can do.

The stag made straight away across the plain, skimming over the numerous ditches with which it was intersected as if borne on wings. Straight as the crow flies, for full six miles he made his way direct for the river, and while he was doing it we had him and the hounds and the horsemen in full view. What a sight for a sportsman!

The deer took water without losing a yard of his lead on the dogs, and when we reached the river bank there he was, swimming rapidly down stream with every hound paddling after him.

The young Count had drawn his carbine from the holster and was about to shoot when his father stopped him:

"Don't you know my son, that is against the rules of French venery to shoot a stag before the hounds, and that it is only permissible when he is at bay and doing mischief among the dogs, and cannot be reached with the *couteau-de-chasse?* Wait, my boy, until he is brought to bay, and then if it be absolutely necessary you may use your carbine."

Indeed, I thought at the time it would have taken a better marksman than the young Count to have killed that stag with a single ball, for like all the *cervidae* he swam very deep in the water and very fast; the only mortal part exposed was the brain and that not larger than a man's fist. I once saw a buck driven into the Potomac, near Hancock, run the gauntlet of five good rifles without other damage than to one of his antlers, a hole in one ear and a slit in the other.

Our stag, aided by a rapid current, swam down stream at surprising speed, gaining rapidly on the dogs, while we followed on at an easy pace and gazed with interest and delight at one of the most animated and dramatic scenes within the whole range of field sports.

After swimming full half-a-mile and gaining half that distance on the dogs, the stag suddenly turned to the left, climbed the

opposite bank and disappeared over the bluff, apparently refreshed by his bath and with a good start on his pursuers. The only horsemen that dared or chose to follow were two of the Count's *piquers* while the remainder of the field made for a bridge, luckily but a short distance below. The delay at the river had enabled our horses to recover their wind, and we soon got on the line of the chase again, but a long way astern and guided only by the *bien-aller* of the French horns, indicating that the huntsmen and hounds were still in full chase.

Our course was again directed across a level plain toward a wooded mountain range three or four miles off. As soon as it became evident the stag was making for this cover, the old Count, who was leading the field, drew his horse down to a moderate canter, and putting up his hand, cried out in great glee:

"Moderate your gait, gentlemen; there is no hurry; we shall all be in at the death, even if we were mounted on donkeys, for our stag will come to bay in a few minutes, just where he has done so before, at the *Bain de Diane,* in the *impasse du diable.* But now we have daylight, he will not escape us as he did last year."

This *impasse du diable* was a deep, cavernous chasm cut in the course of ages into the rocky bosom of the mountain by the perpetual flow of a powerful torrent, and the *Bain de Diane* was a magnificent circular basin hollowed out by a water-fall a short distance up the stream.

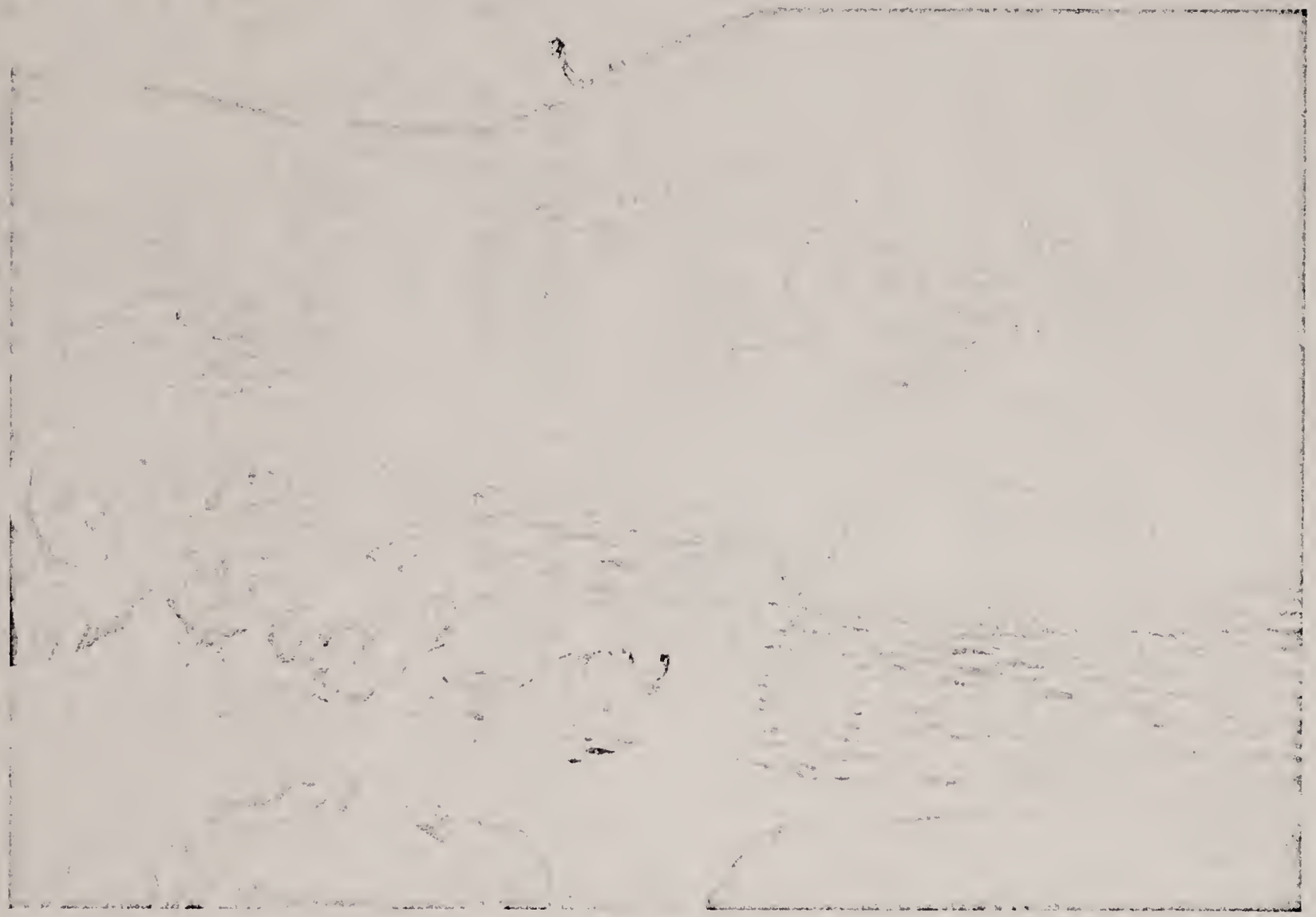
In a few moments we heard the horns of the two *piquers* lustily sounding the triumphant notes of the *hallâli!* As the Count had predicted the chase was ended; the stag was at bay in the *Bain de Diane.*

On our arrival we found the huntsmen standing at the mouth of what appeared to be a great rent in the face of a sheer precipice of black igneous rock at least fifty feet high. Out of this cañon, and filling it from wall to wall, rushed roaring, boiling and seething over its rocky bed, a stream of bright clear water. And out of the jaws of this gloomy chasm came the mingled uproar of falling waters, and the furious baying of one hundred

great hounds excited to fury by the visible presence of their enemy. To a superstitious mind it might have resembled a chorus of demons in the depths of Hades singing *jubilate* over the advent of a Wall Street king.

Impossible to ride up the cañon, one of the *piquers* dismounted and waded up, while we, guided by the Count, made a short detour, and by a cattle-path reached the precipitous sides of the lovely pool, so poetically named the "Bath of Diana." In all the course of a long life I have never witnessed a scene in which grandeur and beauty and the dramatic were so combined as here. Immediately beneath us and full thirty feet below was a circular basin of pellucid, dancing water, quite fifty feet across, encased on all sides by a perpendicular cliff of black rocks. At the entrance to this basin was one crowded mass of howling hounds, and on the opposite side just out of the way of a foaming cataract, stood at bay the royal stag, with his head aloft, his eye flashing fire and literally bristling with rage and defiance. To one side of him lay a young hound dead, partially submerged beneath the waters, with the blood oozing from a rent in his side. Seeing the dangerous beast could not be reached with impunity by either men or dogs, the Count ordered his son to use his carbine, without which I surely believe it would have been a drawn battle between the stag and the hounds. As it was the king of the forest and the glen had, like a certain people I wot of, to succumb to the superior resources of his enemies.

F. G. S.



STAG AT BAY

From The Chase with the Wild Red Deer, by Charles Palk Collyns — E. Caldwell, Artist

(Turf, Field and Farm, November 25, 1887)

CHAPTER XXXIII

How the Old Sportsman—Tells of another day with the Chevalier's Beagles and how, after a long run across ground, hallowed by history, they killed their quarry

THE writer needs no Gil Blas to warn him that his reminiscences are beginning to savor of the garrulity of age, but it is *such* a pleasure to the old to recall the bright memories of youth that he hopes to be pardoned this last and final reminiscence of the happy days passed in that grand old tower of Meillac.

We had no little trouble in getting our dead stag out of the beautiful pool in which he lay half submerged, and it was not until some of the servants dispatched for the purpose had returned from a neighboring hamlet with ropes and a cart that we succeeded in hoisting the carcass up over the bluff and loading it properly on the cart that we got away. By this time the sun was down and we had three good leagues to make before reaching the tower; but elated as we were with success, all sense of fatigue had disappeared and the way seemed short.

Our road led through two villages belonging to the Meillac estate, and we passed through each with a triumphant flourish of our French horns. All the male inhabitants, knowing that the wine would flow freely on our arrival, joined the cortége and swelled the procession to quite respectable proportions. Within a quarter of a mile of the castle a halt was called, the cart was decorated with evergreens, and a bundle of torches which had been sent for were lighted, the horns gave forth their most triumphant tones and our march was resumed. There was something weird, fantastic and imposing in our advance, through that dense and solemn forest, re-echoing with the wild blasts of the trumpets and dimly lighted by the flickering flames of a multitude of torches.

On our arrival the ceremonies of the *curée* (breaking-up or butchering) were, if possible, more elaborate than those attending the *curée* of the boar.

The old Count was in high feather and as much elated as a young general might be at winning a great victory, because, as he said, not the slightest thing had occurred to detract from the pleasures of the day, not one of the laws of the chase had been violated, and above all because he had at last conquered a wily foe who had defeated him twice before, and he would now be able to add to the trophies on his kennel walls the finest pair of antlers he had seen in twenty years.

The dinner that night was all the merrier for the successful run of the day, which the Count said was one of the finest he had ever enjoyed. Several extra bottles were popped in honor of the good Saint Hubert, and contrary to French custom and rule of the castle, we lingered at the table until a late hour listening to the hunting stories of the Count and his uncle, and the stirring military adventures of the curé, the soldier-priest. This was a great treat, for all three of these gentlemen possessed in an eminent degree that talent for narration so characteristic of the French people.

The next morning after breakfast the four Auvergnat guests and Monsieur le Curé took their leave. My friend, the Vicomte de C., whose guest I was to be for a week's shooting, and I proposed to do the same thing, when the dear old Chevalier insisted in a way not to be resisted that we should remain for at least that day, to witness the grand style in which his beagles could kill a hare, and that he would be greatly mortified if we did not.

"I must admit," pleaded the old gentleman, "that the running a hare with a lot of small *roquets* must appear tame sport after bringing a ten-tined stag to bay with a pack of grand St. Hubert hounds, but I hope you will gratify me, it is so rarely I have an opportunity to show off my little pets to people who can appreciate them, and I fancy you will find they have their merits as well as my nephew's big St. Hubert hounds."

To me individually the good old gentleman's appeal was irresistible, but as I was to be the Vicomte's guest I of course left him to decide what we should do, and he determined to remain—

not, as he afterward confessed to me, that he cared for the hare hunting, but he hoped, now most of the guests were gone that the fair chatelaine, Mademoiselle Clémence, would resume her place at the head of her father's table, nor was he disappointed in this hope.

The dear old Chevalier, overjoyed at our compliance with his wishes, immediately gave the necessary orders for the hunt, and in half-an-hour we were off to the great plain below the castle where we expected to find the hares.

I was, I must confess, rather disappointed with the general appearance of the ten couple of dogs brought to the field, though evidently bred with great success to a *type*. The type itself was not a handsome one. They measured, as well as I could judge, sixteen inches at the shoulder. They were too throaty, and their ears I thought abnormally long even for hounds. They looked like miniatures of the now obsolete heavy Talbot hounds, such as we see them in prints. Their fore-legs, without being absolutely crooked, stood out enough at the elbows to raise the suspicion of a remote dachshund cross. In beauty and spirit they did not compare with the beagles I had seen in England or our American prize-winners in the kennels of Rowett, Diffenderfer or Schellhas, of Brooklyn, but they made up for their want of beauty by a marvelous intelligence and discipline, everlasting bottom, and the most musical voices that ever delighted a hunter's ear.

They followed, uncoupled, for near a league through a country abounding in hares without attempting to break the compact order in which they were trained to move, but when at last the Chevalier, waving his hand, gave the signal to "cast off" the hitherto sleepy-looking, plodding pack was suddenly galvanized into wondrous activity. It was too late in the day to trail a hare up to her form, which, by the way, is one of the most interesting episodes in that sort of hunting. Our only chance was to "bounce," which was soon done, and then the little dogs went away with an ensemble, a spirit and a cry so musical as to make one forget their defects of form.

They might have been thought slow by such top sawyers as my friends Joe Voss, of the Elk Ridge, and Belmont Purdy, of the Mineola hunts, but they made up in music for what they lacked in speed, and enabled their octogenarian owner, the Chevalier, to keep way with them at a hand gallop on a sure-footed mountain pony, which he did in gallant style, but closely attended by his body servant in case of accident from his vertigo. After running on a high scent at their topmost speed for twenty minutes over a beautiful country, the pack came to a check at a crossroads where a wagon had halted, and this check, so much to be deprecated in foxhunting, was to me a source of fresh enjoyment, for it gave me an opportunity to witness the discipline of the pack and the method and judgment with which it was hunted.

"An immutable rule with me," observed the Chevalier, "with all hounds, but particularly with beagles, is, when they come to a check to keep still and silent, and interfere with them as little as possible; their instinct is more to be relied upon generally than the human judgment in the recovery of a lost trail. I never interfere unless I positively know where to hit it off."

As he was talking the little hounds were working with the industry of so many cocker spaniels in a circle, which constantly grew wider and wider, till presently a challenge was heard from the Nestor of the pack standing on the bank of a shallow brook three hundred yards off. The whole pack, without a single exception, rallied to him on the instant and went away at speed upon a burning scent. The hare had dodged through a culvert which ran under the road into a ditch on the other side, and had kept to the bottom of the ditch to where it emptied into the brook, and then ran some distance down stream, keeping to the water all the way—as cunning a device as a fox might have invented.

We had another lively gallop of thirty or more minutes, when the pack came to an "out" in some ground ploughed into deep furrows, and while the dogs were industriously questing the lost trail, puss jumped up in their very midst, and unfortunately, was snapped up and killed before she could get away on the back

track, which was doubtless her intention. Our host was annoyed at this abrupt termination of the chase.

"It is a very common stratagem with the hare," he said, "to squat until the hounds, in their eagerness, run past her; then she takes the back track and runs over her old foil to the starting point. The trick sometimes succeeds with young untrained hounds, but very seldom with mine, which are educated on the maxim of 'slow and sure.' Yes my pets are not fast, but they are fast enough for me now that I have grown old, and they can outlast the stoutest buck hare in Europe, and are bound to capture him in the end. The truth is," he continued, "even if I were young I don't think I should fancy what I am told is the English style of hunting, riding at breakneck speed after hounds that run comparatively mute, for a dog cannot run and throw his tongue while doing so. I greatly prefer a comfortable gallop to such music as my little fellows give me. But come, gentlemen, we have ample time to find another hare, which I hope, will give us a better test of the stoutness of my pack than this one has done."

While the Chevalier was talking one of his servants carefully eviscerated the hare, and, throwing the entrails to the hounds, stowed it away in a bag behind his saddle.

The dogs were cast off again to quest another hare, and we followed them at a slow pace through the most beautiful and romantic land I ever looked upon. Hills of volcanic origin and most fantastic form were scattered in all directions on the bosom of a vast plain of exuberant fertility and many of these hills, of such abrupt escarpment as to afford an easy defence, were crowned with ruins more or less imposing of the ancient strongholds of the feudal lords who ruled the country and the miserable serfs who tilled the soil.

The excitement of the chase could not silence the consciousness that these plains and hills were consecrated to all time as the theatre in which were enacted some of the most tremendous dramas in the history of the human race. These plains on which we were now engaged in a frivolous pastime had once trembled

beneath the tread of Caesar's invincible legions and been devastated by the hordes of Attila "the Scourge of God." They had resounded to the cry "Allah-il-Allah!" of the invading Saracens and furnished a battle-field for the mailed chivalry of all Europe.

I had fallen into a reverie, which such surroundings could not fail to produce, when I was suddenly aroused by a shout from one of the servants on the extreme left of our line, who had started a large buck hare, which we could plainly see going away at full speed, nearly in the direction whence we had come. The obedient pack rallied to the shout and went away in pursuit in full cry and in grand style, running in a bunch at equal speed.

Mounted as we were we could keep the fugitive in view for a considerable distance, and accustomed as I was to our diminutive three pound American hare (*lepus Virginianus*), I was astonished at the power and ease, and the speed with which that European hare covered the ground. After we had run into him, and I had calculated the distance from start to finish a full twelve miles, I became satisfied that as an object of the chase the foreign hare was fully equal to our gray fox, the rapid disappearance of which the old septuagenarian fox hunters deplore so much.

Ever since riding to beagles in Europe I have cherished the hope that our enterprising sportsmen of means, fond of riding to hounds would, as may easily be done, introduce the foreign hare into all the states east of the Mississippi; then, and not until then, we may have within easy reach of our large cities *genuine* hunting, for it will be found that the chase of a stout eight-pound hare with well-bred fifteen or sixteen-inch beagles is far better sport than running a drag in a wretched and hopeless attempt to vie with fox hunting in England.

I need not enter into the details of this last run further than to say that the doubles of this hare when we got into an extensive coppice of young wood, and the wonderful instinct with which the beagles unraveled all the intricacies of the trail, formed one of the greatest hunting treats I ever enjoyed.

In the course of this run we had a distant view of that roman-

tic old feudal town of Le Puy, with its ruined castle of Espailly and its fine cathedral perched a hundred feet in the air on the apex of a conical rock and famous for the gallant exploits of the greatest knight of his day, Du Guesclin, Constable of France, and we passed close at the back of the wonderful rock on which, perched high in air, are the grand ruins of a castle bearing the historic name of a gallant Frenchman who in after years became my comrade and friend during our civil war, and who rendered services to our cause which no Confederate can ever forget: I mean Prince Polignac.

The next morning after breakfast and an understanding with the Count that if while I remained in the Province he should succeed in marking down a wolf he was to notify me, and that I was to let nothing prevent me from joining in the hunt, I parted with the Count, the Chevalier and the young Count with as much regret as if they had been near and dear relatives.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, December 16, 1887)

CHAPTER XXXIV

How the Old Sportsman—For the nonce abandons the chase to describe some culinary triumphs of the Confederate Army while holding the line along Bull Run

IF war has its horrors, it is not without its compensations. Among the pleasantest memories of my old age are those connected with the first year of our great Civil War, when to the high-spirited youth of the South "the pomp, pride and circumstances of glorious war" had all the attractive fascinations of novelty; when we had plenty to eat, plenty to drink, plenty to wear, and more than our share of successes in the field. As yet, we had seen only the silver lining of the clouds which were to overwhelm us finally, and we did our best to live up to the comfortable precept of wise King Solomon, "Eat, drink and be merry."

We had some noted gourmets in the army which held the line of Bull Run after the first battle of Manassas. Among them I remember that rough diamond and gallant soldier, dear old Louis Cabell, a frontier veteran of the United States Army; that accomplished soldier of fortune, Bob Wheat, of the Louisiana Tigers; Colonel Walton, of the Washington Artillery; and last and least, the writer, Colonel of the 1st Virginia, Confederate States Infantry.

For the months that our army lay at Bull Run until it moved to meet McClellan, on the Peninsula, we bons-vivants and educated gourmets, next to our military duties, devoted ourselves to the "flesh pots," and in truth displayed no little ingenuity and skill in concocting culinary surprises for each other in the way of good breakfasts and succulent suppers; but we all yielded the palm in this regard to our friend, Colonel Walton: the memories of the magnificent hospitalities of the Washington Artillery's mess-table will be as enduring to those who had the good fortune to partake of them as will their splendid services to the Lost Cause. How well I remember my first meal with the

officers of that superb battalion. Beneath an immense marquée was spread a long table covered with immaculate damask, and an elegant dinner service. Not at the head, but midway the table, seated upon an immense chair looking somewhat like a throne, was the martial figure of the gallant commander of the battalion, surrounded by all the commissioned officers of his corps, in full dress—for though perfect social equality reigned in that mess, the exigencies of war were not permitted to banish from it the amenities of the dinner-table.

As long as the communications between New Orleans and Richmond were not interrupted the commissariat and table service of the N. O. Artillery excelled in abundance and luxury that of any organization in the Confederate armies, and Walton and his officers lived as well in their camp as they did at their own Spanish Fort, that Elysium of the Creole epicure. The best vintages of Europe flowed as freely at their mess-table as they did in the ante-bellum days at home, and the lovely women of the Crescent City vied with each other in forwarding to their beloved ones at the front every description of luxury within their reach.

With this grateful tribute to the gastronomic superiority of my departed friend Walton and his officers, I will now turn to the culinary contests between Wheat, Cabell, and the writer. The first striking success in which he scored a maximum of points was achieved by the accomplished Major Wheat with an entirely new dish, which he pompously called a "*cabeza de buey al ranchero,*" which was nothing more than the head of an ox, horn, hide and all baked under the ashes like a sweet potato. Dear old Father Teeling (heaven assoil him! for he was a gentleman, a scholar and a good man), my regimental chaplain, and an intimate friend of both Wheat and myself, informed me one day that the Major was to surprise us with an ox-head for breakfast, cooked after the fashion of the Mexican rancheros, and advised me to go over and witness the process. Ever willing to increase my culinary knowledge, I mounted my horse and cantered over to the camp of the Tigers

and told Wheat what I had come for. With a mild objurgation at the Father's indiscretion in letting out his secret, he pointed out in a corner of his tent the freshly severed head of a large ox, which had been so cut from the carcass as to leave adhering to it a flap of the skin which was neatly skewered over the raw part of the neck. He then led me a few steps to the rear of his quarters and showed me what looked like a miniature volcano in full activity. It was a circular well-like hole in the ground filled with blazing logs and superintended by a grinning creole darkey, who, as he now and then tossed in a log, suggested to the fancy one of Satan's imps preparing a warm reception for those unrepentant Comstockian hypocrites who would condemn the divinest conceptions of art on the score of indecency. The fire, the Major informed me, was to be kept in full blast for several hours longer; in fact until tattoo was sounded when it would be suffered to burn itself out. Then the ox head, just as I had seen it, was to be thrown in and the pit filled up, and so the head was to remain until morning, when it would be taken out and dressed for the table, and if I wished to witness this latter process all I had to do was to come over immediately after guard-mounting on the morrow. Of course I did not fail to be on time, and I was greatly and most agreeably surprised at the result.

The head, when dug up and brought into the tent covered with ashes and dirt, was, I think, about as repulsive an object as my eyes ever beheld, but giving out a most appetizing odor. The dirt and ashes were brushed off and the skin and horns speedily and skillfully removed, and lo' a metamorphosis occurred like that of a repulsive caterpillar when it escapes from the chrysalis in the shape of a gaily colored butterfly. We had before us a dish as grateful to the eye as it was to the nostrils, and one which might have tempted the sternest anchorite to break his vows.

This dish was not only a gastronomic triumph for our host, but it was a novelty to us all, of far deeper interest than the discovery of a new planet, and we paid the Major the sincerest of all compliments by devouring the whole and sighing for more.

It was several weeks before I could match this successful breakfast of my friend Wheat, but the opportunity came at last. It was about the first week in October, when the counties of Fauquier and Prince William, then held by the Confederate forces, were visited by a flight of small birds such as I had never observed before. They were about the size of an English sparrow which, correctly or not, I cannot say, were called sky-larks. In number they rivaled the miraculous flight of quail that fed Moses and his host, and in fat and flavor they rivaled the reed-birds served by Bob Rennert of Baltimore.

The thought was ever present with me when I watched the prodigous flights of these little strangers, that if I could only secure a few dozen of them and serve them on my table, each stuffed with a plump York River oyster, I might, at least, equal the oxhead triumph of my friend, Major Wheat.

It was an easy matter, through that prince of sutlers, Hitchcock of New Orleans, to procure all the oysters I might need, for the beds of those delicious bivalves on the James, the York and the Rappahannock were still open to us, but how to get the birds was the difficulty. True, I had my double gun with me, and even a fine retriever, presented by my friend, Johannes Cygnus. But the gun was useless for want of the proper ammunition, and the functions of the dog were simply to keep my feet warm when I turned in at night. There was not a shot-tower within the Confederate States, and most of the bird shot we had in possession at the outbreak of the war had been remolded into rifle and musket balls, so that bird-shot were as scarce as hen's-teeth, and not to be had for love nor money. One day when I was racking my brain for a substitute for No. 8 shot a couple of bright little Richmond boys, great pets of mine, belonging to the drum-corps of my regiment, came to borrow my shotgun, promising if I would lend it to them and give them an order on the ordnance sergeant for a few dozen ball-cartridges, they would keep my table supplied with these flock birds. I closed with the proposition, gave them the gun and an order for the cartridges, and to my great surprise they brought me next day

six bunches, a dozen each, of the much-coveted birds. They had hammered the musket balls taken from the cartridges into thin sheets; these, with the aid of a case-knife and mallet, they had cut into minute cubes, which were rolled between hard wood boards into a shape tolerably spherical. How many of the birds they kept for themselves over and above the six dozen reserved for me I never inquired, but they left me very well satisfied, not only with an order for an additional supply of cartridges but with one to their pompous old drum-major, Señor Pauley, to allow them all the liberty possible consistent with the proper performance of their duties in the band. The little rogues, I afterward learned, gave themselves great airs and boasted everywhere that in consequence of their superior skill as sportsmen they had been specially detailed to supply the Colonel's table with game.

As soon as I had secured the birds I sent an orderly for my friend Hitchcock to come over and consult with me upon the preparation of a supper which was to eclipse the oxhead breakfast. "Hitch," as his familiars called him, had fortunately that very day received a supply of prime York River oysters; he not only entered heartily into my feelings, but promised me the services of his French darkey, who passed at New Orleans for a *cordon-bleu*.

To cut my story short, my supper that night was a great culinary triumph, and Wheat himself confessed with an honest frankness, inspired by his third tumbler, that my *ortolans en caisse* exceeded his *cabeza de buey*, because more delicate and refined.

My guests were all curious to know how I got the birds, but their curiosity was not gratified, for there are some secrets which gourmets and sportsmen, when they are wise, keep to themselves. Glorious old Louis Cabell, whose hospitalities were boundless, never achieved such brilliant culinary triumphs as Major Wheat and the Colonel of the First Virginia, but he did once, through his power and experience as chief quartermaster to Beauregard's army, get hold of a barrel of old and genuine

Baumgartner whiskey, and at one of his many entertainments a bowl of apple toddy brewed from that delectable liquor did secure for him what the French call *un success d'estime,* but nothing more.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, December 23, 1887)

CHAPTER XXXV

How the Old Sportsman—Discusses the relative merits of the Pointer and the Setter in the field

TEN days since, I rode out to the low grounds of North River, where it empties into the James in Rockbridge County, Virginia, to witness the performance of two very superior dogs, the one a pointer and the other a setter, belonging to an ancient comrade of mine, an obstinate old unreconstructed "Confed." who will insist upon it that the *Perdix Virginianus* of Wilson and Audubon is a partridge, and not a quail, as it is called on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line.

After a careful perusal of your very lucid report of the recent field trial in North Carolina, I have come to the conclusion that these two dogs I went out to shoot over, unknown to fame as they are, are at least the peers of the best that ran there, if it were simply for the reason that they are country-bred, and have never been subjected to the chain or other confinement since they were whelped.

The pointer, though as thoroughly bred as the best horse that ever ran upon the turf (the strain I allude to above) has none of the recently-imported blood to boast of; he is of the home-bred, old-fashioned, liver-and-white thick-skinned variety, such as were imported from England years and years ago when the setter was yet a curiosity in the land. He has not the bounding, grand, stylish appearance of the modern blue-bloods bred by my friend Munson, of St. Louis, nor of the Dexter strain in the McMurdo kennels near Charlottesville, Virginia, nor is he quite as fast, but I will venture to say he has speed enough to find as many birds in a day and *more in a week* than the best of them. I have seen in my day both bird-dogs and foxhounds that were too fast. My friend's setter, "Modoc," is a magnificent dog of the Llewellyn stock, handsomer, I think, than were Raymond's "Laverack," "Pride of the Border," or Bryson's famous "Gladstone," when I saw them in their prime some years ago;

and from what I am told of Modoc and what I have seen of him myself, I should say he is as good in the field as he is handsome to look at.

When the dogs were thrown off they both went to work quartering their ground in very pretty style, finding, backing, retrieving and dropping to shot in a way to insure from competent judges a maximum score on all these points. At first the setter had decidedly the foot of his short-haired competitor, but he did not retain this advantage for more than thirty minutes, and at the end of a couple of hours, when we called the dogs to heel while we ate our lunch, the cause of the setter's slacking up in speed was obvious. The magnificent animal which had dashed joyously into the field as if conscious of his power, and the beauty of his silky flag and feathered legs and quarters, was now a pitiable object to look upon. He reminded me of the picture of the pet poll who had had "a h—l of a time" with the monkey. He had lost all the regal beauty of his high lineage, he was handicapped, literally weighted down, with those inevitable pests of our low grounds, the cockle-burrs, the Spanish needles, and the "beggars'-lice;" his beautiful silky ears, no longer gracefully pendulous, were stiffened all out of shape and his once proud flag dropped like that of a beaten fox beneath the accumulation of these pestilent burrs, needles and lice.

The dog had not ranged for nearly twenty minutes, when he would suddenly stop in mid-career and lie down and attempt, but in vain, to rid himself of these prickly nuisances which infest our low grounds, where, in the latter part of the season, we find our best shooting.

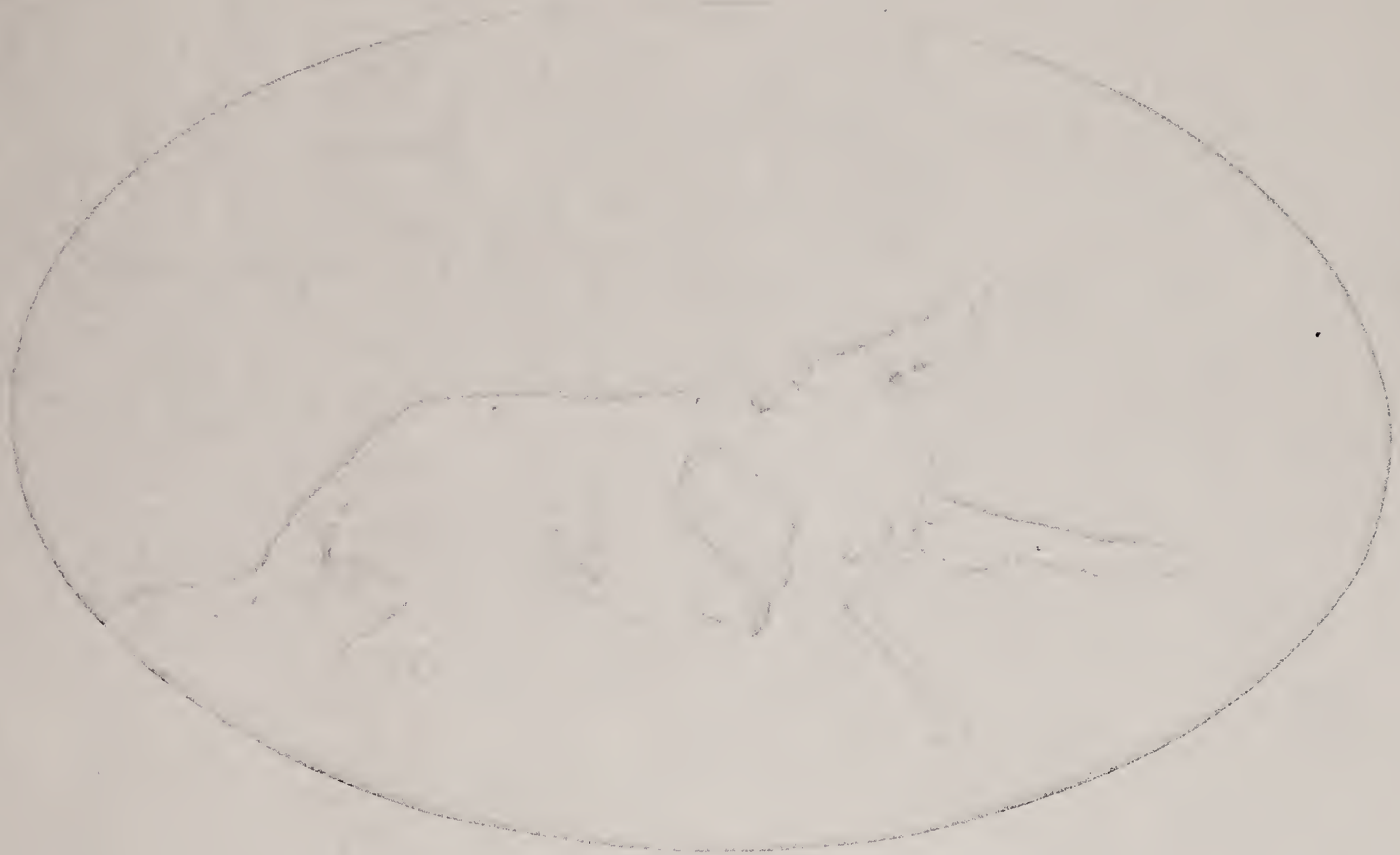
From the time when I was first intrusted with a gun I have owned both setters and pointers, with a decided partiality for the former because, probably, of their greater beauty, but I doubt whether I ever until now thought of comparing their relative qualities. While doing so in this instance, I bethought me of a very clever editorial in your issue of November 11, advocating the establishment of pointer clubs as a means of reviving a waning interest in a valuable breed of dogs, which for down-

right practical work, many old-time knights of the trigger, like myself, believe to be fully equal if not superior to the setter. In reviewing calmly the relative merits of the two breeds, they will be found so equally balanced as to make it impossible to give a valid reason for preferring one to the other, and we are induced to attribute the present popularity of the setter to the dictates of that fickle goddess Fashion, which compels the Indian squaw to put a ring in her nose and the society belle to emulate the female Hottentot by wearing a preposterous bustle.

In my boyhood, considerably more than half a century ago, partridge shooting, as we call it in the South, was a sport confined to the landed gentry and their guests from the cities, and they generally took the field mounted on horseback, equipped with double or single barreled, flint-lock guns, made by Manton, Nock & Egg, of London. They were accompanied by pointers —setters very, very rarely; and yet by reference to the earlier volumes of the old *American Farmer* (the pioneer of the agricultural press of this continent, and the very first American periodical to devote a portion of its paper exclusively to field sports) it will be found that the gentlemen of that day did as good shooting and made as heavy bags over their pointers with their flint-lock guns as we do now with our blue-blooded setters and our exquisite Parker and Davis hammerless guns loaded with smokeless Von Lengerke powder, or the faultless fixed ammunition of the Atlantic Ammunition, the U. M. C., or the United States Cartridge companies!

Without caring to enter into any detailed comparison of setters and pointers, pleasant memories of the great sport I have enjoyed in shooting over the latter impel me to "back" the strong "point" in your clever editorial in favor of the establishment of Pointer Clubs, and to request that you will publish the following extract from a rare English work printed in London sixty-seven years ago, going to show the estimation in which pointers were held at that date:

"In a country like ours, high qualifications will ever command a high price, a thing perfectly in the natural course. An eminent example of this was the sale of Colonel Thornton's pointer Dash,



PRIDE OF THE BORDER

PLUTO AND JUNO

Celebrated pointers, the property of Colonel Thornton. Mr. Sawrey Gilpin took the sketch from which this picture was painted while the brace were on point, which they kept for an hour and a quarter. Pluto combined the attributes of a good pointer with a reputation of being a good follower of the deer, being instrumental in the taking of many deer after exceptional long chases.

which had in him a close cross of the fox-hound, to the late Sir Richard Symons, for £160 worth of champagne and Burgundy, purchased at the sale of the French Ambassador; one hogshead of claret; an elegant gun, and another pointer, with the condition annexed that, in case of any accident befalling the dog, rendering him unfit for service, he should be returned to the seller at the price of fifty guineas. This finally happened; Dash accidentally breaking his leg, was returned to his former master, who considered him in that state a great acquisition as a stallion. Dash was the Eclipse of his pointers; his nature was so superior and his scent so fine, that without any necessity of quartering or hunting over his ground, he was in the constant habit of marching directly up to his birds. He was, besides, wonderfully steady in backing other dogs. As a proof, too, of the high perfection of training of which the pointer is susceptible in able hands, Pluto and Juno, the property of Colonel Thornton, were sketched in the field for portraits, whilst pointing, by the late Mr. Gilpin, both of them steadily keeping their point for upwards of an hour and a quarter, until the sketches were finished."

The above description of Colonel Thornton's pointer "Dash" would apply in every particular to a dog owned many years ago by my late friend Thomas N. Morris. This Morris dog was the best in the field I ever saw and so much like a fox-hound as to be often mistaken for one. These two dogs go far to corroborate the theory that the modern pointer is the result of a cross of the fox-hound on the old Spanish pointer.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, January 20, 1888)

CHAPTER XXXVI

How the Old Sportsman—Tells of his love for two hounds, his hope of meeting them again in the Happy Hunting Grounds, writes with beauty and sympathy of "Milburn," and of a fox chase through dense fog

IN our dear "Ellen Alice's" charming, but, alas! too brief sketches of Southern life, nothing so aroused my sympathies as her kindly allusions to Uncle Hurricane's dogs, and above all, her affectionate tribute to the old hound "Tralee." With such an example before me, I will venture to record here my own affectionate remembrances of certain canine companions, who, though long since beneath the sod, are yet alive in my heart and memory.

I have long been of opinion that dogs have in a greater or less degree a moral as well as a physical individuality, and I cannot bring myself to deny to some that I have known reasoning powers certainly equal to some of our fellow citizens who are not classed among idiots, and whose casting vote may decide the fate of a great political party or even the destinies of a great nation.

Granting, as many sportsmen will readily do, reasoning power to the canine race, does it not follow that we must grant it also a future existence? In all candor, I must confess that I cannot bring myself to answer this pregnant question with a decided no! and I take refuge in the cautious non-committal answer of the Spaniard *quien sabe?*

As long as it continues to pulsate there will be a warm corner in my heart for four or five dogs which have long preceded me to the happy hunting-grounds, where I hope some day to meet them; two of these were hounds and two were setters.

When, as far back as 1837, I lived in that delightful Arcadia of the South, the Maryland settlement of Mississippi, where, though a stranger, I was received with open arms as a beloved and long-lost brother would have been, I had as a near neigh-

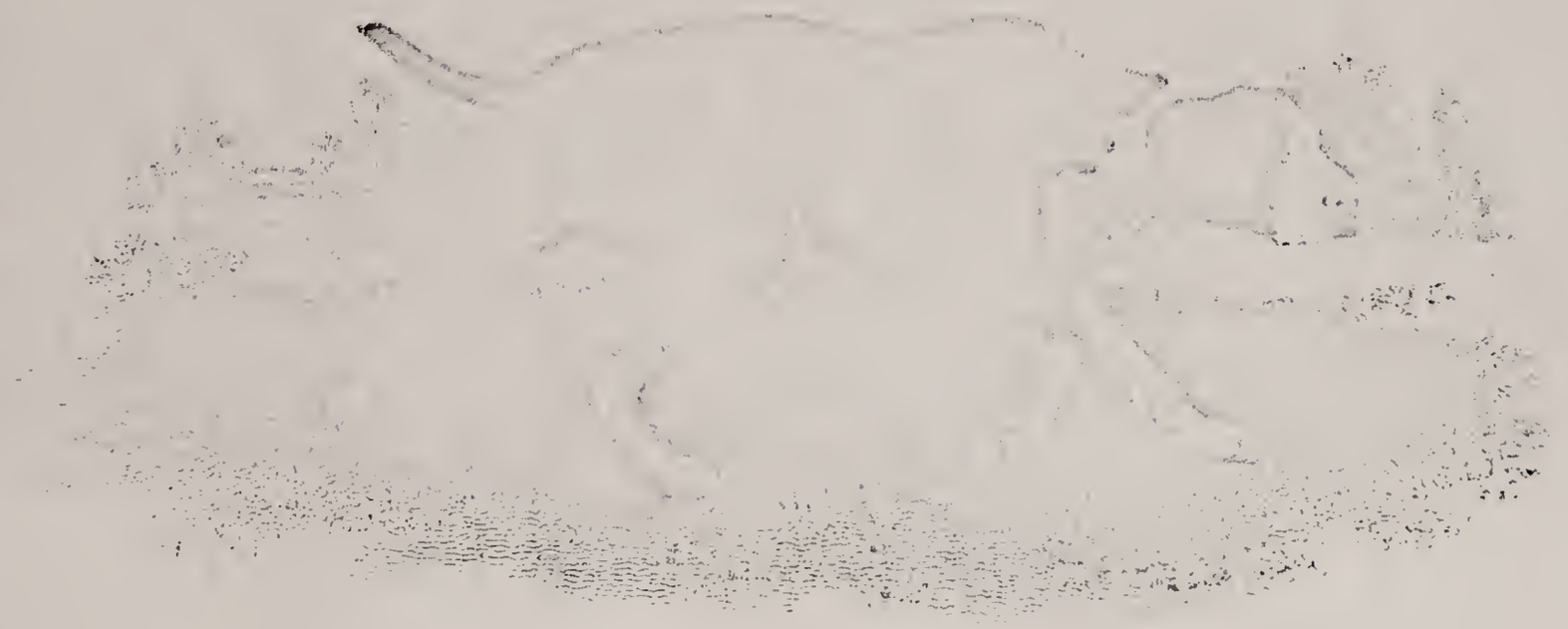
bor on Coles Creek, Mr. Filmer Green, a large planter, whose heart was as big as his plantation, and who like his venerable father-in-law Colonel James Wood, the patriarch of our settlement, cared more for home comforts and the exercise of the rites of hospitality than he did for driving his slaves in the cotton field. My friend's ruling passion was the chase, and it was a sight not to be forgotten to see him riding to cover mounted on his powerful black horse, and attended by his faithful henchman, Old Mose, a gigantic negro, who rode a raw-boned mule, and whose whoop to the dogs could be heard clear across the Mississippi.

Near neighborhood, congenial tastes and the ownership of a few choice hounds brought with me from Maryland, of course brought about a close intimacy between Mr. Green and myself, and we naturally became hunting chums, working our joint packs together. I soon got to know my friend's hounds and their individual peculiarities as well as I did my own, and among his was one called "Milburn," held by me even to this day in affectionate, and I might say, respectful remembrance. "Milburn's" coat was a solid mahogany-red with black points, he was delicately formed, light of limb and with a tail, ears and voice which showed a remote pointer cross. Unfortunately he had a broken, shrunken shoulder and could only run upon three legs, and yet a marvelously acute nose and intelligence almost human made him by far the most useful dog in the combined packs. He could take up a cold trail, too stale to be detected by any other dog, and he would follow it through all its intricate windings until it became warm enough for his companions to acknowledge it; after getting them fairly started, conscious that his infirmity would prevent his keeping pace with them, the poor fellow would abandon the trail and return to the horsemen a very picture of sad dejection, for to him the sport of the day was over, not for him was the intoxicating scent of the fleeting fox, the exhilirating cry of the eager hounds nor the mad contention for the lead. I alone of all the field compassioned his misfortune, and I believe he knew it, for it was always

to my horse he came and there he would remain until the chase was over, unless perchance the hounds in their excitement would overrun the trail and come to an out, when most of them would throw up their heads until poor crippled "Milburn" would set them right again, and this he never failed to do in a very few minutes. But when they finally pulled down their fox "Milburn" would stand gravely aloof and never join the mob in worrying the carcass; a most extraordinary trait in any dog, but almost incredible in a hound.

"Milburn" had certain characteristics, and a certain personal dignity, more distinctly marked than in many a "featherless biped" I have known. For instance, without being ill-tempered, he had not a single familiar among all his kennel companions, and yet he was treated with great deference by them all. At feeding time he never evinced in the slightest degree that hungry voracity so characteristic of his breed, and he always, like a fastidious aristocrat, made his bed apart from his fellows. To me this dog, with his strange peculiarities, was a most interesting study, and in an odd freak of imagination I applied to him the Hindoo doctrine of metempsychosis and fancied he was animated by the soul of some gentle aristocrat, accomplishing his alloted number of transmigrations on his way to final absorption in Vishnu.

I am free to say that I have met with a few other dogs that have excited the same fancy. Among them was another hound, but of the gentler sex, a friend and companion of "Milburn." She was the beauty and the queen of the united packs and responded to the name "Thisbe." She was of imported Irish stock, bred in Calvert County, Maryland, and presented to me by my late friend Mr. James Sollers, who departed for the happy hunting-grounds many years since. "Thisbe" was the most beautiful creature of her species I ever saw, and if the term lady may, without irreverence, be applied to a canine, she certainly was entitled to it, for to the beauty of the Medicean Venus she added the speed of Atlanta and the enchanting voice of a siren. She possessed all the good and not one of the objec-



SPANISH POINTER.

THE SPANISH POINTER

From the original painting by George Stubbs. The property of the late Louis Lee Haggin

tionable qualities; and, in a word, was a perfect hound. She was as cleanly in her person as a *petite maitresse,* and in her bright and glossy white, black and tan coat she was always in condition to win the richest prizes of the bench show. She was as exclusive and aristocratic as "Milburn," and like him was treated with marked deference by the joint packs over which she reigned as their legitimate Queen. I have never listened to a tongue so musical as hers, and I have never seen the hound that could, while keeping true to the line, compare with her in speed: and what is truly remarkable is, that while she could run away from the pack with the utmost ease, she was ever content to maintain a lead of not more than twenty yards. But the climax of all her good qualities was her loving nature; no spaniel was ever more companionable or more affectionate. Might not such a creature be animated by the transmigrating soul of some gentle lady? *"Quien sabe?"*

The last time I ever hunted with "Milburn" and "Thisbe" was during the Christmas holidays of 1840. All the riding men of the Maryland Settlement and not a few of their guests from Natchez were assembled at sunrise near Church Hill, but we did not see old Sol as he climbed the East, for a dense fog lay upon the earth, so dense that the rider could scarcely see the ears of his horse. We waited for it to lift and consoled ourselves for the delay by repeated draughts from a capacious bowl of egg-nog furnished by the Thompson Brothers, the storekeepers of the Hill, and brewed by old Steele, a tide-water man, brought from Maryland by Colonel Wood; but the fog still clinging to us the draughts on the bowl were so often repeated that patience gave way, and every man on the ground was ready to ride to the devil, if the chase should lead him there. Finally, Filmer Green, the master of the hounds, exclaiming that fog or no fog his hounds could kill a fox, even if they were blindfolded, plunged into the mist, followed by his henchman, Mose, and all the dogs, leaving us no option but to follow.

That section of Mississippi had fortunately not been invaded by red foxes, nor had any one been so unwise as to import them,

as was done about Nashville, so that the native grays, which give so much better sport, were so numerous in the settlement that with favorable weather and a fair pack a blank day was unknown. Instead of drawing any particlar cover for our game, our practice was to ride at a slow pace straight before us over the country across the wind, and in this way we rarely failed to pick up a trail. On this occasion, after riding at a walk for nearly an hour through the mist which seemed to be each moment growing more and more dense and opaque, we found ourselves in a pasture field of Colonel Wood. We had all gathered on a knoll and were deliberating in great disappointment on what was next to be done, when suddenly our suspense was ended; from the far distance, deeply buried in the fog, came up as a voice from the wilderness, the sharp peculiar cry of lame "Milburn;" men, horses and dogs were instantly galvanized into life and motion. At a shout from old Mose that might have been heard across the Father of Waters, the hounds tore away and disappeared in the mist in obedience to a summons which never yet had deceived them and which they had learned to obey. Presently the fullness of their chorus announced they were on a burning scent and that the fox could not be far off. The riders with difficulty restrained their impatient horses until they could ascertain the direction the chase would be likely to take, and before we moved poor lame "Milburn" came up and casting on me a look of sad resignation took his accustomed place by the side of my horse.

Fortunately, there was no occasion for hard riding, for in the obscurity in which we were enveloped as in a pall, it would have been dangerous, if not impossible. Our fox, as all grays do, ran in circles, and for an hour doubled around that field, but the hounds were never quite out of hearing. By moving a short distance, in one direction or another, we contrived now and then to get a dim view of the chase. Once the fog lifted a few feet and hung like a ragged white cloud upon a ridge not far off, when we got a view of Reynard loping at his ease along its crest a few hundred yards in advance of the hounds.

Seen through the misty atmosphere the whole chase seemed to be magnified into unnatural proportions and suggested to the fancy a phantom fox pursued by phantom hounds! The cry as it receded from us would gradually die away into the sweetest melody, and then, when the fox in his doubles would draw near, the crescendo would begin and the chorus from the invisible pack would grow and swell and roar and shake the still air like the passage of a tornado; it was the rolling of thunder, set to music! It was a novel and a weird sensation to us all, this headlong chase through the visible darkness.

The dogs came to a check but once, when "Milburn," going to their assistance, soon recovered the lost trail, and they were off again. In a few minutes a dead silence fell upon the field, and we knew that our quarry had either treed or gone to earth. In the semi-darkness we were in doubt as to the direction; but only for a moment, for guided by the tremendous blasts from the great ox-horn of the sable Boanerges, old Mose, which came crashing through the murky air like the crack of doom, we found the hounds. They were all squatted around an isolated tree on the edge of a wood, and there, seated at his ease on a projcting limb twenty feet above them was Master Reynard. What puzzled me then, as now, is to know how he got there, for the bole of the tree was smooth and straight as a Doric column and full fifteen feet to the nearest limb.

The question now was how to come at the fox, for the tree was not easy to climb; but Bob Dixon, a middle-aged bachelor, who made by turns every house in the settlement his home and who was welcome everywhere on account of his amiability and quaint eccentricities, volunteered to "do the trick." And now an accident happened which was near giving a tragical ending to our sport. Master Bob, instead of tackling the tree, preferred to climb a stout grapevine which hung from the limb on which was the fox, nearly to the ground, and parallel with the tree trunk. He ascended with great ease until near enough to reach his prey, and was in the act of seizing it when the vine gave way and down the poor fellow came, and as he

touched the ground he was buried beneath the mass of eager hounds, who in their blind excitement gave him many a nip before they discovered their mistake; indeed he might have been injured beyond recovery but for our presence and active aid. As it was, he received a severe bite in that part of his person usually concealed by the tails of the coat, and was shy of the saddle for many days. Fortunately, Colonel Wood's house, where we passed the remainder of the day, was close by, and we soon had our unlucky comrade's wounds dressed. He insisted that the bite of a dog should be treated like that of a rattlesnake with plenty of whisky inwardly applied, and in a short time had forgotten his hurts and was "o'er all the ills of life victorious."

That night on my return home I found a letter announcing a financial disaster which, though I was in no wise responsible, ruined my prospects as a cotton-planter and changed the whole subsequent tenor of my life. I was compelled to return immediately to Maryland, and as I rode through the settlement to take leave of my dear friends, not the least bitter of my pangs was the parting with two hounds; need I say, the one was the cripple "Milburn," and the other my beautiful "Thisbe," the pride of my heart as a young foxhunter.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, February 3, 1888)

CHAPTER XXXVII

How the Old Sportsman—Describes a Donkey and Dog concert; how a Bedouin shot quail on the Mediterranean Shore, and the writer contrived a substitute for field dogs

WHILE I have but little faith in the hackneyed maxim of the French philosophers, that "All things come to those who know how to wait," yet I have had in my own experience a rather striking instance of its truth.

When a boy not yet in my teens I was so much impressed with a description of the Battle of the Pyramids and the great Napoleon's reminder to his troops that, "from the summits of those hoary monuments forty centuries are looking down upon your deeds," that I then and there registered a vow: sooner or later, before I died, I, too, would stand beneath the shadow of those stupendous works which had been gazed upon in wondering awe by the patriarchs of God's chosen people, and by such demi-gods as Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon.

I never lost sight of that vow. I waited, and in 1869 it was accomplished. In that year two men, riding in a viceregal equipage and escorted by a mounted guard of honor, drove out to Gizeh and together penetrated the interior and climbed to the lofty summit of that greatest wonder of the world, the Pyramid of Cheops! One of these men, the writer, was a defeated Confederate of broken fortunes; and the other was the Honorable William H. Seward, with all the honors and laurels of victory fresh upon him!

Not the least pleasurable of my anticipation on visiting the Land of the Pharaoh's was the shooting. I expected, as a matter of course, to find on the marshes and arable lands, all the migratory game birds of Europe, swarming as thick as blackbirds on our rice plantations at the South; but, alas! I had not been in the country a week before I was convinced that such shooting as we have at home was out of the question, because of the impossibility of procuring trained dogs. I had also more

thoroughly impressed on me than ever the fact that most of the pleasure of the true non-pot hunting sportsmen in field shooting was due as much or more to the performance of his dogs than to his own skill as a shot. In Egypt he cannot shoot over dogs for the reason that if they escape the perils of acclimation, they will certainly be not only killed, but devoured, by the countless hordes of wolf-like curs which infest all Mohammedan countries.

An odd peculiarity with the followers of the Prophet is, that while they dread the slightest contact with the dog as contagion, and hold them to be the pariahs of the brute creation, they are never known either to own or to destroy one, and the canines are suffered to increase and multiply without limit; as do the pestilent English sparrows in our own country. And as for field sports, a few pot-hunters for the market are the only Egyptians I ever saw indulge in them.

For some time after my arrival in Egypt I considered the dogs—until I got used to them—the chief nuisance of the country. On landing at Alexandria I lodged at the P. & O. Hotel, an excellent caravansary in the great square of the town. The fare was excellent, abundant and cheap, and the beds all that could be desired, and yet for the first few nights, until I got accustomed to it, from the going down of the sun to the rising thereof I fancied myself in a pandemonium, for what with the braying and howling of innumerable donkeys and dogs I could get no sleep. Every house in Alexandria harbors an ass, and each quarter of the town its own battalion of dogs. On the day of my arrival I had retired at an early hour, fatigued with sight-seeing and overcome with drowsiness, and I was just dropping off to sleep when I was suddenly startled into wakefulness by the most unearthly and hideous noise that ever shocked a human ear. A donkey, stowed away somewhere in the lower regions of our hotel, suddenly lifted up his voice in a bray that made the very timbers of the house tremble and the windows rattle, as if in a high wind. Immediately he was responded to by what, to my startled senses, appeared to be ten thousand

other donkeys scattered over the town, and that was the overture to a jackass opera that would have awakened the mummies of the ancient Egyptians had they not been used to it. This asinine concert gradually died away at the end of a quarter of an hour, and silence reigned once more. Finding it was not an earthquake, as I had at first supposed, my nerves quieted down, and I again sought the land of Nod, to be again aroused by another uproar, caused by the barking and howling, snarling and fighting of twenty thousand dogs—more or less. The canine battalions of the different quarters of the town had joined in battle, and the military patrol, not daring or caring to interfere, the engagement continued for an hour or more with a din and uproar which exceeded that of the donkeys.

Three times in the night I was thus aroused either by the asses or the dogs, and the next morning at breakfast, when complaining of it, I was told that the donkeys took the place of cabs, and could not be dispensed with, nor could the dogs be, for they filled the useful and honorable functions of a sanitary board and were the only scavengers known to the country. In time I got accustomed to all this, and, indeed, I became quite partial to the little donkeys and their merry drivers as a cheap and pleasant means of locomotion through the tortuous streets too narrow for wheeled vehicles.

I had the happiness to find several of my old Confederate comrades quartered at my hotel, all officers in the Egyptian army or navy. Among them were Generals Loring, Reynolds and Sibley; Colonels Jenifer and Rhett; Kennon, Mason and Ward of the Navy, and two or three others. These gentlemen made me at home in the place and acquainted with all the foreigners of the different nationalities worth knowing. I was introduced to the Alexandria Gun Club and attended a few of its meetings, not with a view of participating in the sport—for shooting pigeons from traps is distasteful to me—but to get all the information I could about the field shooting of the country. I observed one thing about the arrangements of this club which interested me greatly. Mr. Stanley, an English gentle-

man and an active member of the club, proposed to me one day after lunch to drive out to the club grounds, not to shoot, but to see the pigeons fly. Curious to know how the birds could be flown without being lost, of course I accepted, and was glad I did, for I witnessed a peculiarity in the habits of our domesticated pigeon entirely new to me.

On the grounds, but full half-a-mile from the traps, was an immense cage, some fifteen feet by twenty, built of the common bamboo, in which were five hundred pigeons in charge of an Arab keeper. On our arrival, to my astonishment, Mr. Stanley ordered the man to throw open the door and let the birds out. He did so, and the prisoners went forth with a rush and commenced circling around the cage in a compact mass, the circles extending wider and wider as they flew, until they were so far off as to resemble a cloud glittering in the sunlight, but were never quite out of sight. Meanwhile the man entered the cage with a shovel, scraped up the litter and deposited it carefully, as if it were something precious, into one of many barrels standing against the wall. This done he replenished the water troughs and scattered a quantity of barley and wheat screenings over the clean floor; then stepping out he commenced blowing an exceedingly shrill whistle. Immediately the flying cloud of birds grew nearer, not in a direct line, but by gradually restricting the circles in which they flew, until at last they all entered the cage, leaving not a single deserter behind! The flight, I was told, was repeated at regular hours twice a day and to me it was much more interesting than shooting the birds at the trap.

Upon inquiry I found I might get any amount of quail, snipe and wild-fowl shooting at a short distance in the interior, but that in the absence of a dog I would have to find, flush and retrieve the game myself; this was rather a damper but still I was determined to make a trial. I had, however, to wait a month or six weeks until the migration commenced. In the meantime, I determined to try the fishing and go for the famous red mullet of Alexandria Bay, so greatly esteemed by

those grand old gourmets of ancient Rome. I found a couple of tolerably clean Maltese fishermen, who for a moderate consideration took me with them for a day, but they fished with the floating trot line of immense length and all they had to do was to follow this line from hook to hook, back and forth, and take off such fish as were hooked—and these were few and far between. This was not only exceedingly monotonous but it was the very quintessence of pot-hunting, it did not suit the angler who had drawn in his day a ten-pound striped bass from that "hell of waters" beneath the Falls of the Potomac.

That trial ended my fishing experiences in Egypt. It was late in November when I saw my first quail. I had been staying for some time with my friend McGrace, an English gentleman who had established himself at the village of Ramleh, some five or six miles by rail from Alexandria, and lived there in that perfect comfort of which the English gentry alone seem to possess the secret. It was my habit to rise with the sun, to wrap myself in the folds of a sheet, without other covering, and indulge in a swim in the blue waters of the Mediterranean which penetrated by a miniature land-locked bay to within a few yards of the house. After bathing it was my custom to stroll along the bluff overlooking the azure sea and the domes and minarets of Alexandria, which on that flat shore seemed like a magic city floating on the waters.

One morning while sitting on an over-turned column enjoying the pleasant coolness of my airy costume, and trying in imagination to reconstruct and repeople the yet imposing ruins of Caesar's camp not far off, a tall Bedouin appeared upon the scene. His picturesque and flowing costume seemed to add to his height, and his walk and all of his motions were the very ideal of dignified grace. He glided by me with a gracious salaam and took up his position on the very verge of the bluff, brought his long firelock to an order and raising his hand to shade his eyes gazed intently out to sea. Presently, facing to the right and taking half-a-dozen steps he slowly raised the gun to his shoulder; there was a flash and whizzing in the pan and the ancient weapon exploded with a thunderous report.

While I was wondering what he shot at, for I could see nothing, the son of Ishmael walked deliberately and slowly some forty yards away and picked up a small bird. To my look of inquiry the majestic sportsman handed me a quail precisely of the variety imported into this country some years ago from Messina.

On expressing my wonder as well as I could by words and gestures, his only reply was in one word, *tallé* (come here); he resumed his station on the edge of the bluff while I took a place by his side, and shading my eyes gazed as he did straight to sea. "Look!" he exclaimed, pointing with his finger. Then I made out what appeared to be a mere black speck no bigger than a bumble bee, as yet too remote to make out its nature, but its approach was so rapid that it appeared to expand preternaturally and threatened to grow into a bird of enormous size like the roc of the "Arabian Nights." No sooner had it crossed the beach than it fell, as if suddenly paralyzed, sloping to the ground, about fifty yards away, where to my unpracticed eye it was totally invisible. Then there was a repetition of the whizz-bang of the ancient fusee and the bird was brought to bag. The Bedouin soon had half-a-dozen quail, which he gladly gave me for a franc. We had them for breakfast that morning, but their long flight had rendered them lean, tough and tasteless. My host told me that had they been spared, they would have sought the stubbles and lucernes of the interior, and in ten days would have waxed fat and juicy and in every way worthy of their ancient gastronomic renown.

That same day, about an hour before sundown, I went again to the bluff to watch the incoming of the quail and contrary to my expectations their flights were not in clouds, as described in the exodus; they came in like bees to the hive, singly or in pairs, and in small clumps. Seeing them drop, apparently utterly exhausted, I undertook to gather them in by hand, but if their wings were tired I soon found their legs were not, for they easily got away.

I now had a strong desire to get into the interior of the country, where as my friend had told me I would find the birds

numerous and in good condition. This was not easy from the scarcity of lodgings away from the towns; but fortunately an opportunity offered. Tawill, a well-bred and educated young fellow, the dragoman of our Consulate, was a landed proprietor, and was going out to his estate, some thirty miles by rail from Alexandria, to collect his rents. He was to remain several days and I was glad to accept his invitation to join him, though he warned me our accommodations would be of the rudest kind. He provided me with a gun and ammunition, but a dog was not to be had, and I had to devise a substitute.

I picked out from the fellah children which swarmed in Tawill's mud-built hamlet, three bright little Arab boys whose kitten-like activity was not in the least impeded by superfluous clothing, for a short and ragged shirt apiece was all the covering they could boast of. I then got out from the store room a lot of plow-lines which, spliced together, made me a rope some fifty yards long. Putting a boy at each end I made them stretch and drag it over the ground, while I, taking a central position a few paces in the rear, followed on, attended by a bright little fellow named Hassanas as a retriever. My contrivance was a success; the more so as I confined my beat to the fields of lucerne, then about four inches high, over which the rope slid smoothly without impediment. The birds laid like stones and nothing but the very near approach or actual contact with the dragging rope could induce them to take wing.

I was not forty yards from the village and in full view of the inhabitants, who had crowded out to witness what to them was a miracle—the killing of birds in the air! When I got my first shot, and as the birds fell—clean killed—the wonder and shouts of "Allah!! il Allah!!" of the spectators was indescribable, and I was immediately set down as a magician. My little Arab assistants were in ecstacies, and testified their delight by a series of somersaults in defiance of all law of modest decency. My biped retriever rivaled the best spaniel. Darting forth with the speed of an arrow he nearly clutched his quarry before it touched the ground. I proceeded in this way for nearly three

hours, the birds always rising singly or in twos and threes, but never in bevies. As to condition they were nearly as fat as ortolans. I returned to the house with a full bag. I was equally as successful on the two following days, and then I had enough. In spite of the success of my contrivance, my rope, my Arab beater and my biped retriever, I could not but regret the absence of my faithful old "Punch," and I came to the conclusion that, while in Egypt I might find more game, in Piedmont, Virginia, I got better sport.

F. G. S.

THOMAS HITCHCOCK, MASTER OF MEADOWBROOK — 1887

THOMAS HITCHCOCK

Master of the Meadowbrook Hounds — 1887

Mounted on the Chestnut Thoroughbred — Windbeam

Champion Hunter — Madison Square Garden — 1887

From the painting at Broad Hollow by an English artist, Townshend, who was sojourneying in America at the time

The Meadowbrook was a drag pack at that time and Mr. Hitchcock told me that in a run from the neighborhood of the "Alty" Morgan place the drag was laid over towards the Glen Cove road where a fox was turned out which ran near the old Blue Inn across the road on the Bailey farm and without appreciating it, to be in at the death, he jumped a big rail fence which afterwards when measured was found to be six feet two inches.

Mr. Hitchcock's letter to the Turf, Field and Farm in regard to a hunting country in the South is noted in this volume and when I formed the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America he attended the first meeting and followed W. Austin Wadsworth, the first President.

In 1936 steeplechase horses selected as weanlings by Mr. Hitchcock in England and America, schooled and trained by him at Aiken to October 1st, were placed as follows:

First, twenty-one times

Second, seven times

Third, two times

Unplaced, four times

including the following stakes — Appleton Memorial — Lion Heart — Beverwyck, Shillelah and Saratoga Steeplechase Handicap.

In nearly all of these races Mr. Hitchcock's steeplechasers were ridden by Rigan McKinney which, with his other winning rides to October 1st, 1936, made the following record — First, twenty-four times; second, nine times; third, three times and unplaced, six times.

Since October 1st the All Green has won more races piloted by Mr. McKinney so that when the season closes, his record will stand unrivalled in the history of Gentleman Riders in America. Mr. McKinney went to Aiken as a young man and for a number of years worked and schooled Mr. Hitchcock's horses under the latter's advice and rode in his colors during the racing season.

(Turf, Field and Farm, February 10, 1888)

CHAPTER XXXVIII

How the Old Sportsman—When a boy of twelve, met a fox hunter of renown and rode for the first time to hounds

LONG, long ago, when the current century had barely attained to the first quarter, before too much public school had taught our farmer's sons to despise the honorable calling of their fathers and abandon the plow to become political demagogues of the cross-roads or ward politicians in the towns, when as yet we had not become a nation of office-seekers and when our public functionaries, whether Federal or State, conscious they would not be proscribed for opinion's sake, could walk abroad as if their souls were their own, there lived in the quaint and picturesque old colonial town of Annapolis, Maryland, Mr. Ramsay Waters, a State functionary who, while faithful to his public trust, gave all his spare time to the sports of the field and above all, to foxhunting. As I remember him he was a noble type of the Maryland sportsman and a gentleman of the olden time.

One morning, I think I was in my twelfth year, when I was on a visit to my grandmother, Mrs. Chancellor Bland, at Annapolis, my father came into my room before the first glimpse of dawn and very unceremoniously, as was the paternal privilege, stripped off the bed clothes and exposed his first-born to the nipping air of a frosty morn, bade me get up at once, saddle my pony and go with him to breakfast and hunt with Mr. Ramsay Waters. My ill-humor at being aroused was instantly changed to delight, and I was dressed and mounted before the old gentleman, more deliberate in his motions, had got into his saddle. We trotted away and in a few minutes were at Mr. Waters' door, nearly opposite to old St. Anne's church.

A negro boy took our horses and a neat housemaid ushered us into a cosy dining-room redolent with all the delicious fumes of an old-time Maryland breakfast. I was not then the fas-

tidious gourmet I have since become. I was at the age when the youthful and robust appetite cares more for quantity than quality, but still the aroma from the terrapin and the fried oysters made a deep impression on my youthful and unsophisticated gustatory organs; and to this day, after the lapse of sixty and two years, I hold that breakfast in grateful and pleasant memory.

My father and Mr. Waters had been school-fellows at Charlotte Hall in St. Mary's County, the ancient Alma Mater of the gentry of tidewater Maryland; hence there was no needless ceremony at our reception. Our host was standing at an old-fashioned sideboard carefully compounding a couple of "eye-openers" for himself and his old friend. On our entrance he looked over his shoulder and greeted us with a "view-hallo!" such as hunters utter at the sight of a fox; but it was delivered *sotto-voce,* so as not to disturb the slumbers of the family upstairs. I made my way to the fire to warm, while the two old fellows slowly imbibed a modicum of apple toddy made of crab apples, Cognac and a suspicion of mellow old Accomac peach, compared with which the nectar of the gods would have been so much dishwater, and the secret of which I fear perished with the late Josiah Lee, of Baltimore; unless, I dare hope, he has left it as a precious legacy to his gallant son-in-law, General Snowden Andrews of Confederate renown.

Ample justice was done to the breakfast; indeed there was no occasion for dispatch, for it was one of those cloudy, soft, muggy mornings, when the scent lingers till past noon. Our host—Marse Rummy as the young folks called him—then made his toilet for the field. He covered his bald head with a sealskin cap, put his portly person into a rough top-coat, wrapped his stout legs, with the assistance of the house-maid, in leggings of green baize, strapped on a single, heavy, long-shanked brass spur, and declared himself ready for action. He looked more like a deputy sheriff about to make the rounds of his district than a Nimrod prepared to lead the field in a killing run.

Uncle Rummy would scarcely, I fancy, have passed muster with those crack hunts the Meadow Brook and the Elk Ridge, as a model M. F. H. nor would his kennel or field management have met with their approval. Indeed, he had no kennel; in bad or cold weather his pack of eight couple shared with the family cow a dilapidated old shanty at the bottom of the lot, and when not engaged in the chase, wandered whither they would and sometimes hunted on their own account. In the closed season throughout the summer, when they were not regularly fed they might at any time be seen prowling about the streets and alleys of the old town foraging for something to eat, and they never failed to levy tribute on any kitchen the door of which had been left ajar by a careless negro cook. Marse Waters' hounds bore a bad name with the dusky dames of the roasting-spit, who made them the scapegraces of their own short-comings, for to their thieving propensities were attributed the missing provisions fed to their sable Romeos or furnished to their religious love-feasts and camp-meetings; yet, for all this, these hounds were of the best blood in the State, with pedigrees running back to Colonial times undefiled by a single cross. They were not as fast as the Meadow Brook or the Elk Ridge dogs, but they ran nearer to the line, gave more tongue, found their own foxes, and, better still, killed more of them in a season than both these renowned packs combined.

Nor would Uncle Rummy, with his two hundred avoirdupois, his rough coat and homely cow-horn tooter, challenge the admiration of such gallant top-sawyers across country clad in pink and top boots as boss Latrobe of the Elk Ridge or Purdy of the Meadow Brook; they would vote him slow, and yet the old fellow always contrived to keep within hearing of his hounds and be up at the death. I wonder if they can do as much with their "lightning express" and silent imported English dogs? I doubt it, for the one hunted with dogs, and in a style suited to his surroundings; whereas the others are attempting the introduction of English methods under conditions utterly unfitted for them. No, neither the counties around

Baltimore nor Long Island are at all like Leicester and other shires of England, and not until they become so will it be possible here to ride abreast of a pack of modern English hounds in pursuit of either fox or aniseed drags.

But I set out to write a reminiscence of my youth, and not a disquisition on hunting! Let us hark back.

We went forth from the house to find the front porch and the pavement crowded with hounds whimpering and impatient to be off. We mounted, and, followed by the dogs, kept to heel by an occasional toot from the cow's-horn, we rode slowly out the main street in the direction of South River, were joined on the way by some officers from Fort Severn and young "bloods" of the town, and would have afforded rather an odd spectacle to the citizens of the capital city of a great State had they not often witnessed it before.

About a mile from town, at the forks of the road, the dogs opened simultaneously on a hot scent, leading down toward the mouth of South River into a region cut up into peninsulas by estuaries from the bay, a superb hunting country, where it was impossible for the fox, if he were a red, to make one of those long straight runs so trying to the horses, and where many opportunities would offer to view the fox.

A country road leading straight down to Thomas' Point, at the mouth of the river, whither the chase was tending, enabled us to keep within hearing of the cry with very moderate riding for some miles, then at a sign from the master we pulled up, and turning to the left, made for an abandoned log-cabin, a quarter of a mile away, where we came to a halt. By this time our host, who was as familiar with the country as with the palm of his hand, had made up his mind as to the course which the fox, one he pronounced to be a red, would take.

"When he reaches the mouth of the river," he said, "he will double back, crossing yon old field (pointing it out) and make for the earths at Primrose Hill, Lewis Neth's place. He has sufficient advance on his pack to reach it easily, and once there, good-by to Master Reynard, for the den may be a mile deep

for aught I know and it would take a dozen Irish ditchers all day to dig him out. It has been a safe refuge for foxes for the last fifty years. As soon as we get sight of him, as we will do, crossing yon field, we must anticipate him by taking a short cut to the den,—and by Jove! yonder he is!" he shouted. "Look to the dead tree with that fish hawk's nest, and you will see him pass!"

And, sure enough, there was Master Reynard, and an old fellow too, as might be seen by the unusual size of the white tip on his brush, which he flourished in a way to show he was not in the least distressed; indeed as if certain of a safe refuge within easy reach, he loped along with a graceful ease, as if he, too, enjoyed the sport. A full quarter of a mile in his rear came the pack of eight couple, not a hound missing, running close up in a compact mass, every one throwing his tongue and striving for the lead. No sooner had they crossed the field when under guidance of the master, now wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, we dashed off under whip and spur for the earths which to this day are the most extensive known anywhere on the western shore. We were in time, and fortunately there was a stock of freshly corded wood within a few yards of the den, and this furnished the means of effectually stopping it before the arrival of the fox. We then drew off a short distance *down wind* and waited for his coming, and soon I had an opportunity for the first time of witnessing what I have often done since, the stratagems and wiles of Master Reynard, the fox.

Immediately below the den, which was dug into a low cliff of sandy clay, was a fence not more than fifteen feet away inclosing a corn field; alongside this fence was a large pine intended for saw-logs; trimmed but not cut into lengths. We could just hear the music of the pack rapidly approaching, and were gazing in that direction when we saw the fox spring to the top of the fence and run along the top rail with the agility of a squirrel until opposite the den, when he made a prodigous bound and gained its mouth to find it closed. He made

an attempt to squeeze by the logs that barred the way, when Waters, apprehending he might succeed, gave a tremendous yell and ran towards him, when he took to his heels again with increased speed, and topping the fence with a flying leap he was soon out of sight in the direction of that beautiful peninsula of land lying immediately in front of Annapolis and separated from the town by not more than an eighth of a mile of water.

To the veterans of the pack Reynard's tricks were tricks that were vain; they carried the scent over the log, and then made straight for the den, which they knew well, which had baffled them more than once before, and would have done so then, but for the presence of my father, for whose sake Ramsay Waters had departed from one of his hunting rules, which was never, unless to blood his young hounds, to dig a fox out or stop an earth. Old Ramsay had a chivalrous soul, and was a great stickler for fair play, even to a predacious "varmint." He held that earthing a fox was a drawn bet between Reynard and the hounds, and that a resort to pick and shovel was a violation of sanctuary unworthy a true disciple of the mighty hunter Nimrod; and nothing would have induced him to have stopped the earth on this occasion, but the fear of a disappointment to his old friend and schoolmate, who had come all the way from Baltimore to hunt with him.

I have in my time seen several foxes drawn by a small wire-haired terrier bitch belonging to the late Colonel Charles Green, of Rappahannock County, Virginia, and thought it such good sport that I permit myself to doubt whether my good friend Waters would not have dispensed with his rule if happily he had owned one of young Belmont's high-strung fox terriers; but in his day those game little dogs were unknown on this side of Bigwater.

Our host soon got his dogs on the line again, and they went off heads up and tails down to swift pursuit with a decided improvement in pace.

For the next hour, over that level and comparatively open

water-locked space, we witnessed as fine a hunting run as ever delighted the senses and stirred the heart of a huntsman; half the time we had both fox and hounds in sight, but the former, as if discouraged by finding his retreat cut off, evidently slackened his pace, while his pursuers quickened theirs, and momentarily reduced the distance between them. Reynard passed by us twice. The great white-tipped brush which he waved so defiantly in the morning was now trailing in the dust, and from the light, springy lope with which he skimmed the earth like a bird he had come down to a leg-weary trot; but game to the last, he struggled on; the savage roar in his rear grew louder and louder as his relentless foes rapidly gained upon him. At last he made a desperate rush at a steep bank, not more than six feet high; he reached the edge with his forefeet, but the earth gave way and he fell over backward into the jaws of his enemies and died like a hero, without a whimper and fighting to the last.

After allowing the younger dogs to worry the carcass the master cut off the brush, and with his own hands attached it to the headstall of my bridle, remarking as he did so, that "Young hunters must be blooded as well as young hounds."

I will venture to say that no Roman consul enjoying the honors of a public triumph could have felt prouder than the writer that day, then a schoolboy of twelve, as he rode into the capital city of his native State with his trophy dangling before him.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, March 2, 1888)

CHAPTER XXXIX

How the Old Sportsman—Resents railroads and progress, and of Carroll's Island in Olden Times, and how Tyrone Power, the Irish actor of charm, shot there a fine canvasback

ALAS! how few of us are left who can remember with grateful appreciation those halcyon days of the Maryland epicures, when the gentleman condescended to give their personal attention to the "flesh pots" and vied with each other in curing their own bacon and corning their own beef; when on a solemn festive occasion that great *arbiter du gustatu* the late Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott (from whose decisions in matters gastronomic there was no appeal) pronounced the Dorsey pressed beef to be unrivaled in the whole world, and the Charley Tilghman Eastern Shore hams to be superior to the Westphalian! Ah! those were bounteous days when an eight-inch hen terrapin, gravid with golden eggs, could be had for a quarter and a brace of plump juicy canvas-backs for a dollar.

Alas! railways, and what some people are pleased to call progress, have changed all this and we old fellows have lived to see canvas-backs sell at five dollars a pair, and terrapins at fifty dollars a dozen! And when we visit the great commercial emporium of the nation, unless we go to our own honest Southern caravansary the New York Hotel, red-bellied sliders are palmed off on us for diamond-backs, and Currituck red-heads for imperial canvas-backs.

In those good old days regularly organized shooting-clubs did not exist, and the ducking points on Bush, Gunpowder, Back and Elk rivers, and many other places on the upper Chesapeake were not sought for as they are now at enormous rents and in a great measure monopolized by the millionaires from the great Northern cities. Wildfowl shooting was not then the passion with the amateur sportsman it has since become; the central-fire breech-loader with its convenient ammunition, was unknown

THE CHESAPEAKE BAY — DILWYNE CAPTAIN BROWNIE

The property of R. R. N. Carpenter, Wilmington, Delaware. By courtesy of Edwin Levick, Inc., photographer. The most perfect retriever photograph ever taken, showing skyline, sea, decoys, Captain Brownie dripping with salt water trotting along the shore carrying his duck carefully

and the sport was rather too rough for those fond of their ease; but there were a few gentlemen in Baltimore, among them the honored sire of our "Ted" Grayson, the poet of the Oleaginous Opposum, in whose bosom the sacred venatic fire was not to be quenched by the frowns of the Puritan or the blasts of winter. They, with the comparatively inferior appliances of the period, manfully encountered the hardships of winter in pursuit of their favorite sport and were among the few amateurs who had discovered that then-paradise of sportsmen, since become so famous as Carroll's Island. With the discretion of wise sportsmen, they kept the knowledge of these happy hunting-grounds to themselves and thus retained for several years a monopoly of the very best wildfowl shooting the world has ever seen. Another incentive to secrecy was the fact that to be known in those days as a sportsman might injure the credit of a business man; so the sport of these gentlemen had about it somewhat of the seductive flavor of stolen fruit combined with the charm of mystery.

I fancy I can see the old fellows now, shutting up their offices at noon on Saturday then skipping into Dick Smith's cellar—Dick was a mulatto and the Delmonico of Baltimore—for their preordered lunch of terrapin and mill-pond oysters and while so engaged, a darky from Woodruff's livery stable would bring to the door a buggy and pair. In the bottom of the vehicle, discreetly concealed by a buffalo-robe, would be three or four ancient flint-lock fowling-pieces of inordinate length, and a runlet or demijohn of fine old Otard or honest London Dock from Norfolk. Then the old cocks would issue forth in that delightful state of beatitude always attendant upon the easy digestion of a luxurious meal, and mounting their wagon, leave town ostensibly on important business, but in fact, wholly intent on reaching the Island in time for the evening flight of the ducks. The next day, but always after dark, they would return to the city with the wagon-bed filled with a noble spoil of canvas-backs, redheads, blackheads, and bald-pates, with now and then the addition of a swan.

Such was the beginning of wildfowl shooting by the amateurs of Baltimore as distinguished from the market gunners, but these amateurs might be counted on the fingers.

With the improvement in firearms of the percussion-cap, duck-shooting gradually grew into favor until finally it became the fashion, and Carroll's Island and Maxwell's Point, purchased by General George Cadwallader, became favorite resorts. The Island became a sort of free and easy club for the leading gentry of Maryland and Philadelphia, many of whom, however, preferred the social pleasures of a warm, cosy, well-provided house to the out-of-door exposure incident to duck-shooting, and a sly game of brag to any other game.

It was during this period, when Cadwallader and Chapin, the Ridgelys, the Johnstons, the Sullivans and Duvals and a few others were frequent visitors to the Island, that I had the pleasure of introducing there that clever comedian and charming gentleman, the late Tyrone Power.

He was then playing an engagement at the Holliday Street Theater, and it was arranged that I should call for him after the play and drive him down to the island. It was, I remember, a beautiful moonlight night, the road was in good condition, and the delightful conversation of my companion seemed to shorten the miles to yards. Old Slatter, the loquacious Boniface of the place, having been notified, had reserved a double-bedded room for us, and we found a servant in attendance, a noble fire in the sitting-room, a cold supper on the table, and a ventripotent stone-jug of "hot Scotch" simmering on the hearth and spreading abroad the aroma of his native turf as a fitting welcome to Tyrone Power, that most charming of all Irishmen.

There was a homelike comfort about that large room, with its cheerful fire, plain but comfortable furniture, sanded floors and low-pitched ceiling—far preferable, I have always thought, to the most luxurious of our modern club-houses. In spite of the lateness of the hour, we lingered over our punch and cigars until the dying flicker of a candle in the socket warned us to bed, where we slept the sleep of the just.

To be successful in wildfowl shooting, we must always anticipate the light of the coming day. Accordingly, an hour before daybreak we were aroused by Black Sal, the African Hebe of the establishment, who came to make our fire. From her we learned that the wind had chopped round to the south, and had brought with it a slight fog and every appearance of rain, than which nothing could be more favorable to the shooting.

We descended to the common-room, where we found Cadwallader and Chapin and joined them in a cup of coffee, and before day had fairly broken we were in our stands on the bar prepared for action. These stands, it may be as well to explain, are uncovered boxes, about five feet square, stretching along, nearly a dozen in number, on a long narrow strip of land called the "bar," which divides the bay from the Gunpowder River, and over which at certain times the fowl pass in incredible numbers. In favorable weather they fly low and within easy range of the boxes, which are about a gunshot apart. When the wind does not favor shooting from the bar, and often from choice, some of the sportsmen prefer shooting over the decoys, for which the undented shore line of the Island, twenty miles in extent, affords the very best opportunities.

The boxes on the bar are provided with a bench at either end, one serving as a seat, the other to hold the ammunition ready for rapid loading. These boxes, about shoulder-high, afford a good shelter from the cutting winds to which the bar is, of course, exposed. Outside and under the lee of the boxes, when the wind was high and unusually cold, lay the dogs of that noble and unique breed unrivalled in all the world as retrievers, known in my day as Carroll's Island dogs, but which are now registered on the show benches as Chesapeake Bay dogs. With the senses of hearing and sight more acute than those of their masters, they watched with human anxiety the coming of the ducks, and, exulting in their fall, would dash into the rushing tide amid the floating ice and retrieve their game from incredible distances.

Except the Newfoundland, there is no other variety of retriever that has the necessary *physical strength* to get through

a hard day's work at a good ducking point with the thermometer down to zero. As a water-dog, the short, close, seal-like coat of our native gives him a great advantage over the Newfoundland, who necessarily carries too much dead water in his long coat.

Inasmuch as my friend Power, though a fair shot at all other feathered game, had no experience whatever with wildfowl, I occupied the same box with him in order that he might profit by such advice as I could give.

The ducks commenced moving before we could well see to shoot but with the daylight our work began; the flight was incessant and my friend became quite excited and even nervous, and the tremendous execution done by Chapin and Cadwallader in the next stands below us, but in full sight, added to his excitement. At first holding directly on his birds flying at a rate of fifty miles an hour he did absolutely nothing, but presently firing at the leader of a long string of blackheads, to his astonishment he dropped the hindmost bird ten feet in the rear of the one shot at! This was a revelation to him; he got the hang of the thing and soon learned to shoot ahead of his birds and thenceforward acquitted himself very fairly for a novice.

The second duck which fell to his gun was a canvas-back, a noble cock bird which fell with a broken wing almost within our box and then I was treated to a scene far more comic than any the actor had ever given me on the stage. He cleared the side of the box at a bound, seized his victim and hugged it to his breast as a lover would his sweetheart. While he danced around in the greatest delight he smoothed its rumpled plumage with tenderness and declared its wild red eyes to be more brilliant than any ruby in the British crown, the while the actor's mobile and somewhat pock-marked features fairly beamed with ecstasy. Meanwhile the fowl were passing over in clouds, and I called him back to his gun.

"No," he exclaimed, "I have killed the 'fanix' of birds; it's glory enough for one day. I prefer admiring the royal bird to shooting into the vulgar herd above us."

But presently the defiant but beautiful eyes of his captive grew dim, its proud head dropped and it died. A shot other than that which broke its wing had entered the body and given the mortal wound; then, and not till then, I persuaded the enthusiastic Irishman to resume his gun, when he continued to improve in his shooting. The truth is he could not well help it, for at times the birds passed over in such solid squadrons that to make a blank shot was an exception. At one time the firing was so rapid as to make the gun-barrels unpleasantly hot.

Near nine the flight ceased, and we returned to the house with Gargantuan appetites to breakfast on broiled ducks which, not having lost their natural heat when put on the gridiron, were as tender as spring chicken, and all redolent with the flavor of the wild celery on which they had fattened.

At breakfast Chapin made a statement in reference to the large brown gulls which had hovered over the river just out of range the whole morning, that interested me greatly. He had marked a brace of ducks, which turned out to be redheads, that were coming toward him from the bay. Letting them pass he gave them a rear shot. One of them fell, clean killed, on the land; the other, evidently hard hit, wobbled in its flight until some hundreds of yards away, when its wings suddenly collapsed and it fell with a great splash on the water, stone dead. One of the dogs which had watched its flight and fall dashed in to retrieve it, but the tide was ebbing fast and the dog had a long swim to reach it, and when at last he did bring it in it was so mangled and torn as to be worthless. The fact was that as soon as the falling bird had touched the water it was pounced upon by a large brown gull, which with its powerful razor-like bill and in spite of the cuirass of feathers which protected it, managed to strip all the meat from the breast of the bird, nor did the gull leave its prey until driven off by the dog!

Who has not admired the graceful flight of these gentle scavengers of the sea, and who ever suspected them of being so fearfully armed and so predaceous? I can now readily believe what I had always taken as a traveller's yarn about that king

of the gulls, the Albatross, gouging out the eyes of a drowning sailor.

After breakfast, the late Mr. Thomas Johnston, the banker and father of our festive Elliott, drove up with quite a large party from Baltimore. Their object was to try a brace of pointers recently imported from England by Mr. Johnston at the then enormous cost of one hundred guineas! These dogs, of medium size, and liver-and-white in color, excelled in beauty and form any yet seen in Maryland. They were fully up to the ideals depicted by Landseer and other great artists; nor did their action on open ground belie the perfection of their form; but —alas! for the but! When called on to beat up a dense thorny thicket, interwoven with cat-briars, they winced and shrunk from their work, and were beaten out of sight by an old bob-tail, thick-skinned native, called "Shot," belonging to General Cadwallader. The fact is, that like the exquisite orange-and-white strain of my good friend, Edmund Orgill, they were bred too fine, and with their delicate, thin skin, could not face the briars, so disgraceful to our American agriculture.

What Carroll's Island is now I have no means of judging, not having been there since the memorable fight of Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan; when in returning from a fruitless attempt to see it, in company with my dear old chum, Johannes Cygnus, in an open boat in the face of a fierce nor'wester, we were cast away upon its shore and had to wade to dry land waist-deep through slush ice, and then forced to imbibe half a gallon of hot Scotch to stave off a pleurisy.

Doubtless under the present régime of a well organized club the creature comforts of the fine old place have increased, but I doubt if there will ever be in the future such glorious shooting as we had there in the olden time. Commercial greed has penetrated to the breeding-places of the wildfowl in the frozen North, whence their eggs are shipped by the barrel, not for food, but to supply the immense demands of such industries as need them, and then again on their feeding grounds on the upper Chesapeake and the Potomac where, with the breech-

loaders and improved ammunition, swivel-guns and sink-boxes, the appliances for their destruction have become as scientific and as deadly as those which we employ in the wholesale slaughter of our fellow Christians.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, March 30, 1888)

CHAPTER XL

How the Old Sportsman—Tells of frogs, and how a refugee from Santo Domingo, by chance taught the gentry of Baltimore to eat them, and how he and his fellows brought love-apples, okra and tarragon into Maryland

I HAVE often thought that frog-shooting with a Flaubert or pea-rifle had as good a claim to admission among the minor legitimate sports as shooting pigeons from a trap or at a bull's-eye in a shooting gallery, of which last amusement our distinguished sculptor Wilson MacDonald is so ardent and skillful a devotee. Surely exceptional skill with what the French call *une arme de précision*—(a weapon of precision, a grooved rifle)—is as rare an accomplishment and as difficult of attainment as shooting on the wing and quite as worthy of record in our sporting journals. Certainly in the dead season of midsummer, when our feathered game is wisely tabooed by the game laws, an hour or two's rifle practice on bull-frogs is quite a good sport, having the additional merit of supplying us with the material for a most delicate meal. For my part, I have from boyhood to the present hour been partial to both shooting and eating these toothsome amphibians, and how I became so I will now proceed to relate.

Among the most useful emigrants to the good city of Baltimore in the early days of that blessed community of bons-vivants and gourmets, were the refugees from the Island of Santo Domingo. Without exception they were all quadroons, who, brought up as house servants, had acquired not a little of the refinement and urbanity of their wealthy French, creole masters.

They were, most of them, skillful gardeners, and were the pioneers in Maryland of that most delightful of all the branches of agriculture. It was they who first introduced into our markets the tomato—then called a "love-apple" and deemed poisonous by the vulgar—the okra, tarragon and several varieties of pepper.

There are doubtless still living in Baltimore some of my septuagenarian contemporaries who can remember the imposing appearance in our market-houses, of those tall, middle-aged quadroon women, wearing in their ears immense golden hoops, with their heads elegantly decked in parti-colored bandanna kerchiefs, all bearing a picturesque but unmistakable foreign stamp and looking, in the vulgar crowd of native hucksters surrounding them, like choice flowers transplanted from the sunny tropics. To this community of West Indian exiles belonged my good friend, Bonhomme, who taught me to shoot, cook and eat the *rana esculenta,* which ranks, in my estimation, next to the peerless terrapin among the edible blessings bestowed upon us by a generous Providence.

Bonhomme—a nickname which described him well—was a tall, stately, silent man, whose figure and costume marked him to the most unobservant eye as a foreigner. Upward of six feet he exaggerated his height with a tall, old-fashioned, bell-crowned hat worn napless by the brush in the vain effort to make it look smart; a bootless struggle of honorable poverty with inevitable decay. In his ears were minute golden rings, worn as he told me, not for ornament but to sharpen his vision; add to this a long, threadbare, blue coat of coarse cloth, neatly darned in many places and ornamented with brass buttons as large as our little butter plates, on which was stamped the heraldic crest of his late master—murdered by the insurgent negroes in Santo Domingo. Under the coat was a vest of dog-skin, cut in the fashion of the last century, with flaps falling over the hips and containing huge pockets, in which he stored his large snuff-box and his ammunition. He was shod in stout hob-nailed shoes, and his long, slim, but nervous shanks were clad in well-worn leather gaiters, reaching far above the knee. This figure, though grotesque, was still respectable, and, strange to say, there was a kindly affinity between this queer silent man and the street Arabs. The boys all liked him, and he was never compelled, like the gruff old prophet, to call on she-bears to deliver him from their persecutions.

Bonhomme's inseparable companion was a high-bred, bob-tailed French pointer which he called a *Braque*. His progenitors, the old man told me, had come from the Royal kennels at Fontainebleau, and his blood was as blue as that of the Spanish grandees, who had the privilege of standing with covered heads in the presence of the king. The dog was called in honor of his master's favorite saint, "Hubert."

"Hubert," from constant association, I fancy, was a close imitator of his master, both in habits and eccentricities, but he was nevertheless first-rate in the field on every variety of game, and as a trick dog no poodle I ever saw could compare with him; all he lacked was speech to make him a most valuable lackey. With basket in his mouth he would bring meat from the butcher and bread from the baker, he would carry written messages to his master's country people in the neighborhood without ever mistaking the name, he would bring his master's slippers or wood for the stove, and indeed, do everything he was told. I not only admired these accomplishments but, as a boy, I felt a spice of envy tempered with reverence for a dog who understood French, a language then being painfully drilled into me *a posteriori,* by old Craig's rattan at our schoolhouse in McClennan's alley.

Bonhomme's most serious occupation was shooting for the market, and he made a pretty good living at it. There was a *je ne sais quoi* about the old man that made him singularly attractive to me, and I missed no opportunities on Saturdays to follow him on his shooting excursions, which never extended far from the city limits, and where he contrived to make good bags of woodcock and snipe in places where other sportsmen would not even suspect the presence of game. In the course of time Bonhomme and I became such cronies as a small boy and a taciturn old man could well become. He took me to his dwelling place, a small frame shanty on what was then the edge of town, near St. Mary's College. This shanty was full of queer odds and ends he had brought with him from Santo Domingo. On one of the walls and in the

place of honor, in the best light, was a fine portrait in oils of his late master, evidently from the hand of an artist, and the loyal old soul never entered or left his shanty without saluting this picture.

I had now been acquainted with Bonhomme for nearly a year, when one day in July he told me to be at his house early the following Saturday, when he would (there being no birds in season, he never shot half-grown woodcock) take me out to shoot frogs and that we would have a supper after, a supper of his own cooking. Of course I was punctual to my appointment. Ordering "Hubert," much to the dog's chagrin, which he evinced by low growling, to remain and guard the premises, and arming me with a long-handled rake, we marched off to the brick ponds, quite numerous in that part of the town now called Mountclair, and here I was initiated into the very simple art of frog-shooting.

Each of these ponds was inhabited by a numerous tribe of the croaking batrachians; they might be seen on the sunny margins of the pools of all ages and sizes, from the squeaking juveniles just emancipated from tadpoledom to the solemn old patriarchs whose nocturnal bellowings would rival those of the bull of Bashan. It was from these latter, of course, that Bonhomme selected his victims, and he moved from pond to pond culling them out with a judgment as true as Bob Rennert's in picking out the hen terrapins gravid with eggs. The old man loaded with mere squibs which, while sufficient to kill the frogs, did not prevent them from diving into the water and burying themselves in the mud beyond the power of retrieval save by the rake. Here my part in the drama commenced, and I wielded that useful implement, the rake, with a dexterity and success which called for the encomiums of my coadjutor.

Having secured as much of the amphibious game as we wanted, we sought the shade of a neighboring tree, where Bonhomme proceeded to skin and dress it for cooking. On my asking the old man why he did not confine himself to the hind legs alone, he made me observe that on such large frogs as

we had, the flesh on the back and fore legs was as good as any other, and too much in quantity to be wasted.

By this time I was very hungry and anxious to get back for the feast which had been promised me at the old man's shanty. We reached there in due time much to the contentment of "Hubert" who welcomed us at the outer gate. On entering the shanty, after bowing to a large crucifix and his master's portrait opposite, my host drew aside a curtain in one corner and revealed a small collection of kitchen utensils. He pushed open a door which I had not noticed before, that led into a small closet or den in which he did his cooking, and here on a small furnace with a charcoal fire, kindled in a moment, he commenced his culinary operations.

I have often regretted since that I did not get his exact recipe for cooking those frogs; unfortunately I was at the age when we care more for quantity than quality, and did not appreciate the value of that divine culinary art which gives savor to the plainest food and consoles us in old age for the loss of nearly all the other pleasures of the senses. But this much I do remember; the white semi-transparent flesh of the *ranidae* was thrown into a large bowl of cold water freshly drawn from the municipal pump close by; a very thin batter of egg-yolk and flour, seasoned with a few drops of some peculiar condiment, was prepared; the meat was taken from the water and carefully pressed in the folds of a large napkin until dry; and then thrown into the batter. Meanwhile a deep copper, tin-lined casserole containing a liberal supply of fresh butter was put on the fire; when the butter was—not merely melted—but heated to the highest possible temperature, the frog-legs were lifted from the batter, suffered to drip for a moment and then cast into the seething, red-hot bath of boiling butter. When they had assumed the rich yellow golden hue of a well-fried Saratoga chip, they were lifted from the pan, sprinkled with salt and deftly piled upon a large white platter, ornamented with freshly culled parsley, into a golden pyramid, making a dish more pleasing to the eye and hungry olfactories and of more practical interest than the great pyramid of Cheops.

Some few years after this pleasant initiation into the venatic and gastronomic value of the bull-frog I became myself a frog-slayer of some local renown and achieved the honor and glory of introducing frog suppers as a regular gastronomic institution at a season of the year—midsummer—when neither the terrapin nor the oyster was available for that purpose.

I was presented by the late Doctor Gideon B. Smith, my father's right-hand man in the conduct of the old *American Farmer* and the *Turf Register,* with a beautiful pea-rifle, made for him by his nephew, an ingenious gunsmith at Troy, N. Y.

The weapon was perfection in its way, and I soon became as expert in its use as Captain Leslie Bruce, of Creedmoor fame, and could, in clean, neat work, beat my old preceptor Bonhomme himself. With that small rifle loaded with a mere pinch of powder and a single buckshot, patched with parchment, I never failed to decapitate a frog at short range; my game was always clean-killed; its quietus was too instantaneous and profound to permit it, in the death throes, to dive in the mud as when killed by the old Creole's scattergun.

One night in July at the Pewee Club, then located under Gilmore's in Court-House Lane, there were eight members present, of which, alas, the writer is today the only survivor. Counting on the indulgence of the reader, to whom they were unknown, I will venture here to give their initials, by which they will be recognized by their Baltimore contemporaries who still hold their memory in as affectionate remembrances as I do myself. There were the two cousins, I. C. and H. D. G. C.; the brothers T. H. M. and J. M.; Fred S., famous for having intimidated the Governor of Mahone; Johnny O'D., Gus L., and Doctor Bob P. At this meeting I was boasting of the excellence of my rifle and my frog-shooting, when Fred S. undertook to poke fun at me and ridiculed both my frog-shooting and eating. We got into quite a discussion which terminated in a wager to the following effect:

I engaged to go out the next day with the members then present, and in their presence to kill with the rifle enough frogs

to furnish an ample supper for the whole party, and this was to be done within three hours. Failing in this I was to pay all the expenses of the supper. On the other hand, should I succeed, Fred S. and Johnny O'D. were not only to pay these expenses, but were to tote home the slain froggies hanging in a bunch from a pole in plain view all the way from what was known as the Old Woman's Duck Pond, out Howard street, down Market street to the club-house in Court-House Lane.

In those days, ere the "tag, rag and bobtail" of humanity had been educated to a just appreciation of the edible value of the *rana esculenta,* when froggie was left undisturbed, save by a stray Frenchman, to enoy the stagnant and muddy Elysium furnished him by the numerous brick ponds in the southwest suburbs of Baltimore, he and his tribe flourished exceedingly both in number and in size. Hence I had no difficulty in bagging within the stipulated three hours five and twenty of the croakers, and as many of them weighed a pound and over, all hands admitted it was more than enough for an ample supper, and that I had won my wager.

The losers, Fred S. and Johnny O'D., cheerfully submitted to defeat and loyally acquitted themselves of the consequent obligations. A stout pole was procured, from its centre dangled a large bunch of the slaughtered batrachians and the losers each shouldering an end of the pole, started off on their long walk to the club-house, followed in solemn procession by the remaining members of the club, two-and-two, arm-in-arm. We turned into Market street just at the hour when that popular thoroughfare is most crowded. It would be impossible to describe the sensation produced by the ludicrous absurdity of that procession, and we arrived at the club-house door surrounded by a mob of young street arabs gathered by the way.

That night should be held memorable to all gourmets as the inaugural of frog suppers as a permanent institution in the dear old City of Monuments. The once despised bull-frog now holds an honorable place in the menu of all educated epicures, and his "taking off" with a weapon of precision may be ranked with our legitimate field sports.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, November 23, 1888)

CHAPTER XLI

How the Old Sportsman—Tells of Uncle John Duval being robbed of a canvasback by a Bald Eagle, and how with his friend the writer made a great kill of ducks

IT was early in December, 18—, in the height of the wild-fowl season, when by previous engagement my old friend, Johannes Cygnus, called for me in his wagon to accompany him to Carroll's Island. That unequalled shooting ground was not so famous then as it has since become. It belonged at that time to a consequential old fellow named Slatter who had retired from the service of that great merchant prince the late Robert Oliver to become a landed proprietor and landlord. The accommodations offered his guests were such as are to be found in many large farm houses, plain but comfortable; great roaring wood fires were kept up, the liquors were of the best, the culinary code of the kitchen was to be found in that famous book of the late Mrs. Ben Howard, *Twenty Years in a Maryland Kitchen,* and the charges were moderate.

Not the least charm of the house was the entire freedom from unnecessary restraint. It was indeed a "Liberty Hall," where, when not out after the ducks, one might lounge about in shooting jacket and slippers, take his tipple and smoke his pipe "with none to make him afraid." There was no extensive and exclusive club in those days as now, with accommodations rivaling in completeness and luxury the best private mansions and palatial hotels. Any respectable person might be lodged there for his money, as at any other country inn, yet the frequenters of the place were of the upper classes; chiefly from Baltimore and Philadelphia, with a very few from New York, and many a bon-vivant came there, who never pulled a trigger on game in his life, but would resort to the Island to feast on ducks and play a little old-fashioned brag—draw-poker was unknown in those days—between meals. Such was the status of Carroll's

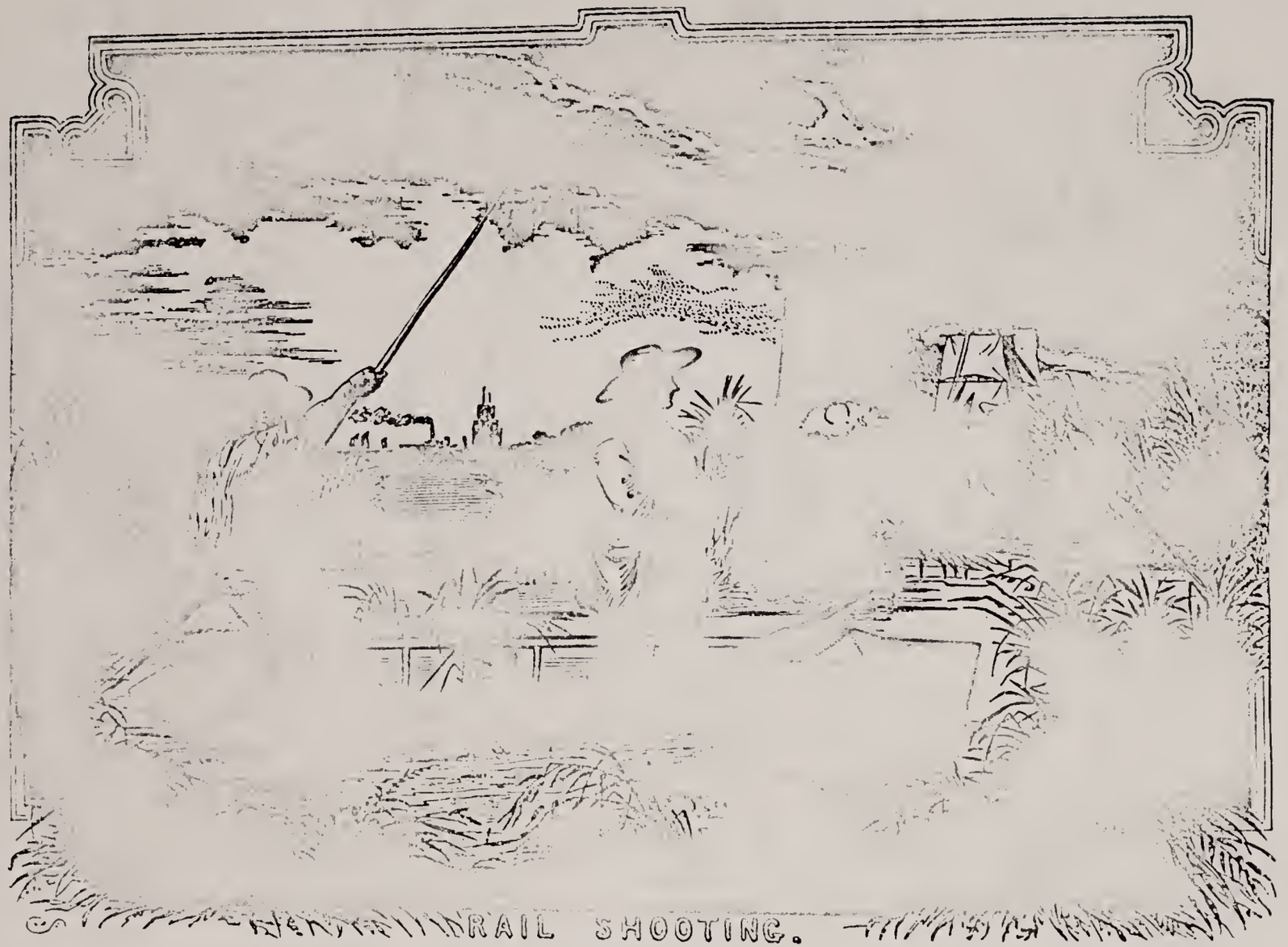
when Johannes and the writer drove down there in the long, long ago.

We had arranged to arrive at our destination in time for the evening flight of the ducks over the bar, but before we got to the island there came from the northeast such a storm of rain and sharp sleet as to drive even the hardy Chesapeake retrievers to shelter. We found in the common sitting room, basking before a glorious fire, three crack sportsmen of that day, who alas! have long since gone to the happy hunting-grounds—General Cadwallader of Philadelphia, and Chapin and Thomas Johnston, the banker of Baltimore, all driven in from their sport by the storm and all consoling themselves with steaming hot punch, to which the roaring blast outside and the clatter of the sleet against the window panes lent an additional zest. Being wet to the skin and chilled to the marrow, Cygnus and the writer were prompt to join the gentlemen in their potations and were soon in that blessed state of beatitude which the storm-king in all his fury could not disturb.

We had scarcely gotten well thawed out when a great stamping in the outer hall announced a new visitor. The sitting-room door was thrown wide open, and in stalked the stalwart form of Uncle John Duval, the Nestor of Chesapeake duck-shooters, and the best shot at wildfowl in all Maryland until the present counsellor, Jim Frick, with his twenty-pounder Pat Mullen gun, shooting twelve drams of powder, came to the fore.

Uncle John shook the sleet and snow from his coat like a venerable polar bear, plunged into a huge armchair in front of the fire and kicked off his boots without saying a word. We all saw that something had gone wrong with the old man, but happily our host Slatter knew how to overcome his taciturnity. He brewed a jorum of screaming-hot punch and placed it at his elbow. No sooner had the turf-like aroma of the poteen reached his nostrils than the frown on Uncle John's countenance melted away and he broke silence.

"Damn that thieving bald-head, and damn the gulls!" he



From the Sportsman's Portfolio of American Field of Sports

exclaimed as he seized the tumbler and swallowed half a pint of the red-hot beverage without winking an eye.

"Why, what's up?" someone exclaimed.

"Enough's up, and more than enough," retorted the old gentleman, as he turned half round in his chair. "How a nation boasting of its freedom and superior morality could select such a thieving, lousy, ruffianly bird as the bald eagle for its national emblem is inconceivable; and how you Carroll's Island shooters should tolerate the robberies of that old villain for two seasons as you have done, is simply disgraceful. We must kill the scoundrel, and for my part I will not shoot another duck until I get rid of him. As for the gulls I should like to serve them the same way, for they too, are impudent robbers."

The old man then went on to explain that he was having some fair shooting over the decoys but chiefly at inferior ducks. In the whole lot of twenty brace killed, but two canvasbacks dropped to his gun and one of these was carried off bodily by a bald eagle from under his very nose, and the other had the flesh torn from the breast by a large gull before it could be retrieved by the dogs. This particular eagle had been a nuisance to the surrounding country for several seasons for like the robber barons of the Middle Ages he subsisted on plunder, and here his chosen victims were the fishhawks and the sportsmen. He perched upon a dead tree standing in an open field where no one could approach within gun, even rifle shot, without being seen. From this eyrie he watched the gunners and when a duck was killed in midair and fell slantingly upon the water beyond gunshot range, he would boldly swoop down and bear it off; and what made the act more provoking was that he would take his plunder to his unapproachable tree and impudently devour it in the very sight of the despoiled sportsman.

As for the gulls—most people as they admire their graceful gyrations through the air would fancy them to be the most gentle and harmless of the feathered varieties—they are as rapacious as vultures and with beaks quite as sharp. It is a common occurrence as a dead duck floats away on the swift-running tide of

the Gunpowder River for one of the big dusky-colored gulls to alight upon it and in an incredibly short time tear away and devour the greater part of the breast before the retrieving dog can reach it; and thus our friend Duval was robbed of his second canvasback.

Early to bed and early to rise is a rule among the fowlers of Carroll's Island which neither Cygnus nor the writer were inclined to break; so we retired early leaving Uncle John and one Billy Smith, commonly called "Smithy," a sort of factotum to Slatter, in a deep conspiracy against the life of the predaceous eagle.

At dawn we were agreeably surprised to find the storm had passed away, the wind had suddenly chopped round and was blowing strong from the southeast. This being the most favorable condition possible for shooting over the bar, we hurried to the dining-room, took a hurried cup of hot coffee and were in our boxes on the bar, blazing away at the passing ducks with fair success until the flight was over, about nine o'clock, when we returned to the house and to breakfast with tremendous appetites on such a meal as was not to be had anywhere on the globe outside of Carroll's Island—fat canvas-backs *skillfully broiled before the natural animal heat had left the body.*

After breakfast while cleaning our guns preparatory to the evening flight, the before-mentioned Smithy made his appearance and mysteriously beckoned Cygnus to one side. Smithy was as devoted to Cygnus as a dog to his master, and the two men were great allies. "Mr. Swan," said Smithy, in half a whisper, "I have just come down from the lookout from the top of the house. I had the glass with me and seed nigh on to two acres of canvas-backs an' red-heads a feedin' in Hawk's Cove. Now if you have a mind to it you and your friend an' me can make the biggest toll on them ducks as ever was seed in these parts."

Of course Cygnus jumped at the proposition, and we commenced our brief preparations at once. We had no time to spare, for about noon is the best time for tolling, and that was not far off. Four of the best retrievers among the dogs

were selected, put in leash and given in charge to a couple of negroes, who were directed to station themselves at a designated point close to but out of sight of the cove and to slip the dogs at the report of our guns. The next thing to be done, and it was a matter of no little difficulty, was for Cygnus, Smithy and the writer to reach without being seen by the ducks a small but dense cover of reeds and sedge, close to the edge of the cove where we would be completely concealed and where we could commence tolling. We got to within two hundred yards of this shelter with little trouble, and then our difficulties commenced. The growth of grass between us and our objective point would scarcely conceal a large dog and we had to make it on our hands and knees, but this was not the worst of it.

There was a depression for at least fifty yards on our line of march, and this was covered with three inches of water by the incoming tide, and through this icy water we had to crawl: but if the water had been scalding hot, such was our excitement we never would have felt it. We happily reached the thicket without alarming the ducks. After fixing ourselves snugly, so as to secure complete freedom of action, Smithy commenced tolling with a red and white handkerchief tied to the end of his ramrod. Almost immediately the wildfowl, which were busily feeding over the whole surface of the cove, swam to a common centre and formed into a compact mass, which slowly approached our ambush. As they advanced they wedged themselves closer and closer together, so densely as entirely to conceal the water beneath them. I have been posted at a runway in a Louisiana swamp and listened to the crash of the cane as a great bear with a howling pack at his rear made his way straight to my stand: I have sat at midnight with a throbbing heart and eager ear, listening for a big buck to come into a deer-lick; but the excitement was as nothing compared to what we three felt as this great mass of wild fowl with outstretched necks drew nearer and nearer, until we could actually see the glitter of their myriad eyes!

At this moment, when they were within less than forty yards, at a signal from Smithy, we poured into the serried mass a volley from our right barrels, and then as they rose on thunderous wing in a clamorous cloud, the left barrels did their murderous work. Every pellet in the heavy charges of shot seemed to have found a victim, and the water for many yards around was covered with the dead, the dying and the wounded. The great Chesapeake dogs rushed in to do their work of retrieving, and even the negroes waded in to their arm-pits to help them.

More than an hour was consumed in gathering the spoil and when counted it mounted to one hundred and twenty head, chiefly red-heads and canvas-backs.

When it is remembered that this slaughter was done with three double guns fired from the shoulder and not with a swivel, it may be pronounced to have been the heaviest toll ever made upon the Chesapeake waters within the memory of man.

F. G. S.

P.S.—Uncle John, aided by Smithy, circumvented his enemy, the eagle, some days after, and nailed his felon carcass on the gable of the gun-house.

(Turf, Field and Farm, December 7, 1888)

CHAPTER XLII

How the Old Sportsman—With a friend from New Orleans had fine shooting between the lines of the opposing armies at Bull Run, and of a favorite dog he presented to this friend

PENDING the great Civil War, both "Feds" and "Confeds" were too busy shooting each other to pay much attention to the game of all kinds swarming along the lines of Bull Run, and yet the writer had the good fortune to get some right good sport and to supplement his frugal camp fare with many a goodly bag of quail and woodcock, shot often within hearing, sometimes even in sight of the enemy's pickets. In 1860 my old friend Cygnus sent me up to Rappahannock, where I then resided, a lovely little gyp, a cross between a setter and a cocker spaniel. She was rather under size with a waxy coat as fine as floss silk and as black and glossy as a raven's wing, and a better dog in the field or a more affectionate companion I never owned. At the first call to arms, of course, I hurried to the front, leaving my little "Beauty," for that was her name, at home; but it was with no little regret for she had been my inseparable companion night and day, both in and out of the field.

After becoming a field officer with all the privileges attached to the grade, with my own tent and my own body servant, there was no reason why I should be without my pet any longer. Accordingly, I dispatched my boy, William, to my mountain home in Rappahannock, some forty miles away, with orders to return with the little gyp and such "provend" and home comforts as my family might provide him with. On the evening of the fourth day after his departure he drove into our camp at Fairfax Courthouse, not only with the gyp, but with a two-horse wagon loaded down with such a store of fresh butter, mutton, old hams and other dear "home fixin's" as to convert our humble mess-tent into a banquet-hall, where

as long as the provisions lasted we ate, drank and were merry, totally oblivious of the possible death on the morrow.

"Beauty," the most lovely and lovable of her race, was as delighted at our reunion as myself, and was a great companion to me; in camp she slept upon my feet and kept them warm, and when on picket duty she was company for me when I made my lonely midnight rounds, so she soon became, with my dear old charger "Fox," the pet of the regiment. But alas! though the wide belt of country between our camp and outer line of pickets was abounding in game and I had ample time at my disposal, I could not use her in the field for want of ammunition. Powder, of course, we had in plenty, but bird-shot were about as scarce as Oriental pearls or precious stones; all the lead in the Confederacy was molded into musket and rifle balls and not an ounce into small shot. What made this lack of ammunition the more aggravating was the fact that every time the regiment went on picket, the numerous native hares would scamper away before its advance, flirting their cotton-tails as if in mockery of our impotence, while great bevies of quail would take wing with like impunity. But fortunately this tantalizing state of things was not to last long, for one day there arrived at headquarters from New Orleans one of the most charming and accomplished gentlemen I ever met with, Doctor Chopin, headquarters surgeon to General Beauregard. As we say in the South, Chopin and I "cottoned" together on sight. We had both been great travelers, and were as familiar with the old world as with the new. We were both born gourmets, fond of the flesh-pots and profoundly versed—theoretically at least—in all the mysteries of the culinary art. Add to this an equal passion for the sports of the field.

As a matter of course we became close chums. The Doctor, forseeing the dearth of small shot in Virginia, had taken the precaution to bring with him from Louisiana one cwt. of No. 8 shot in 25-lb. bags; but he had no dog, while I had my little gyp. Each had what was indispensable to the other, and as a consequence we formed a little sporting confederacy of two.

Moreover, Chopin could at any time secure what I could not, and that was a permit from the General to go beyond our lines, and thus we got a monopoly of the shooting in the unoccupied territory between the Federal and Confederate armies. Of course, we ran some risk of being gobbled up by our enemy's cavalry, but it was, with the precautions we took, very slight, and there were no Sheridans nor Custers in our front just then.

In this great game preserve, Chopin, the writer, and occasionally Prince Polignac, who remained at our headquarters until he joined Dick Taylor in the Southwest, had some right good sport. After the Southern fashion we always hunted on horseback, taking a servant along to pull down fences or hold the horses when we dismounted to shoot. On these excursions we took the precaution to borrow a scout from headquarters to keep a lookout, after the manner of wild-geese, for any approach of a raiding enemy. There was no absolute necessity for this, but it gave us a sense of security which possibly improved our shooting, for we now and then made as good bags as I have ever seen in times of peace.

One day I remember we had an exceptionally good day on the Chantilly estate, on the very same ground where later my gallant friend and schoolmate, General Phil Kearney, was killed by a shot from a private of my own brigade. It was in a field of an hundred acres or more grown up in sedge and June grass. At the first flash of the bevy we both made a handsome right and left. It was evidently the first time they had ever been disturbed. They made but a short flight and were marked down in a patch of dense grass not three hundred yards off, where they laid, when the bitch found them again like so many stone. They got up singly and in pairs, and we had nine of them on the ground before we moved from our tracks or retrieved a single bird. On that Chantilly farm that day, on a surface of not more than two hundred acres, we found nine bevies of birds and had as good a day's shooting as I remember to have had anywhere before or since. Agriculture for the

nonce was dead. The mowing machines, so fatal to game, were idle; there had been little cultivation and still less reaping that year; and the broad fields, undisturbed by the plow, had grown up in sedge and other native grasses so favorable to the increase of furred and feathered game.

Toward sunset, when our ammunition was getting low, our little bitch tired, and ourselves surfeited with sport, the idea occurred to Doctor Chopin to surprise his friend "Jeb" Stuart and his adjutant Colonel Tiernan Brien, whose quarters were close by, with a game supper. We accordingly dispatched our scout back to camp with a note for General Beauregard informing him where we were to be found in case of need; and started for General Stuart's quarters. On our arrival we were disappointed at not finding the General. The fact is, that iron soldier and incarnation of vigilance, having command of the outposts, rarely pressed a bed while our army held the line of the Potomac. He was ever somewhere on the picket line, and when he slept—if at all—it was on the ground with his feet to the bivouac fire. We had a warm welcome however from his gallant chief of staff, Colonel Tiernan Brien, who, I am glad to learn, is still to the fore in Chicago; and who sets a table as well as he did his squadrons on the field of Manassas.

To my great delight I found as visitors of Colonel Brien two of my dearest Maryland friends. One of them was that madcap dare-devil George Lemon, of General Archer's staff; the other the gallant Colonel William Norris, to whom was assigned the perilous and confidential duty of keeping up communications with our friends in Maryland and the Northern States. I avail myself of the opportunity to send these friends an old comrade's loving greeting.

With the single exception of surgeon Chopin, we were all Marylanders at Brien's table. Meeting together after months of separation, months passed amid all the perils of the active war, it may be imagined what heart there was in that meeting, prolonged as it was far into the night, in the exchange of our mutual adventures by flood and field and in talking of our dear ones at home. After a late breakfast, at which Brien's chef, a

darkey imported from Maryland, not only proved himself a great artist, but gave the pleasant surprise of *beat* biscuits so dear to every Southern palate, the making of which, alas! is rapidly becoming a lost art, we drank a parting stirrup-cup, bade adieu to our friends and started for our camp near Fairfax, C. H.

On the way, being a little thirsty after such a convivial night, we turned aside into a noted spring not far from the road and there flushed a woodcock, which, flopping lazily up, dropped again in a small swamp just below. This was enough to again arouse all our venatic instincts, for an October woodcock is more to be prized than half-a-dozen quail. We followed this fellow up, and to our surprise, found the small swamp, not more than an acre in extent, fairly swarming with the long-bills, and though not good at snap shooting—possibly because of the stirrup-cup—we managed within an hour to bag eight and a half brace of those delicious birds. Just then we heard a long roll beating in all the camps. Wondering what the deuce it could mean, we hastily mounted and, putting spurs to our horses, never drew rein until we reached our respective quarters, where we found it was a false alarm.

When, soon after, General Beauregard was ordered South, Chopin and the other members of his staff went with him and so did my little gyp. I presented her to the Doctor as the most precious testimonial I could give of a loving friendship that endured until his death; which alas! occurred when he was in his prime and just as he had reached the pinnacle of professional eminence.

After this, I never had another opportunity to shoot birds again, until—an invalid after the second Manassas—I accompanied, as a spectator, the late William Allen to his Curles Neck estate on the James River, to eat my share of the sora that were killed there in great numbers with gun and paddle, an account of which expedition I must reserve for another reminiscence.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, February 8, 1889)

CHAPTER XLIII

How the Old Sportsman—Tells of Sora Shooting on Curles Neck during the dying days of the Confederacy, and how when suffering from a severe wound received at the Second Battle of Manassas he was forced to be only a spectator

RAIL or sora-shooting requires so little skill, and is so monotonous as scarcely, under ordinary circumstances, to be worth description; but the day's sport which I am about to describe was enjoyed under peculiar and somewhat difficult conditions, for like the quail-shooting of which the Turf published an account some time ago, this sora-shooting was done in time of war, and if not in the actual presence, surely within hearing of the guns of the enemy, who, like a great anaconda, was drawing his fatal folds closer and closer around our doomed city.

I had been in Richmond for many weary months under surgical treatment for a wound received in the chest at the Second Manassas. The wound had become, as it were, chronic, and would not heal; it left me vitality enough to creep about the streets with the aid of a cane in good weather, but not sufficient strength to return to the front.

One day late in September, 1863, as I was hobbling along the sunny side of the street, enjoying a heat which drove others to the shade, I met my late friend William, commonly called "Buck" Allen, of Clairmont, one of the greatest landholders in Virginia, whose hospitality equaled his great wealth. He engaged me to dine with him the next day to meet a French gentleman who had brought him letters of introduction, but who could not speak intelligible English. I was to act as interpreter. Now, how at that period of the war a man of even Allen's wealth could find material for a dinner-party in poor, beleagured, half-starved Richmond, where even table salt had become a rarity, passed my comprehension, but the invitation, like the manna in the wilderness, was a godsend not to be

rejected. Sick of the rusty bacon and cowpeas supplied by the post commissary—cranky old Northrup—like another Esau I would have bartered my birthright for a savory mess of porridge; and feeble as I was bodily, I would have gone to that dinner had I been obliged to be borne there on a stretcher. Of course I accepted, for I had been starving for weeks.

The time intervening between the invitation and the blessed hour fixed for the feast was passed in the perusal of Mrs. Randolph's cookery book, in wondering what Allen would give us for dinner, and dreaming of the bounteous flesh-pots of dear old Baltimore, my native town; of old Guy and his monumental juleps; of old Mother Winkle and her terrapin, and the artistic cuisine of the Maryland Club; but not the least pleasant of these gastronomic visions was that of my dear old friend, Johannes Cygnus, seated at his own table with a chafing-dish before him, deeply absorbed in the concoction of one of his own inimitable "golden bucks."

At the very striking of the appointed hour I was the first guest to make his bow to our expectant host; and soon after the Frenchman arrived and I was duly presented to Monsieur le Comte de St. Romain. He came out as the agent of Erlanger, the banker, who married the magnificent daughter of Slidell, the Confederate Commissioner to Europe. The Count was rather diminutive in size, but he had a tremendous waxed moustache that a member of the Old Guard might have envied. He looked as if he had just dropped in from the Boulevard des Italiens, and was dressed in the highest style of fashion. The splendor of his raiment was in striking contrast with the threadbare patched uniforms of his fellow-guests, but there was a freshness and Gallic vivacity about the little man which, with his broken and comical English, made him very entertaining. His enthusiasm for field sports was unbounded, he would talk of nothing but what he called *la chasse*, and to hear him the credulous might fancy he was the foremost Nimrod of all Europe. He, like many foreigners, believed that elk, bear and buffalo still ranged in countless numbers within easy reach of all our

cities. Under the inspiration of Allen's punch and superlative Amontillado, our Parisian Nimrod became quite excited.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, as he shook his hands above his head, "I go to zee chasse in two-three day; I have bring vid me ma le foucheux an' my couteau-de-chasse. I meet zee bear an zee beeson; I shoot, I keel him bose. Quelle gloire! ven I return to Paris en triomphe vid such grand gibier."

He was quite taken back when told that to procure such game he would have to travel two thousand miles westward from where he sat! It was then explained to him that in time of war it was not quite safe to roam about the country for shooting or any other purpose.

All that Allen could do to console the Count for what was evidently a great disappointment was to propose to him a day's shooting at sora. It was now the season for that sport, and it might yet be enjoyed within our lines without danger of molestation by the enemy, though it was within hearing of their guns and the whistles of their steamers.

Rail-shooting being a sport our Frenchman never had experienced, he readily accepted his host's invitation to spend a day and night at his plantation on Curle's Neck, some miles below Richmond. Just opposite the plantation is one of the best rail marshes in the whole country.

On consulting the tidal register it was found that the tide would be at the flood at 10 A. M. on the next day but one. The hour being suitable, the expedition was accordingly fixed for that day. As I was familiar with the French language and with Paris, I was urged to join it as interpreter to help entertain the foreigner. I assented to go merely as a spectator, for I was far too feeble to stand the jar of a gun, or indeed any extra physical exertion.

It may have been an imprudence on my part, but the truth is I needed both a change of diet and a change of scene. The idea of exchanging rusty bacon for the delicious sora was not to be resisted, and then I was so weary of my long confinement in Richmond that I would have been willing to have tried a

few days even in Tophet for a change. The Confederate Capital, so full of life and energy and hope at the commencement of the struggle, was now a vast hospital, hope was giving way to the dread of defeat, and instead of the triumphs we were now experiencing the ills and privations of war.

Early in the morning of the appointed day Allen, the Count and myself drove down to Curle's Neck, arrived on time and found boats and pushers awaiting us. The wind had been at the East for several days, the tide was unusually high, and our boatmen were reputed the best retrievers on the river, as this sport depends quite as much on the skill of the pusher as on that of the sportsman.

Allen took one boat; St. Romain the other, while I, being a non-performer, squatted amidships in the little Count's boat, where I had much quiet fun watching his antics and listening to his ejaculations of *"Mon Dieu! Sapristi! Diable!"* as the birds rose right and left and in front of him in such numbers as to confuse his aim and cause him to miss shots which a schoolboy might have made with a cross-bow. Fortunately he bagged a king rail (*rallus elegans*), the only one seen that day, at which he was greatly delighted. It acted as a balm to his wounded vanity and consoled him for his many misses. Allen, of course, being an old hand, never lost a bird, so that by the time the tide turned and went down we had quite as many birds as we needed for the moment.

Notwithstanding the excitement of the sport, we were not suffered to forget that we and all our loved ones were then engaged in the desperate game of war, for at irregular intervals of from ten to twenty minutes there would come to us, from somewhere far down the river, the solemn boom of heavy artillery, sounding as it were, the death-knell of our doomed Confederacy.

After our return to the house, we sat down to an immense dish on which was piled a noble pyramid of sora broiled to a turn. There were other edibles on the table, but save a decanter of Buck Allen's famous sherry, I had an eye single for the succulent *rallidae* which, in my opinion, are the most deli-

cious of all the birds that ever tickled the palate of the most fastidious gourmet.

What a delightful change from the scant, musty rations of old Commissary Northrup in Richmond! And how I enjoyed it. My very soul was wrapped in a gastronomic Elysium!

After supper Allen ordered his men to go out on the flood-tide of the night and get us a mess of birds by fire-hunting—the best method, by the way, to get them in perfection, as they are not bruised and torn by the shot. The next morning the men brought us a bushel basket nearly filled with birds in first-rate condition.

After a copious breakfast we returned to Richmond with a good supply of sora for distribution among our invalid friends, and so ended my last sporting expedition during the whole of the Civil War.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, March 22, 1889)

CHAPTER XLIV

How the Old Sportsman—Tells of a Bear Hunt which became more a lesson in Natural History. How he saw an Ivory-Billed Woodpecker, and gives in graceful words a description of the Louisiana Swamps

IN regard to bear hunting, the incidents about to be related are neither uncommon nor sensational, but they are given with a view to show how much the pleasures of the sportsman may be enhanced by a genuine love of nature, habits of observation, and a slight knowledge of natural science.

I have met with many men in my day who, though keen sportsmen over the stubbles and crack shots at all sorts of feathered game, had no relish whatever for still-hunting or driving deer or any other ground game; they lacked that virtue of patience, without which no man may hope to excel in woodcraft; they could see no sport in standing guard for hours at a lonely spot in the woods, watching with the vigilant patience of a cat at a rat-hole, for the mere chance of getting a shot at the hunted animal. It might be otherwise if such men through ignorance were not blinded to the many objects of interest by which they are surrounded. I remember on one occasion keeping at a stand in the great Louisiana Swamp for five successive hours, and so far from being wearied or lonely, I was rather annoyed at the interruption of my vigil by the appearance of the game I had been waiting for so long.

It happened in this wise: Late in March I was seated on the bank of Choctaw Bayou, in Tensas Parish, Louisiana, within a few yards of my cabin door, engaged in that tamest of all sport, angling for buffalo, and over-looking the while my people cutting cane nearby, when at the turn of the bayou some distance off a canoe shot into view and was paddled to my landing by my nearest neighbor Goodrick. He came down to get my assistance, and that of my dogs, in killing a bear which from

his lair in an impenetrable "hurricane" nearby was making destructive raids upon his hogs.

Now as bear-hunting with dogs in a swamp, intersected in every direction with narrow but unfordable bayous and heavy cane-brakes, is about the hardest work I ever had undertaken, and as the weather was already getting uncomfortably warm for such exercise, I was strongly inclined to decline my friend's proposition; but then the reflection that if there ever was a place in the world where cooperation was necessary and where man ought to help brother man, it was in such a wilderness as that in which we were both pioneers, I consented to go.

In coming down the bayou, Goodrick had the luck, late as it was in the season, to bag a couple of brace of blue-wing teal; these, together with a bunch of perch, freshly caught that morning, furnished us without delay a very fair dinner; immediately after which we set out for his clearing, I in my dugout, paddled by my man Friday, "Joe Copper;" and Goodrick in his own, with my five dogs divided between us.

On our way, as we paddled leisurely up stream, keeping a good lookout for what might offer in the way of game, Goodrick explained to me his plan of campaign for the next day. The bear which he had sighted thrice without being able to get in a shot, he described as uncommonly large but very thin and gaunt, and therefore all the harder to kill, was harbored in what is called in that country a "hurricane," (a chaos of fallen timber of the largest size caused some years before by the passage of a cyclone). Bushes, briars, vines and every sort of rank vegetation common to the country had grown up among these prostrate trees, making the place impenetrable to man except on his hands and knees and furnishing an inexpugnable retreat to the wild beasts which take refuge there.

Thrice the bear in question had been hounded out of this cover by Goodrick's own dogs, only three in number, and each time had escaped by a different outlet, all of which showed the marks of frequent travel. Now, it was fair to infer that when again attacked, if he could be driven out at all, which was doubtful, it would be through one of these runways.

My neighbor, however, was too short-handed to guard the three stands and to furnish a driver to go with the dogs, hence he sought my assistance. Moreover, his team of dogs was too weak. It was arranged that, after an early breakfast, my friend's brother should go into the drive with the hounds, while his hired man, himself and I should occupy the stands; of which I, as the guest, was to have my choice.

The next morning I selected a stand downwind from the "hurricane" on the bank of the bayou at the edge of a depression, which from time immemorial had been a crossing place for all the *ferae natures* of that section of the swamp, as a well beaten pathway clearly showed. Here I was left seated on a cushion of leaves with my back resting against a fallen tree commanding an uninterrupted view of the bayou and the surrounding forest for several hundred yards.

There is a weird, uncanny look about the great Louisiana swamp, which has a depressing effect on many people but which I never experienced. On the contrary, to me there is a solemn, gloomy grandeur about it full of attraction; the sensation is something like that experienced by a credulous child when listening to a ghost story.

For the first ten minutes after I had been left to my solitary vigil a profound silence reigned, when suddenly it was broken by a continuous repetition of sharp strident cries which resembled the unnatural laughter of a maniac. Presently, there appeared, with a peculiar undulating flight, a large bird with a strongly defined plumage of snow-white and jet-black, a tall crest of vivid scarlet, fierce, glittering topaz-colored eyes and a powerful wedge-shaped beak as white as ivory; he alighted on the trunk of a dead tree within twenty feet of me and gave me what I had often read of and longed to see, my first sight of a living ivory-billed woodpecker (*Picus principalis*), the king of woodpeckers, a comparatively rare bird, which, unlike its congeners, shuns the habitations of man to seek in the vast primeval forests a home more congenial to its savage nature.

I watched the actions of the bird with intense interest. He

had evidently visited the tree before, for at its foot was a mound of fragments of bark and rotten wood that would have been a load for a cart. Clinging to the smooth vertical surface of the tree, he plied his great ivory beak with such incredible speed and power that the chips and fragments poured down from him in a continuous stream like the grist from a mill hopper. A stout man with a hatchet could not have committed such speedy havoc. The rapid blows of the king of 'peckers resounded through the forest like the alarm rattle of a night watchman, and when perchance he got upon the hollow part of the trunk it represented the continuous roll of muffled drums. Presently, and without any apparent cause, he abandoned his labor, with a harsh scream resumed his undulating flight and was soon lost to view, though I could still hear at intervals his maniac laughter coming up out of the gloomy swamp like the wailings of a lost spirit.

While yet musing on what I had witnessed, my attention was attracted in another direction. Gazing listlessly across a stretch of flat ground toward a ridge of cane some distance away, I observed a peculiar motion in a clump of palmettoes, for which I could not account; and the steady continuance of which excited my interest. Now, my strict duty as a guardian of a runway was to stick to my post, but the curiosity of the amateur naturalist got the better of me. I approached the trembling palmetto with all the caution of a still-hunter with his quarry in sight, and there made a discovery which I fancy is the true solution to a problem so much discussed some years after in those great English journals, *The London Field*, and *Land and Water*, viz: "What becomes of the cast-off antlers of the Cervidae?"

The motion of the palmetto-leaves I discovered was caused by their contact with a five-pronged buck-horn, to which was given a rocking motion by a swarm of field mice, which were so busily engaged in feasting upon it as to be unaware of my approach. Marking the spot, I returned to my stand without disturbing the banquet. Early the next morning I returned to

the place; the whole of the heavy antler had been devoured with the exception of two or three of the hard points! I had solved a problem in natural history!

I had not been long back at my stand when a splashing in the water immediately beneath me attracted my attention. Floating on the sluggish current of the bayou were small patches of aquatic moss beneath which might be seen small fishes, chiefly sun perch eagerly feeding on the insects and animalculae which were attached to it; while feeding on these fish was an enormous alligator gar, the most powerful and ferocious of the fresh-water fishes of the South. Seated on the bluff only eight or ten feet above the semi-transparent water I could dimly descry the monster, full four feet in length, waiting immovable for his prey, and whenever a patch of moss would come floating by he would dart forth with lightning speed to seize a victim.

While watching with the keenest interest the maneuvers of this scaly old pirate, my attention was drawn in another direction. Far away, some two hundred yards or so, I espied on the still, unruffled surface of the water, what looked like two black balls. I paid little heed to them at first; they might have suggested the presence of an alligator, but it was too early in the season, I fancied, for those saurians to be out. But looking again, a few moments later, I observed that the balls had come perceptibly nearer, and that against the current. I knew at once that these seeming balls were the eyes of an alligator, and from the unusual width between them that he must be a "whopper." Slowly, without causing a ripple, almost imperceptibly, the saurian approached, while I remained as motionless as if turned to stone. At length the hideous beast reached the break in the bank through which the runway passed, crawled out on the opposite side, and laid himself down in the sunlight with his nose at the water's edge.

Ever since the loss, the preceding year, of the very best and most beloved dog I had ever owned, killed in the most shocking manner by one of these reptiles, I have entertained the most intense hatred for the whole saurian race; and here lay close before

me within easy range a villianous ugly brute which from his size might fairly be ranked as the patriarch of his accursed tribe! I certainly would have violated the first principles of woodcraft, which required me to shoot at nothing but the bear we were hunting, and have slain the brute then and there, but I had no rifle with me. I was armed with a ten-bore double gun, which, loaded with four drachms of powder and fifteen buckshot, had always been in my hands more fatal to large game, particularly in the drive, than any grooved barrel could be; and then the weapon I held could not be sure enough for my hate. I had to content myself with a vow to hunt up and put to death this identical "'gaitor" at the very first opportunity, and I am happy to say the vow was accomplished within less than two weeks.

Next my attention was called to the upper regions and to a far more attractive picture than the loathsome alligator presented. High in the air a pair of beautiful hawks, such as I had never seen before, were disporting themselves; it was the love-season, and they were vieing with each other in the performance of such marvelous aerial feats as neither the barn swallow nor the house martin could equal. They were a pair of swallow-tailed hawks (*Falco furcatus*), the first I had ever seen alive, and beyond compare the most graceful and beautiful of the whole genus. While absorbed in admiration of these lovely birds I was suddenly reminded of the business that called me there by the distant baying of the dogs, and I prepared for action. The chase was evidently coming in my direction, and soon I heard the sharp crackling of the tall canes as the bear came rushing through the brake with the resistless impetus of a cyclone, the clamorous dogs at his heels. He was making direct to my stand, and I was prepared to blow him through with a whole load of buckshot at close range, when suddenly he stopped, and giving a low whistling snort, like a wild-hog, turned short to the right and made back to the canebrake. I had the folly to fire at him as he reached it with the possibility of stopping him and at the risk of hitting some of

the dogs. The folly was the greater as at the crack of the gun the pack—as bear-dogs always do—rushed to close quarters and a promising young dog was killed by a single blow of the bear. And that was all I saw of the chase; but the disappointment was well merited; for had I adhered strictly to the rules of woodcraft, I would have slain the bear and gathered all the honors.

The fact is, Bruin, who has a nose like a sleuth-hound, had struck the trail I had made some hours before in going to and from the deer's horn. This was enough to turn him from his course, and I was thus justly punished for leaving my stand even for a moment. The bear was killed an hour or two later by the hired man, but neither his pelt nor his flesh was worth the charge which slew him.

I am conscious that as a bear story this reminiscence is very tame; but if I have succeeded in demonstrating how much a love of nature and her works may add to the enjoyment of the sportsman, I am content.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, May 17, 1889)

CHAPTER XLV

How the Old Sportsman—Acted as second for a fellow countryman who encountered difficulty in Paris

FRANCE is the only country in Europe, I believe, where under certain regulations duelling is tolerated, if not encouraged, among the privates of the armies.

When on my way to Dauphiny in 1835, to visit Madame Adolphe Perrier, a granddaughter of General Lafayette, and the châtelaine of that marvel of Renaissance architecture, the Château of Vizille, built by the Constable de Lesdiguieres in the time of Henri IV, I stopped at Grenoble while waiting for a conveyance to take me to Vizille, not far away. I set out with a competent guide to view the curiosities of the town, the chief of which were the fortifications, whence a magnificent view is obtained of the valley of the Isère, of Mont Blanc, the lesser Alps, and of the interesting ruins of the castle and birthplace of the Chevalier, *sans peur et sans reproche,* the immortal Bayard.

On my return to the hotel the landlord handed me a note. It was from Gaston Frestel, a very dear chum of mine, when at school in Paris ten years before. Since we had separated Frestel had become a lieutenant in the 27th Regiment of the Line, which formed part of the garrison of Grenoble. The note informed me that my luggage had been carried off to the quarters of Lieutenant Frestel and that I was to live with him and mess with the lieutenants of his regiment while I remained in Grenoble. My intimacy with Gaston was so close that, so far from objecting to this summary proceeding as a liberty, I joyously accepted his invitation and guided by an orderly who had been sent for the purpose, I reported at once to my friend's quarters. Unlike the great majority of the young French officers, he was a man of wealth, kept his own horses and lived in all the style the regimental discipline would allow, but of course as well from choice as necessity, he had to mess with his comrades, with whom he was very popular. I, a stranger and civilian, felt

highly honored in being permitted to join this mess, paying, of course, my regular weekly quota as assessed by the officer in charge. The lieutenants and sub-lieutenants composing it I found to be a jolly, warm-hearted, devil-may-care set of young fellows of about my own age, and after my own heart. I soon became as much a member of the Regiment as a foreigner well might be, and became known to the town as *'l Americain du vingt-septième de ligne.* Of course I soon also became familiar with the *modus vivendi* of French soldiers, and the fact mentioned above, that the duel, under restrictions which rendered it well-nigh harmless, was encouraged in the French armies.

After morning drill our mess went to breakfast at ten. It was during this meal that the privates of the regiment—mostly conscripts in their first year—who had quarrels on hand, which they fancied should be settled on the field of honor, made their appearance in the mess-hall and reported to an officer specially detailed for the purpose, for permission to fight. This, after a slight investigation into the causes of the quarrel, was generally granted; when it was refused it was always on the ground that military honor did not require an appeal to arms. I saw as many as five such permits granted of a morning.

Of course, the bulk of the French armies is composed of raw, ignorant peasants from the provinces, but such is the inherent martial spirit of the Gallic race that this raw material is soon fashioned by the drill sergeants, the fencing and the dancing masters—with which every regiment is amply provided—into the gallant soldiers who planted the tri-colored flag upon the ramparts of every capital of Continental Europe.

In the 27th and presumably in all the other regiments, custom or actual regulation required that the *maitre d'armes* and his *prévot,* the fencing master and his assistant, and no other, should act as seconds in all duels between the privates of the same regiments; that all contestants were to fight with the ordinary fencing foil, unbuttoned and sharpened to a point, and that the combat should cease at the first sign of blood—a scratched finger was deemed ample atonement for outraged honor.

At Grenoble these duels always took place in a broad, deep and dry moat somewhere about eleven A. M. We of the lieutenant's mess, knowing when and where they were to come off, would, breakfast over, light our pipes or cigars and stroll out to a bastion overlooking the arena, and there like ancient Romans, we looked down upon the doughty deeds of these modern gladiators. As no one was ever killed or even dangerously wounded, the scene partook quite as much of the comic as the tragic.

The manner of fighting was as follows: The seconds, that is the fencing master and his assistants, armed with *epées-de-combat* —regular duelling swords—much heavier than the foils of the principals, standing opposite to each other, hold their weapons crossed near the points. The combatants, after gravely saluting in the manner taught them at the fencing school, advance and cross their foils upon the swords of the seconds, so that the points of the four weapons are close together; then the seconds, lowering their swords, pronounce the solemn words *"Laissez allers!"*—"Let them go!" And the fighters promptly punch away at each other, with more or less skill, until blood is drawn, from one or the other by what is generally a mere scratch. If, however, the watching teachers see a lunge started from which there is danger of death or even a serious wound, quick as lightning, their heavier swords interpose and turn the threatening foil aside. The combat is stopped; honor declared to be satisfied and the principals complimented in glowing terms on the gallant manner in which they have obeyed the call of honor and sustained the reputation of the regiment.

Nearly all these harmless combats terminated with reconciliation on the field, and a theatrical embrace in which the parties locked in each other's arms looked over each other's shoulders, first on one side and then on the other, and then left the field better friends henceforth for having sought each other's lives, and the better soldiers too from the evidence of courage just given. Another important rule conducted with this system of duelling was that the principals should at the very first oppor-

tunity treat their seconds to a bottle or two of wine. A veteran officer, who approved highly of this regulated system of duelling, was of opinion that it encouraged a chivalrous feeling among the men while it discouraged the brutalities of pugilism, a horror of which is a national trait with the French people.*

In all the time I was at Grenoble and Vizille I witnessed but one serious and tragic duel, between two officers, and even that had a fortunate termination. One of them ran the other through the body, the sword entering the center of the chest and coming out between the shoulders. The thrust of course, we all thought was mortal, but to our astonishment the wounded man reported for duty within six weeks. As the Doctor explained to me after, the blade had passed between the lobes of the lungs without injury to that important organ.

Some time after my return to Paris it was my good or ill fortune to participate as a second in a duel between a gallant young New Yorker (long since deceased) and a French bullying duellist of the Drawcansir type.

It was at the flood-tide of the Carnival season, when Momus and his jolly crew reigned supreme over the capital of France, that, accompanied by my friend Frestel, who was in Paris on leave, we took seats in the little gallery at the Salle Musard, in the Rue St. Honoré, to get a bird's-eye-view of the masked ball, which may be described as a great maelstrom of humanity habited in fantastic costumes, drunken with the contagious gaiety of the hour and with wine, rushing around that great hall in a furious gallopade, keeping time to the maddening music of the most famous and powerful orchestra in all Europe.

While looking on with the most intense interest at the first masked ball I had ever seen, I caught sight of a handsome young fellow, who, though a stranger, I immediately recognized not only as a fellow citizen, but also from certain peculiarities, as a New Yorker who might even by a McAllister be judged as a Knickerbocker of the bluest blood. He was not dancing; on the contrary, he was modestly standing with his back to the

* Written before the days of Charpentier.

wall to make way for the torrent of dancers passing before him. His handsome face was expressive of nothing more than wonder at the scene. While I was looking at him, speculating as to whom he might be, I observed a tall, dissipated-looking Frenchman, habited as a postilion, dancing with a brazen-faced little *pierette,* go out of his way to tread intentionally on our New Yorker's foot, and then hurry along with the crowd.

My unknown country-man made a grimace but said nothing. Presently the Frenchman, having made the circuit of the hall, approached again and again trod upon the New Yorker's foot; but then he caught a tartar, for with the quickness of lightning the young American, whom I subsequently learned was a favorite pupil of little Jim Stanford, the best lightweight pugilist of that day, struck, straight from the shoulder, and catching the astonished bully in the burr of the ear laid him out senseless. But this was not the worst of it; a dozen or more dancers, men and women, rushing along in the immediate rear, stumbled and fell over the prostrate Frenchman and formed a confused mound of petticoats, legs, arms and feet, from which issued oaths, shrieks, and yells such as only pandemonium could have produced.

The young stranger was immediately surrounded by a mob of Frenchmen who without touching him, grimaced and gesticulated like so many infuriated monkeys, in a menagerie; and what added, if possible to their rage was that they mistook him for an Englishman, for none but a John Bull, they believed, could be guilty of the barbarism of knocking a man down, and and that in the presence of *les dames.* At this critical moment for the young man, a squad of four tall *sergeants-de-ville* (policemen) wearing cocked hats and long swords, marched up taking possession of the belligerents, and marched them off to a side room, the door of which was immediately closed to keep out the crowd.

Then it was I thought it time to go to the assistance of my young country-man. My card, with the title of *attaché* to the American legation, and Frestel's as Lieutenant-du-vintg-de-

Ligne, secured us instant admission and consideration. As I had conjectured, the New Yorker, G. C., was of the highest social position; but he could neither speak or understand a word of French and found himself in an awkward fix. His antagonist belonged evidently to that class of quarrelsome bullies who infest the *estaminets* and billiard-rooms of Paris, and, as skillful with fencing foil as with the billiard cue, are ever ready to quarrel and even to fight, if it be with the sword; but who, really cowards at heart, dare not encounter the more even chances of a duel with the pistol.

At first the fury and loud vociferations of the two Frenchmen prevented all attempts at explanation, but when at last calm was established, the policemen, bowing very politely to myself and others, withdrew and the discussion commenced.

It was fortunate I had with me a French officer perfectly familiar with the national code of duello, which by the way is so much more just and reasonable than our own. In France it is the aggrieved, the insulted party, and consequently the challenger, who dictates the terms of combat; whereas with us it is the reverse.

In France the *spadassin,* or professed duellist, than whom there can be no more despicable character, is more cautious than he otherwise would be in offering gratuitous insults, for he merely would lose the choice of weapons, nor can he compel a civilian under any circumstances to fight with a sword; though military men cannot refuse it. In this case, the Frenchman's friend, a bow-legged little chap in the skin-tight costume of a harlequin, claimed with great pertinacity that his principal, having been knocked down, was necessarily the challenger, with the privilege of choosing the weapons. Had we acceded to this it would have been all up with our man, for his antagonist was reputed one of the most dangerous blades in France. Frestel observed that our friend and not his was the insulted party. To this the harlequin replied that the treading on a gentleman's foot in such a surging crowd was an unavoidable accident and not an insult. "But such an accident being repeated," retorted

Frestel, "*was* an insult, requiring the immediate retaliation which your man received." And here the discussion came to a dead-lock, with the lieutenant begging to be excused for five minutes.

He left the room and soon returned accompanied by old General Charbonnel, a grizzled old veteran of the Napoleonic period; one whose decision in all matters conducted with the duello was without appeal, and whom the Frenchman dared not refuse as a referee. After hearing both sides, and more particularly my declaration, that I had seen the Frenchman tread not once, but twice on the American's foot, and knowing, too probably, something of the Frenchman's character as a duellist and a bully, the General decided that we were the insulted party, giving our man the choice of weapons, time and place. Now as our New Yorker had never handled a foil in his life, and was, on the other hand a fair shot with a pistol, we of course chose the latter weapon. At the proposition of ten paces as the distance there was such an outcry of murder and barbarity that after much higgling we had to consent to double the paces. As it was now near daybreak, it was agreed that the parties should not separate, but take a couple of hacks; and calling at the shooting gallery of Le Page, in the Champs Élysees, for arms and ammunition, continue to the Bois de Boulogne and there settle the matter.

The occasion was certainly a solemn one, and yet when arrived on the ground I saw issue from the hack three Frenchmen, one in the opera costume of the postilion of Longumeau, another in the parti-colored dress of Harlequin, and the third, a medical student, to serve, if necessary, as surgeon in the ridiculous dress of Pierrot. I could not repress a quiet laugh at the incongruous, comical absurdity of the scene: of which I have been frequently reminded since by the masterpiece of Gerome, now in the gallery of Mr. William T. Walters of Baltimore, depicting a similar but more tragic duel of masqueraders. Before getting out of our carriage I took the precaution to make my principal take a strong pull out of a flask of good cognac which I had brought along for the occasion. Mem:

When under circumstances at all similar, make your man, however strong, take a sockdolager of strong waters before you place him on the ground, for a sleepless night on an empty stomach will ruffle the strongest nerves.

After the usual preliminaries, the combatants were placed in position. My man was pale and silent but there was no tremor in his hand when I reached him his pistol and told him the hair trigger was set. His antagonist was as pale as a sheet, I fancied I saw his knees tremble and the white feather showing above his once-haughty crest. Between the words "One!" and "Two!" the New Yorker fired, instantly the Frenchman dropped his pistol, which exploded as he fell prone upon his back, yelling out in lamentable tones, *"Je suis mort! Oh! ma mere! ma mere!"*

Upon investigation it was found that the ball had not penetrated his body at all, but had plowed through the skin of that portion of his person which it is deemed indecent to expose to a friend, and cowardly to expose to a foe. The wound, though slight and even ridiculous, was as painful as if the fellow had been seared with a red-hot iron. When at last the man was persuaded with difficulty by his friends that his wound was not dangerous but only skin deep, his joy knew no bounds. He volunteered the most profuse apologies, giving as his only excuse for his conduct that he had mistaken our New Yorker for an Englishman, and would have embraced his late adversary in accordance with the French custom, had he been permitted to do so. There was a cordial hand-shaking all around, and then in obedience to another and better French custom, principals and seconds all retired in a body to a neighboring restaurant, where at the expense of the principals a copious breakfast, with many bottles of champagne, cemented our newly-made friendship and indemnified us for the reactions of the night. When we parted late that evening we left the wounded Frenchman in the care of his friends, and he was, like Tam O'Shanter, "O'er all the ills of life victorious."

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, June 7, 1889)

CHAPTER XLVI

How the Old Sportsman—Was taught trout fishing by Mr. Foster, his writing master, and gives a description of Green Spring Run

IT was a long time ago to be sure, but the memory of it is still so vivid that I feel like telling you of the capture of my first trout; it's not much of a story, but it may interest the few of my gray-headed contemporaries yet lingering on the hither shore of Jordan, whose ideas, like my own, were taught to shoot beneath the castigating rattan of Parson Williams, or the gentle guidance of old Cotter at Baltimore College, more than sixty years ago (1829). These mates of mine, both at school and in mischief, will remember our dear old writing master, Foster; a hearty, bluff, rosy-faced man, middle-aged, as fine a type of the Anglo-Saxon race as you will find anywhere. Foster, like most Englishmen, was devoted to all sorts of outdoor sports, but trout fishing was his passion, and as a scientific angler he had not his match in the whole State.

Next to my old friend the learned counsellor, Fred Frick, of Baltimore, I was the old writing master's favorite pupil. Either for this reason, or that a boy may be useful when going fishing, he asked me to go with him one Saturday a short distance from town to take some trout. Now up to this time my angling experiences had been confined to Herring Run, in pursuit of gudgeons, and to the old wharves in the Spring Gardens at the foot of Howard Street, after cat, sunfish and other ignoble fishes. I knew nothing of trout save what I had read in books; I fancied them to be a rare and precious species of fish beyond the reach of the ordinary angler, and to be captured only by the most skillful masters of the piscatorial art. Of course I accepted eagerly and gratefully and promised to report at sunrise the next morning at Mr. Foster's quarters; then hurrying down to what we called Market Street in those days, I invested the only quarter I had with the ancient firm of Dukehart in a brand

new cotton line, a gorgeous red float and a supply of hooks, and returned home fancying myself prepared to capture the 'cutest fish that ever swam the waters.

After a night rendered almost sleepless by the anticipation of the morrow, I hastened to my appointment with Mr. Foster, proudly bearing aloft a cane fishing-pole at least thrice my own length, which had been, ever since I had owned it, the pride of my heart. But I was not a little mortified when my master told me with a smile to leave it behind, as it would be impossible to take it in the gig in which we were to make our trip. He consoled me, however, by telling me that he had a jointed rod much better suited to the purpose which he would lend me. It was the first of its kind I had ever handled. He put it together for me and as I felt its suppleness I fancied myself rising to the dignity of an artist, and looked with less favor upon the big pole of which I had been so proud but a few minutes before.

Just then a short, pale-faced little man, with earrings, a basket on his arm and a bell in his hand turned the street corner and came to the front yard where we were standing. He was the muffin man, the only baker in all Baltimore of the genuine English muffin.

"Now, my son," said old Foster as he took a goodly pile of his national bread from the man, "we will go to breakfast, and before we are through the gig will be here." The meal was good and abundant, but I was too intent on the trout fishing to remember the bill of fare. Just as we finished, an old-fashioned gig, swung high in air, was brought from Woodward's stables in Fayette street, near Charles, and I was in a fever to be off, but "slow and sure" seemed to be the maxim of my friend, and notwithstanding my boyish excitement I could not but admire, and subsequently to profit by the deliberate and methodical manner in which he stowed away one by one his lunch-basket, his fishing-boots, bait-boxes, tackle and all the necessaries for such an expedition; the calm dignity with which it was done enhanced my idea of his greatness. Surely, thought

I, here must be the most skillful angler in all the world, and how honored I felt in becoming his pupil in the gentle art. When everything was carefully stowed away by his own hand, he hoisted his ponderous person into the high gig, pulled me after him, and after fixing me snugly in a corner gave the reins to the horse, and we were soon bowling along the Reidstown Pike, at a ten-mile gait, bound for the Green Spring Valley, in the Elder neighborhood.

Ah! what a noble trout stream was Green Spring Run sixty years ago! Bursting in full volume from its fountain head, it meandered in gentle curves through the green meadows, preserving the even tenor of its way, unaffected by the changing temperature of the air or the periodic droughts of the summer. It was an ideal trout stream, and stocked with fish always in the finest condition. Alas for the angler! progressive agriculture—as it is called—has straightened the noble stream, destroyed its teeming pools, and converted it into a vulgar ditch. "Ichabod! Ichabod! thy glory has departed!"

Within an hour and thirty minutes we had reached our destination, and here I was taught a lesson by example which has been so useful to me ever since that I must be pardoned for entering somewhat into detail. Our old sportsman, instead of consigning his horse to a careless negro hostler, saw him comfortably stabled himself and then gave his instructions for his treatment through the day, with the promise of a suitable reward if they were carried out.

Then, followed by myself and a little ragged, bare-headed, bare-footed darkey, who acted as his henchman on such occasions, he led the way to a shady spot on the banks of the stream and, still with the same deliberate composure, prepared himself for action. He first rigged out both his own and my rod, examining with the minutest care and testing the lines, leaders and snoods; he then took from his creel a couple of empty shot-bags, with a button-hole worked in each. Handing me one he buttoned the other to a suspender button at his waistband and I did the same. These bags, partially filled with damp moss,

were to hold our bait of well-scoured earthworms, and a better device for the purpose has never yet been invented. Next he took an ordinary flower-pot, hard packed with wet moss. Reversing and giving it a shake, the moss fell out, retaining as it did so the conical shape of the pot, and the upper half of this cone was seen to be filled with a quantity of lively, bright and tough worms, enough to have lasted a week. Taking each of us a handful of these the remainder were restored to the pot, which was put in a safe place and we were prepared for the fray.

"Now, my son," said the master, "let me show you how to bait your hook." He proceded to work in a way to completely revolutionize all my preconceived ideas of that delicate branch of the art piscatorial. Until then I had supposed that a worm lest its wriggling frighten the fish—should be killed as dead as Julius Caesar before being placed upon the hook, and then only so much of him as would conceal the barb. I marveled then greatly when I saw the master select a fat and lively specimen from the wriggling mass and proceed to impale him on the hook, commencing with the head, handling him as delicately as if he loved and feared to hurt him, and taking the greatest of care the while not to puncture his skin. When the hook and shank were completely covered, the remainder of the worm was left to squirm and twist about in unimpaired vitality.

"Now, my boy," said the old gentleman as he handed me my rod, "you may go to work and good luck to you. But take care not to jar the ground with your tread nor cast a shadow upon the water, and perhaps time, patience and practice will make you an angler. But first see me take a fish."

Whereupon he stepped cautiously to the bank of the brook and made his first cast while I looked on with suspended breath. The bait had scarcely touched the water when there was a rush and a swirl, an upward motion of the rod and there on the grass at my feet lay the most beautiful of all the finny tribes, a Green Spring trout, fully 12 inches long. I was so filled with admiration of the first living *salmo fontinalis* I had ever seen,

and the deft manner of its capture that I forgot I had a rod in my grasp, and it was not until I had witnessed the taking of the third fish that I ventured to try my 'prentice hand.

I had many bites before I got fast to a fish, but at last a big fellow hooked himself, and I yanked him out with a pull that might have captured a whale. Were I to live to the age of Methusaleh I would not forget the ecstasy of that moment,—so much keener are the pleasures of youth than those of old age. I returned to the water encouraged by this first success, and at last caught the knack of hooking my fish by that gentle twist of the wrist so much easier to make than to describe. When Mr. Foster, who had fished down stream while I went up, rejoined me I had seven smaller fish in my creel to keep company with my big one, which weighed nearly a pound and when I went home that night with a fine mess of fish, to which the master had generously contributed from his well-filled creel, I was the proudest boy in all Baltimore.

F. G. S.

Part Three

ARTICLES

written by

FREDERICK GUSTAVUS SKINNER

Found here and there in the

TURF, FIELD AND FARM

With notes by

HARRY WORCESTER SMITH

Foreword to

ARTICLES ON FOXHUNTING

by

FREDERICK GUSTAVUS SKINNER

THE articles which follow, starting in May 1866, will, I trust be found interesting and instructive. They tell of the revival of the Washington Hunt and of earlier sport in the District of Columbia, during the Presidency of General Jackson when the field often dined at the White House after the day's run.

The second article, "Hounds and Foxes," tells of the Colonel's start in foxhunting, and describes sport about Baltimore, Annapolis and Washington. It also describes the splendid kennel of American hounds, the property of the late Captain Assheton near New Baltimore, Va., and of the fine packs owned by Thomas Goode Tucker and Mr. Broadnax of Virginia. To me these pages were most interesting, for when I founded my Grafton pack many of my best hounds were descendants from the stock owned by the above gentlemen. These articles show that there were great packs of true American foxhounds long before a certain sportsman of the present day, by his writings, allowed one to believe that he founded the present type of American hound.

Colonel Skinner also tells us about the French hound and speaks well of them, which bears out the words in the chapter by *Lord Ribblesdale* in his book entitled *Queen's Hounds and Stag Hunting Recollections.*

The Richmond Fox Chase follows, preceded by a short notice that the President of the Virginia Sportsman's Association had secured Colonel F. G. Skinner of the *Turf, Field and Farm* to judge hounds and beagles, and that *"he is probably the most celebrated foxhunter in this country."*

The article itself tells of the bench show, the drag hunt, in which the three Dulanys and Swan Latrobe rode in the first flight, and of the fair equestriennes who were in at the finish.

Colonel Skinner's article of December 20, 1889, is of value. While the first part tells of, "Hunting—Running a Drag," mention is made of a notice printed in the *Turf, Field and Farm* by Thomas Hitchcock, Senior, showing his desires to find a country in the South where he could establish a Hunt. This article written forty-seven years ago, tells us of the first movement of a Northern sportsman to take his hounds south, and to take up a hunting country there. Today the State of Virginia has twenty-four recognized packs of foxhounds, a far greater number than in any other State of the Union.

Just twenty years after this article was written, in 1909, when Master of the Loudoun Hunt at Leseburg, I was much discouraged by the amount of wire that was creeping in, and ran an advertisement in the *Sportsman's Review* of Cincinnati similar to that of Mr. Hitchcock's, stressing of course that absence of wire was necessary; and I regret to say no satisfactory answer followed, as wire had come to stay all over the United States.

The Colonel's next writings enlarge on the sport which could be given if Mr. Hitchcock would come South, and of the countries which were most suitable.

Speaking of these articles, in July 1932, with Mr. Hitchcock, I found he remembered the matter and that he went to Old Point Comfort and seriously considered the country; but finally, on account of Mrs. Hitchcock's early associations with Aiken, he decided to settle there.

In the same good cause of foxhunting, by far the greatest work done by Colonel Skinner in connection with his friend, William T. Evers, was the idea of an organization of Fox Hunting Clubs. This is discussed in the reading columns of the *Turf, Field and Farm* of December 6, 1889. The editor thought it of such importance that he also gave it a notice on the editorial page.

"To the Huntsmen of America. Your attention is directed to a matter of utmost importance—to advance foxhunting in the States. It will be seen by reference to the Field department

in this issue in the card of Colonel F. G. Skinner and William T. Evers, the two most competent men on the subject in the States."

In the reading columns I found:—

"Being engaged in a thorough, systematic 'documentary historic account of fox-hunting in America,' from the time of the colonial trencher packs of Maryland, the North Riding of York, Long Island, New Jersey, Virginia, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, to the present season, we, therefore, seek the assistance of your hunt to forward such data under cover to 168 Willis Avenue, New York City, or this office.

"All items as follows, viz:

1. When was your hunt organized?
2. A full list of hunts since organization.
3. Names of persons participating and distance covered.
4. A list of its hounds (with names), from the first hunt to the present.
5. A copy of its by-laws, etc., with full list of members from inception.
6. If convenient, a likeness of M. F. H. and whippers-in.
7. A list of its horses, with name and breeding; if imported or bred in the States; color, etc.

   With any and all information you may consider of importance to your hunt.

"To the Masters and Members of the following named hunts, viz:

1. Queens County Hunt, Long Island, N. Y.
2. Huntington Hunt, Long Island, N. Y.
3. Union Pack Hunt, Long Island N. Y.
4. Richmond County Hunt Club, Staten Island, N. Y.
5. Meadowbrook Hunt, Westbury, Long Island, N. Y.
6. Rockaway Hunt, Long Island, N. Y.
7. Livingston County Hunt, Wadsworth House Farm, N. Y.
8. Genesee County Hunt, N. Y.
9. Dutchess County Hunt, N. Y.
10. Rose Tree Hunt Club, Chester County, Pa.
11. Suffolk Park Hunt Club, Pa.
12. Marshalton Hunt, Pa.
13. Westchester Fox Hunt Club, Pa.
14. Delaware Fox Hunt Club, Delaware.

15. Clarksburg Fox Hunting Club, Maryland.
16. Elk Ridge Fox Hunting Club, Maryland.
17. Annapolis Riding Hunt Club, Maryland.
18. T. G. Tucker Hound and Hunt Club.
19. Appleton Hound and Hunt Club, Station Georgia.
20. Essex County Hunt Club, Essex County, N. J.
21. Washington, D. C., Hunt Club, Alexandria, Va., and all private riding hunt clubs South.
22. Westchester Country Club Hunt, N. Y.
23. Pelham Hunt Club, Westchester County, N. Y.
24. Dragon Hunt Club, Delaware.

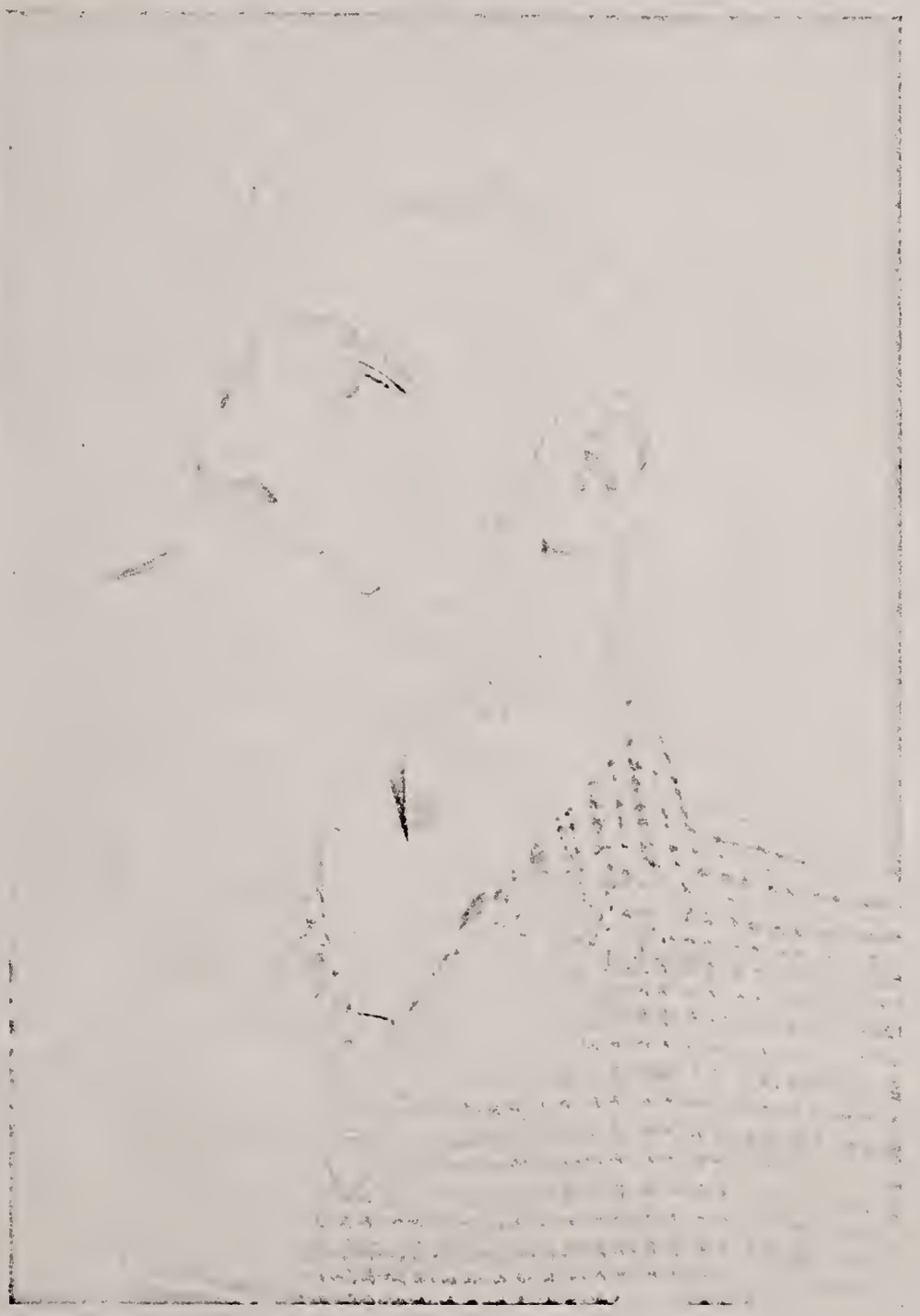
N.B. There are numerous private packs in the South, and mayhap some hunt packs likewise, hence we invite communication.

Col. F. G. Skinner
William T. Evers.

Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28, 1889."

This was in 1889; the National Steeplechase Association was not formed until 1891, and the name was changed to the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association a few years later. It was not until then that every hunt was asked for descriptions of its country before they would be recognized. Finally, when this recognition by the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association proved of no value to safeguard one's country, I founded the Masters of Foxhounds Association in 1907. It is wonderful to me that Messrs. Skinner and Evers, way back in 1889, should have written and sent out a questionnaire which would be so valuable. Whether anything was done further in the matter I have been unable to ascertain.

The hunts mentioned in Messrs. Skinner and Evers' list include the old Queen's County, of which Mr. Griswold was so long master; the Huntington and Richmond County, the latter with the gallant sportsmen, the Harts, at the head, has disappeared; the Meadowbrook is still going strong; the Rockaway only a memory; the Livingston County Hunt, now the Genesee Valley; the Genesee County Hunt has long ceased; also the Dutchess County Hunt; the Rose Tree still carries on, and the Suffolk, the Manhattan, the Westchester, Delaware, and



By courtesy of the family

T. SWAN LATROBE

Master of the Elkridge Hunt, Md. (1884-1893)

Clarksburg no longer exist; but the Elkridge still flourishes, while the Annapolis and Mr. G. T. D. Tucker's Hounds have been given up, together with the Appleton Hounds and Hunt Club of Georgia. The Washington Hunt Club was just being formed and possibly worked into the Chevy Chase which is now gone, and there is no longer a Pelham Hunt in Westchester, or a Dragon Hunt in Delaware.

The Colonel's writings show, (December 20, 1889) that he was keen on the idea of the Northern packs of hounds coming to Virginia; and I believe his heart would be happy could he but visit Fauquier and Loudoun counties today, and find that fully three-quarters of the farms are owned by foxhunters who have repaired the stone walls, built up the rail fences, and removed the wire, so that the country is now ridden with the same abandon that prevailed in his time.

We must certainly accord Colonel Skinner the blue ribbon as a pioneer of the sport of foxhunting. Back in the *New York Sportsman,* October 30, 1875, I found an editorial written by Charles J. Foster, "Privateer," in which he states that a number of gentlemen are determined to get up a Hunting Club and maintain a subscription pack of foxhounds on Long Island; the number included Messrs. Belmont, Bennett, Cameron, Lorillard, Heckscher, Livingston, and others who had hunted in the Shires of England and knew how sport was conducted on the other side. "Privateer" goes on to state: "This scheme had been advocated and agitated for a long time by our esteemed friend, Colonel Skinner."

The Colonel in a letter of November 8, 1889, advocated a match between English and American hounds; this brought a letter from Dr. Capehart of Avoca, N. C., which encouraged the match. I would that Colonel Skinner and Dr. Capehart could have been onlookers at the Grafton-Middlesex American-English Foxhound Match in the Piedmont Valley in November, 1905, which I won with my Grafton pack.

H. W. S.

I

(Turf, Field and Farm, May 21, 1886)

REVIVAL OF THE WASHINGTON HUNT

THE palmy days of foxhunting in the District of Columbia were during the second term of the Presidency of General Jackson (1832–36). Regularly throughout the season commencing in November and ending in April, a well-trained pack of forty couple of native-bred hounds culled from the most noted kennels of the Southern States hunted thrice a week in the District, and in the counties of Prince George, Maryland, and Fairfax, in Virginia, and this pack was ridden to by the elite of Washington Society, including a dozen or more of charming women. Meetings were generally in the close vicinity of the city where numerous foxes both red and gray are still found within hearing of the town bells.

Sir Charles Vaughan, the British Minister, a true type of that "fine English gentleman of the olden time" was President of the club while Sir Andrew Buchanan and Mr. Pitt Adams, his Secretaries of Legation were general managers and amateur whippers-in. Under these gentlemen as kennel keeper and first whip, at a salary of $500 a year, was Mason Clark, a son-in-law of old Fuller who kept what is now Willard's Hotel.

Of all the clubs existing at that day there was none with the vitality, enthusiasm, and vim of the old Washington Hunt. "Old Hickory" himself took the greatest interest in its success as did his nephew, Andrew Jackson Donelson; and more than one dinner was given at the White House in honor of some famous run. Not only all the young men but even some grave members of the Cabinet, notably Mr. Louis McLane, some Senators, many Congressmen and nearly all the Army, naval, and marine officers on the station, were registered members of the hunt.

It was a pleasant sight to witness by the dim light of early dawn a meeting of the club at the kennels, then situated on the Island a short distance across from Willard's, and to see the long procession cross the bridge into Virginia. At the head was

Mason Clark mounted on his thoroughbred, a wiry little bay, "Whistle Jacket," followed in close order by 30 or 40 hounds in couples, and immediately in the rear of these the large "field" of well-mounted gentlemen, doing the amiable to a lot of bright girls most of them Southern-bred, and of course capital horsewomen. At the Virginia end of "Long Bridge" the hounds would be uncoupled and cast into cover and often in less than ten minutes of trailing a thunderous, vociferous roar, which on a still day would be echoed under the western portico of the White House, announced that the fox was up and away. Then the silent woods, covering the heights of Arlington, would become vocal with that tremendous music of a pack in full cry, which excites both man and horse like the blast of a war trumpet. Now, thanks to Sir Hubert, the patron of sportsmen and doubtless the jolliest and best of all the saints in the calendar, these halcyon days for the foxhunter are about to dawn again upon the nation's capital. Many young men of the District who justly think it more manly to ride a horse than drive him and that horsemanship is an indispensable part of the education of a gentleman, and with whom, moreover, the hereditary venatic instinct will assert itself, are now earnestly at work to bring this revival. Chief among these are Dr. G., H.G.D., his cousins R.D. and Dr. G.W. These four young men stepped from the cradle to the saddle and have ridden to hounds since their legs were long enough to "fork a horse" and with such energy and enthusiasm as they possess there can be no such thing as failure in reviving, under conditions in every way favorable to it, the noblest of all the sports of the field.

The plans of these gentlemen as far as we are cognizant of them, are, primo, to start on a firm financial basis (of this they are already assured); to erect within a short distance of the city not only the kennel but a plain, yet comfortable club house, which at all seasons may serve as a pleasant objective for members and their guests, and as Washington possesses no such institution it is thought that many horsemen who did not care to hunt would join the club to enjoy the privilege

offered by the club house and an opportunity of exercising their horses on the track which of course would be attached to it. This track, too, may serve for private matches and hurdle races and indeed for any out-of-door sport to which it may be adapted. And then, is it not fair to presume that members of the four or five hunting clubs around New York and Phil. when precluded from hunting by the frost, would like to take a gallop with the Washington Hounds? What, to a keen sportsman, is a night ride by rail of six hours, and that in a Pullman sleeper, with a prospect of a good run in the morning? Nothing. It is done in England everyday during the hunting season. And there is the Elk Ridge club of Maryland so ably managed by Mr. Brown and within an hour only by rail for Washington. Will it not furnish recruits to the District Club and the two, fraternizing, run many a friendly match?

In the organization of a club such as is proposed, much depends upon a good start. It is to be feared that the acknowledged supremacy of Britain in all sports of the field may induce this embryo club to imitate too closely the British methods of hunting the fox. Now, while we bow to English precedents in the interpretation of the common law, those connected with foxhunting should be received in this country *cum grano solis*. Our reason for this, Messrs. Editors, we propose to give through the T. F. & F.

F. G. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, November 22, 1889)

FOXHUNTING

A gentleman having control of a pack of foxhounds wishes to find a country where he can hunt foxes during the winter months. It must be in a community that does not object to the sport. The climate must be warm enough not to freeze more than a few days at a time. It must be within easy reach of a good railroad to New York. It must not have too many large wood-

lands, a good, open grazing country being preferred, and it must be well stocked with foxes. Any one knowing of such a place will confer a favor by addressing T. H., Jr.,* of the Union Club, N. Y. C.

In the last issue of the T. F. & F. I ventured to suggest a match between northern and southern hounds. I would not have done so did I not know of my own knowledge that such a match might be run somewhere near Hampton Roads, with as little difficulty as a field trial of bird dogs in N. C.; and now I take great pleasure in informing Mr. T. H., Jr.,* that nowhere can he find a country which will so completely fill his requirements as the counties of Warwick and Elizabeth in lower Virginia, and nowhere can he find more luxurious quarters than at the hotels at Old Point, Hampton and Newport News, all accessible five or six times a week by the Old Dominion steamers and daily by rail from New York.

The officers and civilians in garrison at Fortress Monroe would constitute a numerous field of horsemen and the Point would become more fashionable than ever as a winter resort.

F. G. S.

* Thomas Hitchcock, Jr.

II

(Turf, Field and Farm, April 13, 1888)

HOUNDS AND FOXES

W. W. GROSH, Esq., of Lancaster, Pa., queries as follows: "Where can I get young foxes to distribute among our hills next fall? Where can I get the well-bred foxhound. Or, in other words, who has the best kennel of foxhounds?"

These questions of our esteemed correspondent are too pregnant to be briefly answered in our column of Queries. We have referred them to the veteran fox hunter of our staff, Colonel Skinner, and he replies as follows:

"I thank you for referring your Lancaster correspondent to me as it gives me a long desired opportunity of ventilating some of my ideas of what I hold to be incomparably the noblest of all field sports.

"I commenced riding to hounds as soon as my legs were long enough to grip a pony and my last hunt—until I can get another opportunity—was with the pack of the late Captain Assheton, of Fauquier County, Virginia, when in my seventy-first year. Captain Assheton, of the British Army, was a "first flight" man at Melton; and rode abreast of his relative the famous Assheton Smith who was second to none in Britain in the hunting field. I well remember, on this last hunt of mine, we had a field of horsemen among whom were young Dick Dulany, his brother "Hal," his brother-in-law Bob. Neville and his cousins, Rozier Dulany and Guy Whiting, who would be deemed "top sawyers" even in Leicestershire the most famous hunting country in England.

Had the great Jewish athlete, Samson, told us how he managed to drop the 300 foxes through whose agency he so effectually destroyed the grain crops of his enemies the Philistines, the first question of Mr. Grosh as to how to get foxes might be easily answered, but as Samson did not reveal his secret the only suggestion I can make to your correspondent is

to avail himself of that most potent of all human agencies, the Press. Let him make his need known through the public journals and offer sufficient compensation and probably he may get what he craves or he might apply to the "zoo" in Philadelphia. The last time I was there it was evident both to the eyes and nose, more especially to the latter, that the institution was well-stocked with the malodorous *vulpes fulvus* but it is doubtful whether foxes reared in confinement as these are could shift for themselves when turned loose. Again, Mr. G. can apply to Reiche & Sons in New York, and like the sportsmen in England import his foxes from the Continent of Europe where Reynard is not held as sacred to the chase but rather as a poaching "Varment," to be gotten rid of by any means, fair or foul.

But if Mr. Grosh will be advised by me, he will not attempt to stock his country with red foxes, he will give preference to our native gray (*vulpes virginianus*).

In my juvenile days when Baltimore, Annapolis and Washington City each had its kennel of hounds, regular meetings throughout the hunting season, it was a matter of congratulation with the riders when the dogs struck the trail of a gray fox as he would always afford better sport than the red. The first would double about within a circuit of four or five miles of his starting place and would surrender his brush within an hour, while the latter might make a "bee-line" of fifteen or twenty miles, run from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof and escape after all. In two instances have I known a red fox to run fifty miles without a double, nor are these instances very rare, particularly in the rutting seasons when we have the ill luck to hit on what we call in Virginia, a travelling fox.

It was the general belief in the Southern States wherever the *vulpes fulvus* appeared that he was of foreign origin and that his importation was a mistake and the reasons for this belief were the well established facts that foxes have been repeatedly imported from England in the last century and that in the bone caves of this continent no bones of the red fox have ever been

found, whereas those of the gray are quite common. There was a time in Old England, so admirably described by Fielding, when hare hunting was not sneered at as now by the nobs as *infra dig.* The Squire Westerns of that day were perfectly content to chase the hare with "mouthy" harriers or more musical beagles and one way or the other both these varieties of hound were doubtless the first imported into the American colonies, and both harrier and beagle being found a close match for our native gray afforded excellent sport, for *vulpes virginianus* is in nowise superior even if the equal of the ten pound European hare either in stamina, strategy, or speed, but unfortunately foxhunting became the fashion in the mother country and of course her American colonies then as now must needs follow suit; foxhounds were imported and these proving too fast for our native gray the fatal mistake of importing the red was made. Such was the theory of my father, the late John Stuart Skinner, who was so devoted a votary of the chase as frequently to canter his thoroughbred, Oscar, all the way from Baltimore to Washington to attend the meeting of the Washington Hunt the next day.

My gallant young readers, members of the hunts on Long Island and New Jersey, to one or more of which I would belong if I were not a non-resident, may object to my candor, but it is my firm conviction that it is only in the milder climate of the South where they would have the sympathies of the farmers and weak fences and by being in the field before the rising sun, that the successful hunting of the red fox is possible on this Continent. With the rude winters at the North and the strong enclosures of post and rail and barbed wire they must resign themselves to running a drag and fancy it foxhunting unless they will wisely condescend to breed beagles, import hares and take to hare hunting.

Hunting in the English style under present conditions on L. I. or elsewhere North is an impossibility too obvious for discussion. Take to beagles my young friends and give up the sham aniseed bag and the spiritless bag fox.

And now we come to Mr. Grosh's next question. Where is

he to get foxhounds? Who has the best kennel of these dogs? To this I answer most undoubtedly in the South. At Warrenton, Va., the nursery of the Black Horse Cavalry of warlike renown and the home of its battle-scarred commander, General Billy Payne, is a pack of hounds often lauded in the columns of the T. F. & F. by the late "Ned Buntline." Five miles away near New Baltimore is the kennel of the late lamented Captain Assheton who as a foxhunter had the experience of sixty years both in Britain and Virginia and whose pack has driven to earth or killed more red foxes than any other in the State; and then comes the famous pack of Byron Hounds, bred and hunted by that gallent septuagenarian, Thomas Goode Tucker of Gaston.

For blood, pedigree and performance, there are probably no hounds in America to compare with this Byron breed owned by Mr. Tucker and also by his friend Mr. Broadnax of Virginia. These two last mentioned kennels now offer rare opportunity to any one desirous of getting a stock of thoroughbred, well trained, veteran hounds. Mr. Tucker is I believe disposed to part with his dogs because of his increasing deafness and Captain Assheton alas! has gone to the happy hunting grounds where he is now doubtless riding in the "first flight." Let Mr. Grosh write to Mr. Tucker at Gaston or to the executors of the Assheton Estate at New Baltimore, Fauquier County, Virginia, and he will probably obtain from either party such hounds as will fire the sluggish Dutch blood of the sterling old farmers around Lancaster.

But if he will take the sincere advice of an old foxhunter, he will do neither, but this he will do.—He will organize out of the young material around him, a club for hunting the hare. Not our miserable little cotton tail, which pops into a hole at the first chance, but the great European hare which as an object of the chase is fully equal to our gray fox. Let the club import these hares, a dozen or more, turn them out and invoke legislative protection for them for a few years, then let them organize a kennel of beagles with drafts from the stock of Kreuger or Ashburner of Pennsylvania, Elmore of Connecti-

cut, Diffenderffer of Maryland, Rowett of Illinois, and a few others and I will answer for it, the Lancaster or Grosh Hunt, call it as they may, will have more general sport than any hunt north of Mason Dixon's line.

F. G. S.

III

RICHMOND DOG SHOW AND FOX CHASE

COLONEL SKINNER and the other Northerners went down to the Richmond Dog Show on the steamer "Old Dominion," and he describes the voyage by Long Branch, Barnegat, Hog Island, and Clemesteague, famous for their flocks of curlew and millet and plover, and then Ashiteague, where droves of wild horses, called beach ponies, rove at will without ever having been subjected to the hand of man. It was a Virginia October day, unrivaled, Amelie Rives declares, even in Paradise, that greeted them as they passed Cape Henry and Cape Charles. They touched at Old Point but left Norfolk in the offing.

"As was to be expected many amateurs and exhibitors of dogs were on board and of the latter enough to make a respectable bench show. Until a late hour last night nothing was heard in social hall but dog talk. Field trials were freely discussed as were the judges at both these and bench shows. Some of the judges were bitterly criticised and so denounced as to frighten and make me regret for the nonce that I had donned the ermine of canine judiciary."

Among the exhibitors were E. M. Oldham with his famous cockers; H. W. Lacy with a blue ribbon string; Mr. Wilmerding was also a passenger going to judge cockers and field spaniels at the Show. Tom Aldrich was on the war path with a large kennel of pointers and setters.

The Old Dominion landed in Richmond shortly after sunrise and the Colonel breakfasted with John S. Wise who was arrayed in his famous red waistcoat and leggings and was full of dog talk.

"I dined," writes F. G. S., "under canvas with the gallant 'Buffalo Bill,' witnessed his great show, which tops anything Barnum ever invented, and made the acquaintance of the famous Miss Lillian Smith (now Mrs. Willoughby), the phenomenal rifle shot of the world—a most charming woman, who but for my seventy and odd years would have left me captive."

The Colonel's next letter in the issue of October 19, 1888, tells of the great success of the Show, the hospitality of the Richmond sportsmen; even then Spratts Brothers took charge of the benching with "Billy" Tallman as manager.

On Wednesday, named "Skinner Day," a fox hunt in honor of the Colonel was run. Though in the description which follows F. G. S. speaks of his seventy-five winters, his grandson tells me he was seventy-seven years old: that on a mount loaned him by "Buffalo Bill," the Old Colonel followed close upon the heels of the Master during the whole run, and was with that official at the death. Also, it was F. G. S. who presented the brush to the daring English girl.

H. W. S.

(Turf, Field and Farm, November 2, 1888)

THE RICHMOND FOX CHASE

Though the Richmond Bench Show, as regards the number and quality of the dogs, the perfection of the arrangements and the generous hospitality to the exhibitors, was a gratifying success the greater attraction to the Virginians was undoubtedly the series of fox hunts announced upon the programme. It awakened the inborn venatic instincts inherited from their fathers. It was, to old fox hunters, like the blast of the hunting horn to their hounds, and every county in the Old Dominion sent forth its contingent of men and dogs to join in the inaugural chase of Wed. the 10th. of October, 1888.

All the packs of local fame that could be transported to Richmond were kenneled at the fairgrounds (save a few competing for prizes on the benches), and their aggregate number amounted to no less than 60 couples. Now, old and experienced huntsmen, such as the writer claims to be, who understand the character of foxhounds and who know the difference between a wild fox unbroken in spirit by captivity and the broken-hearted, bag fox, anticipated failure when they learned that this mob

of 120 hounds, strangers to each other, had been entered for the race. Mr. Archer, the appointed M.F.H., had attempted to arrange a series of matches between the different packs but this being found impracticable it was determined to enter all the dogs in one *monster* pack.

The time and place appointed for the meet was 8 A. M. sharp in front of the club rooms opposite the capital in the very heart of the city and here, punctual to the hour, was a numerous assemblage of gallant men and fair women, most of them admirably mounted, all in the lightest spirits, and eager for the fray. It was a rare sight to look upon this gallant squadron headed by the M.F.H. Capt. Archer, and his lieutenants, Messrs. Ruffin and Hobson, checking its way at a walk through the whole length of the most aristocratic street in the town, to the sound of the hunting horns and greeted on its way by the waving of handkerchiefs and hats from the doors and windows of every house. At street crossings additional riders joined the throng and when we arrived at the kennels near where the race was to begin "our name was legion."

. . . The drag was so ordered that the mass of inexperienced riders could cut across country by the by-roads and witness the passage of the chase at certain designated points by the "top sawyers" the "first flight" men and the old veterans of the chase. Some 30 or 40 in number followed close on the hounds from start to finish, and did some splendid riding. Conspicuous among these were the official masters of hounds, Archer, Ruffin and Hobson; the three Dulanys, the crack riders of Loudoun—"Hal," Rozier, and Richard, Jr. Mr. Swan Latrobe, M.F.H. of the Baltimore Hunt, rode in the first flight together with John Hawes of New Kent; Durrett of North Garden; Edmund Watson the owner of the famous Hanover pack whose hound, "Wise," took the first prize on the bench and justified the award by being the first to mouth the fox, at the end of the drag. Would that I could add to this gallant array those representative names in the hunting annals of New Jersey and New York, Munn, Robinson, Hitchcock, La Mon-

tagne, Keene, Purdy, Snedecor, Sanford, and others whose fame has reached the hunting men of Virginia, and made them more than anxious to meet them in the field.

At the end of a four mile drag the fox was turned down with ample law, but as was to be expected he made up a poor run, but still his doubles enabled the ladies to keep away with the pack and most of them were in at the death. Among them was Mrs. J. S. W. whose graceful and fearless riding was the admiration of the field, her beaver with its flowing veil like the white plume of Henry of Navarre was always seen in the van of the chase. Close to her saddle skirt throughout the run was her friend Mrs. Dr. H. T., mounted on a superb mare almost as lovely as herself. On a slight eminence looking down upon the scene were the lovely sisters, the Misses C., of King William, surrounded by all the young chivalry of the field, looking if possible more lovely than when leading the German at White Sulphur. In another ground present at the death were Miss McG., Miss B., and a fair young English girl to whom was awarded the brush. Alas! I cannot recall her name but how could an old fellow with 75 winters on his head be expected to retain his senses in the presence of so much grace, spirit and loveliness.

F. G. S.

IV

(Turf, Field and Farm, December 20, 1889)

ON THE PROPOSED REMOVAL OF THE DRAG LINES OF LONG ISLAND AND VIRGINIA

I HAVE this moment clipped this paragraph from a Richmond paper and my sympathy with my brother foxhunters of Meadow Brook is such that I cannot resist what may be considered an indiscretion in offering unasked for advice.

"The members of the fashionable Meadow Brook Hunt are going to take their hounds to Virginia and hunt live foxes. Mr. Hitchcock master, is a tremendous enthusiast about hunting and being a man of leisure, can go with his hounds, and see personally after their welfare."

Before venturing to take these hounds with him I would suggest that he make a reconnoisance in person of the country he proposes to hunt. Let him take one of those luxurious steamers of the Old Point line for Norfolk and there inquire for my friend and brother sportsman, Counsellor W. H. White, one of the shining lights of the Norfolk bar and a zealous foxhunter. Brother White will not only see that he has all the privileges of the Norfolk Club and other social enjoyments but will mount him and see that he has a good run with the Norfolk hounds with a kill at the end of each. Mr. Hitchcock can then pass over to Old Point and judge for himself what sort of a hunting country he will find in Elizabeth County adjoining and probably have a gallop or two with a pack of native hounds.

If he does this I fancy he will conclude with the late Capt. Assheton of Fauquier County that imported hounds, or hounds trained on a drag or accustomed to bag foxes are incapable of finding and killing a red fox; not that they are not superior animals as well bred as any race of dogs in the world, but because unlike our native hounds they are not educated to depend upon themselves, to find their game and to defeat the strategy of the varmint without the aid of man. In England as I have often stated before, there is little trouble in finding a fox. The

pack is taken out any hour of the day to the fox preserve of limited extent whence the fox is soon driven out and then begins to run, and that at such tremendous speed that none but the best riders nor the best horses can keep sight of the hounds. When a check is made the hounds have the help of the professional huntsman to get on the line again and this assistance is so necessary that the esteem in which each one of these *paid* huntsmen is held, depends upon his skill in making his casts recover the lost line.

Our native hounds differently trained and more self-reliant rarely receive this assistance and hit for the line themselves. One or two cases within my own observation will illustrate my meaning. I was hunting in Loudoun Co., Va., with the aforementioned Capt. Assheton who had been in his day one of the first flight men in Leicestershire. The pack was composed of native Virginia dogs, gathered with great care and much expense from different parts of the South and trained by the Captain himself. After an hour of beautiful hunting we trailed a red fox to his lair on the apex of the shock of Indian corn which stood in the most elevated spot of an hundred acre field and which commanded an intensive view in all directions. Reynard got in consequence, a good start. Among the stratagems he resorted to during the run of more than three hours was to leap upon a stone wall and run on the top of it for near a quarter of a mile to where it approached a stream of running water. Here he made a surprising leap of 20 feet from the wall to the middle of the stream which he followed down 100 yards or more, when he took to dry land again. The hounds were some five minutes in the rear when they in their turn reached the wall, when without the least hesitation two of the leading dogs leaped upon the wall and carried the scent without difficulty to the leaping-off place, while the main body of the pack galloped along by the side of it. When the pack struck the stream some of the dogs went up and others went down until the trail was followed again. The check was for five minutes and Reynard was soon after run to ground.

These native hounds worked out the problem by themselves without the least assistance from the huntsman, it being a maxim with the Captain never to interfere with his hounds unless absolutely necessary. We southern foxhunters know how common it is for a fox to run the top of a fence and how well our hounds know it, but English hounds or drag hounds can't be expected to know it by intuition. The hounds imported by the late Commodore Stockton drafted from the Quorn, the crack pack of England, not only proved a failure but would have ruined the Baltimore, the best native pack in Maryland, had they not been sent to Caldwell at White Sulphur who used them for driving deer and for this they were entirely too fast.

There is no one, Messrs. Editors, who would be more gratified than myself to see a well-organized interstate subscription pack of hounds in lower Virginia, but candor compels me to state my conviction that native-bred Southern hounds are a *sine qua non* to success.

Were I on the committee charged with organizing the proposed hunt I would go at once to John F. Chamberlin and see if I could arrange with him to set apart a portion of his hotel now building for the use of the club, as the headquarters, and then if satisfied that the country adjoining the Fortress is a good hunting country, at once travel over the tide-water countries for lower Virginia, and offer a fair price for good well-trained hounds.

Dr. Capehart at Avoca, N. C., would doubtless furnish several couples of the famous Byron Hounds than which there are none better in the country, and possibly some of the Chichester pack might be had in Fauquier and also some of the Asshetons in Fauquier. I would then find some native of Lower Virginia, who would rather hunt foxes than eat his dinner, and their name is legion, to care for and hunt the pack. Such a man I doubt not could be had at a wage so low as to surprise your New York ideas of the cost of such people. But there are matters of detail to be discussed and arranged after getting up your subscription pack, and by putting the initiation

fee at a moderate sum—say $25.00—I fancy there will be no difficulty in getting from 200 to 300 members from all sides accessible to Old Point by water. Make the thing fashionable and it is bound to go.

The drag hounds of Long Island and New Jersey I would keep where they are to furnish a gallop to the members who cannot always get away to the Point.

In conclusion I need scarcely to say that it will give me great pleasure to give Mr. Hitchcock's letters to Mr. White and others of my friends in Norfolk.

F. G. S.

V

(Turf, Field and Farm, May 30, 1884)

THE MOUNT AIRY ESTATE—A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE

Atlanta, Ga., May 24, 1884.

I LEARN with great pleasure that my excellent young friend, Mr. Hal Dulany—and not Mr. James R. Keene, as reported some months ago—has become the purchaser of the magnificent Mount Airy Estate, in the Valley of Virginia. I greatly rejoice that so princely a domain should be in possession of so magnificent a sportsman as H. G. Dulany. My reminiscences of many days passed at Mount Airy in the long ago are so bright that I feel like relating some of them in your columns.

Few sales of real property inVirginia in recent years will, I fancy, attract so much attention as that of this great estate for so small a sum as $90,000, which is in fact about one-half its intrinsic value. Mount Airy was famous in the olden time as the property of Steinberger, who before Texas was annexed, was the acknowledged cattle king of North America, and monopolized for a time the beef markets of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and all the minor cities east of the Alleghanies. Steinberger once actually dictated the law to the finance king, Nicholas Biddle, before that potentate was dethroned by brave Old Hickory.

Mount Airy has always been held as the most productive and beautiful of all the estates watered by the Shenandoah and its tributary streams, and, in the estimation of successive generations of sportsmen who have enjoyed its boundless hospitalities, it is a hunting paradise, abounding as it does with every variety of ground and feathered game known to Virginia. Nearly all the pleasant memories of my old age date from the ante-bellum days when the rites of hospitality in dear old Virginia were held as sacred as those of religion; when "every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted," and among these memories none are more delightful than those which recall

my annual visits, at each return of the shooting season, to Mount Airy, where my dear departed friend, Dr. Russell Meems, represented his father on the estate.

In the autumn of '59, toward the end of October, when the shooting was at its best, I received a joint note from a party of Baltimoreans requesting me to join them for a week's shooting and deer-driving at Mount Airy. As no invitation could have been more acceptable, I was soon mounted on my favorite hunting horse Fox, and followed by my setter Carlo and pointer Smike, took the road over the Blue Ridge and the Massanutten for Mount Airy, some thirty miles away. It was rather a lonely ride, but its monotony was broken by the magnificent scenery and an occasional shot at the ruffled grouse. Just as the sun went down I rode up to my friend Meem's door, where I met with a charming reception.

A sort of burlesque procession had been gotten up for the occasion. As I approached the hall door, it was thrown open, and the procession, headed by four of the most beautiful and mischievous girls in all Virginia, advanced on the balcony. They bore among them a large waiter full of roses and partially concealed in this bed of roses was a huge goblet of cutglass, all frosted without by the icy coldness of the fragrant julep which it contained—one of those genuine orthodox juleps, a true traditional Virginian julep, compounded of the delicate buds of young mint, old Otard brandy, and dashed with a single teaspoonful of oily Jamaica by the rosy fingers of the fair sirens who presented it. Following the girls were the Baltimore boys, marching by twos and singing, *tant bien que mal*—"Hail to the Chief." The rear of the procession was brought up by a band of genuine negro minstrels, plantation hands, trained into really fair musicians by the ladies of the house, but on this occasion each fellow seemed to be blowing and scraping and tooting on his own account without the slightest regard for his fellows. Though as dry as a powder-horn I positively refused to touch the julep until it had been consecrated by the touch from the rosy lips of the fair Hebes who had compounded it. This done,

I seized the goblet with both hands, and though it held a full quart, and that as strong as it could be made, I drained it to the last drop and never winked an eye.

After brief ablutions I was taken in to dinner, one of the best and certainly the jolliest, I ever sat down to. In the evening we were called from our cigars to the porch by really excellent dance music, performed by a darky band of six in the great parlor, and here whist and flirting and dancing occupied the time most delightfully until eleven when all retired for the night to dream of the deer drive on the morrow, or what was more likely with the younger fellows, of their fair partners in the dance.

The next day before noon we had a spiked buck and a doe in the yard. In the evening (afternoon) the party divided into pairs and took different directions in quest of quail which abounded on the estate. And so for six days, shooting all day and dancing all night, we passed a most delightful week. I will not venture to state how much game was killed, but it was more than enough, and in great variety. There were deer, wild turkey, ruffed grouse, and a few woodcock, mallard and blue-winged teal.

One thing was noted as regards the dogs, before six days were out all the kennel-bred, high-priced dogs were *hors de combat,* and our country-bred natives were still as good at the end as at the beginning.

Alas! what changes since those bright October days in '59. How few of us survive that joyous meeting at Mount Airy. Three of those lovely girls are now angels in heaven; Dr. Meems, our host, wore out his life in the Confederate hospitals; his younger brother, Lawrence, died like a hero in the fore-front of the battle of Seven Pines; Billy McD. and game little Johnny K. died in the very prime of life, and handsome althletic Ned F., who like another Castelar melted all female hearts with his "Wild Harp," has joined the church and sings psalms through his Phidian nose. The writer and his dear old Fidus Achates, Johannes Cygnus, are the only survivors of that joyous hunting

party. The first can—'spite his three-score and ten—still back a horse as in his youth, and ride abreast in the hunting field with T. G. T. of Gaston, and Captains A. and D., of Fauquier, and even dispute the brush with gallant old Ned Buntline, whose memory will be held ever green in the hospitable town of Warrenton. But, alas! the narrator is shaky in the legs, he can no longer, as of yore, brush the dew from the golden stubbles, and follow his dogs from sun to sun. His gun has been turned over to his grandson. All he can do now is to "go a-fishing" and study the American Angler.

Thrice blessed, the stalwart Cygnus is as sturdy today as he was in '59; his shapely legs encased in muscles of steel and his deep, broad chest enable him to rival the chamois in climbing the steepest mountains around Oakland in still-hunting the deer. He can still stop the swift-winged canvas-back as he cleaves the air before a nor'west gale, and bring down snipe in his zig-zag flight over the marshes of Spesuti.

Such, O my young brethren of the rod and gun, is the rich reward of a virtuous and temperate life; a green old age without infirmity and the capacity for all the enjoyments of youth.

F. G. S.

NOTES ON

A COSTLY SHOOTING PARTY AT MOUNT AIRY

A few numbers later the daughter of F. G. S. wrote from Atlanta, Georgia, signing herself E. G. D. G., the article being entitled, "A Costly Shooting Party at Mount Airy" (T. F. & F., June 20, 1884). The signature of the article mystified me, so to be certain I wrote to John L. O'Connor, and he was good enough to forward my letter to Frederick Stuart Greene, Department of Public Works, Albany, New York. On the 9th of August, 1932, I received a charming letter from him in which he stated in part:

"My dear Mr. Smith:

"Your letter has to do with Frederick Gustavus Skinner who as you doubtless know was the son of John S. Skinner of Baltimore, Maryland.

"But what you don't know is that Frederick G. Skinner, my grandfather, was a man I loved more than anybody else in the world. In reviving his 'Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman' you have beat me to it for I had intended, just as soon as I could spare a moment to do so, to re-edit those interesting papers and put them into book form.

"The article, 'A Costly Shooting Party at Mount Airy,' was written by my mother, Elise Glenn Davies Greene, who was a daughter of F. G. S.

"I have portraits of both my grandfather and grandmother, also an old-time Civil War photograph of my grandfather when he was Colonel of the First Virginia Regiment.

"He was probably one of the most interesting characters that this country ever produced, and if you are going to write about him I will be more than happy if you could pay us a visit, where I could show you many things of interest connected with his life, and tell you many tales.

"From the time I was born until I graduated from college we were inseparable. I went to France with him at the tender age of nine years; in fact wherever he went I went with him whether it was to be a judge at dog shows, horse shows, or at the races.

"My son has inherited his red hair, also his love of horses. He is a gentleman rider licensed by the N. S. & H. A., and is now at Saratoga with two three-legged horses which he is trying his best to get fit for a jumping race. I expect him to start one of them next week and finish about a mile behind the winner.

"With kind regards, hoping to have the pleasure of meeting you before many days have passed.

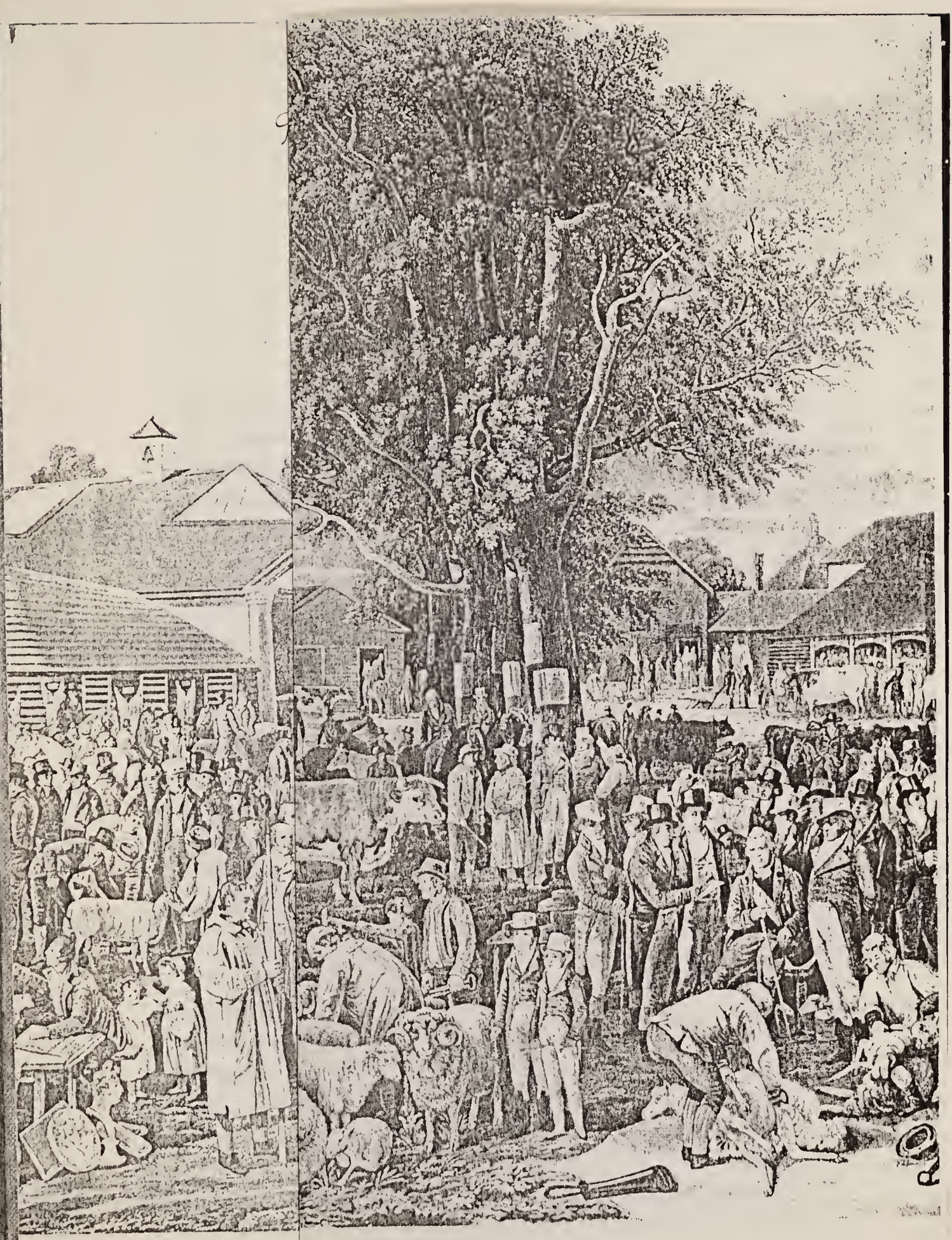
Sincerely yours,
Fred'k Stuart Greene."

This Mount Airy on the Shenandoah River must not be confounded with the perhaps better known Mount Airy on the Rappahannock River, now owned by William H. Tayloe of Chevy Chase, Maryland, whose ancestors, the Tayloes, have owned the estate for generations.

The peculiar spelling of this gentleman's name caused an amusing incident a few years ago. For a number of years I had been writing what I termed my Christmas article for *The Field*, London, at the request of my dear friend, the late Sir

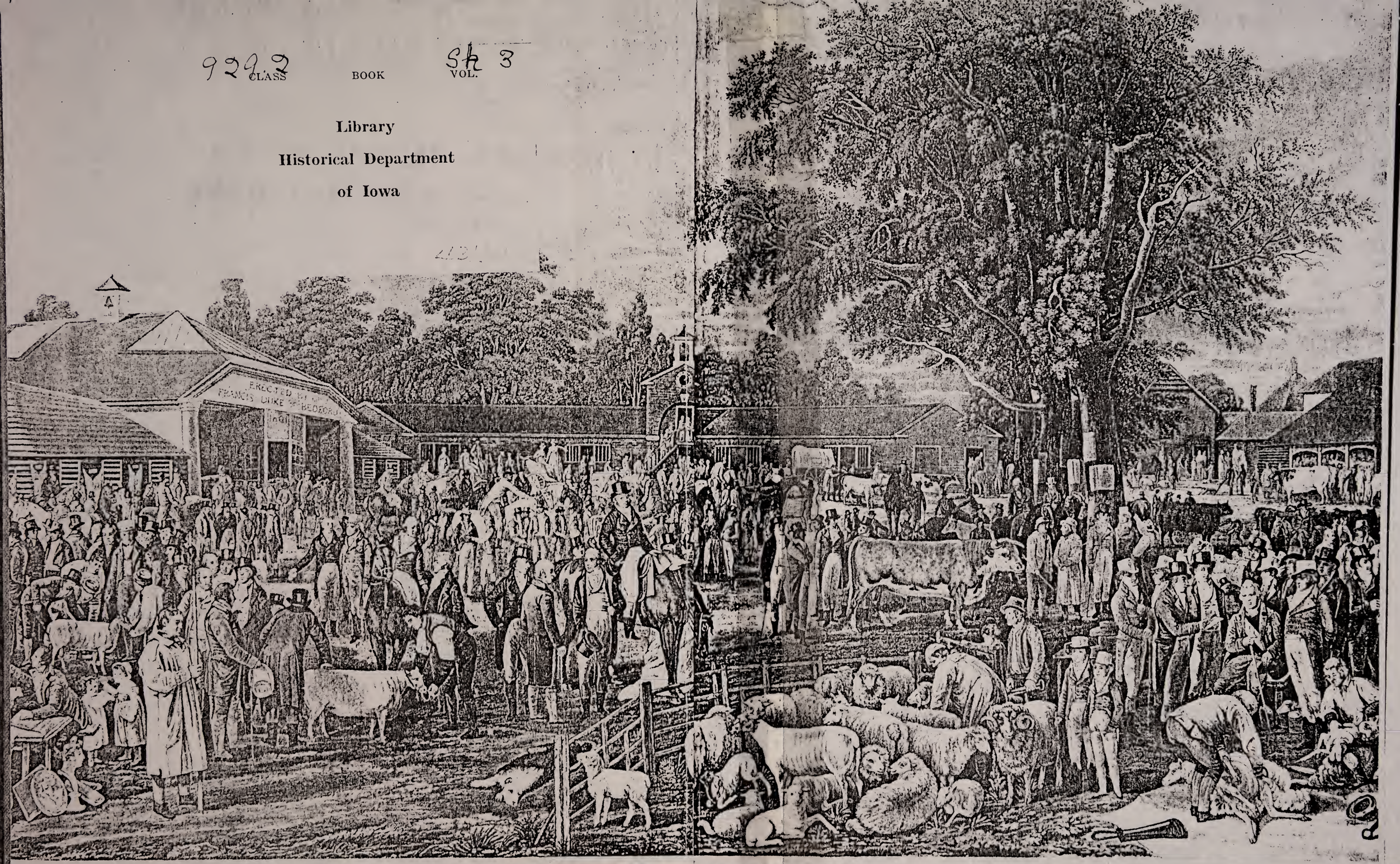
Theodore Cook, its editor, and the talented author of *Eclipse and O'Kelly,* and *History of the English Turf.* One of these articles had a number of Virginia items in which the Tayloe family, so prominent on the turf, came in three or four times. We carefully typed the article here, checked it off, and sent it over in full time. Lo, and behold! what was my dismay to find every time the name Tayloe appeared the proofreader had changed it to Taylor. I wrote to Sir Theodore and said: "It really doesn't make so much difference, but the next time ask your proofreader to be governed exactly by our copy, for there is a vast difference between a Taylor coming from the old name Taylor of one who cuts, makes and mends clothes, and a Tayloe, one of the First Families of Virginia."

H. W. S.



T. W. Cole

[illegible], while Professor Davy is standing in a listening attitude behind him.



WOBOURN SHEPSHEARING.

Celebrated Sheep-Farm of

His Grace the Duke of Bedford.

Engraved by R. RICHARDSON.

T. W. Coke

From a print in possession of the Duke of Bedford. Mr. Coke is represented conversing with Sir Joseph Banks, Sir John Sinclair, and Arthur Young, while Professor Davy is standing in a listening attitude behind him. *See footnote, L., p. 438.*

WOBOURN SHEEPSHEARING

Coke of Norfolk, the great agriculturist, frequently corresponded with John Stuart Skinner as the latter following the example of the illustrious English Squire by his publications endeavored to create an interest in agriculture among the gentlemen of America.

The Duke of Bedford followed Coke's lead and established a Sheepshearing on the same pattern as that first instituted at Holkham, which continued without a break from 1778 to 1821.

The print shows Mr. Coke conversing with Sir Joseph Banks, Sir John Sinclair, and Arthur Young, F. R. S. (1741-1820), the well known agricultural authority and author of Tours in Ireland and Travels in France. In the original print each individual is numbered, and beneath the picture is a key giving the names of the noblemen, gentlemen, farmers, breeders, herdsmen, shepherds and feeders. The print is from the painting by George Garrard, A. R. A. (1760-1826), celebrated for his Prints of Improved British Cattle.

The Lordvale copy of this print, a companion to that in the possession of the Duke of Bedford, was presented by Harry Worcester Smith to Thomas Bedford Glascock, one of the great agriculturists of America, for the walls of his country seat at Bollingbrooke, Fauquier County, Virginia, U. S. A.

VI

(Turf, Field and Farm, June 20, 1884)

A COSTLY SHOOTING PARTY AT MOUNT AIRY

Atlanta, Ga., June 14, 1884.

I READ in a recent number of your instructive and entertaining journal an account of a shooting party at Mount Airy, the famous estate recently purchased by H. G. Dulany, Esq. It vividly recalled a similar expedition participated in by F. G. S. in the Autumn of 1860, which proved rather costly to that gentleman.

For the benefit of the wives who read the T. F. & F. I will give you my recollections of that event. It will doubtless recall pleasant memories to some of your readers.

I, a young little miss at that time, felt great pride at having been left by my mother (absent from home) in entire charge of "Montpelier" and as housekeeper for your old field editor. One evening I was anxiously awaiting his return from the field, feeling rather lonely as I sat in the gloaming in the old paneled parlor, when a little darky came in from the post-town, Woodville, four miles distant and with a very important air said, "De gemmen told me to give dis to Mars Fred."

I read on a scrap of paper, "For pity's sake send a conveyance for your affectionate but hungry friends."

It was signed by eight gentlemen of Baltimore all club men and epicures, men whom you never met in winter without being conscious of a faint odor of terrapins and champagne, or in summer of soft crabs and Madeira. I felt a little trepidation as a young housekeeper, but was reassured by our old butler, Tom Griffin, and Aunt "Sukey" the cook. The latter said:

"La, chile, I has cooked for dose gentermen long fore you come to dis country. Dey was all at your mother's weddin'."

In a short time the two carriages with our friends arrived and when F. G. S. returned with his bag filled with game it was a pleasant sight to see the old chums meet. What men they were! So

polished! so handsome, one of them a very Apollo, Tom Morris, brother-in-law to W. R. Travers of your city; genial John Swan, the life of them all, and Sol. Davis with his classical and charming manners. He played havoc with the hearts of my fair cousins who lived on the adjoining estate.

I shall never forget those breakfasts or with what pride I would peep from behind the great silver urn to hear their praises of Virginia fare—eight kinds of bread, each perfect. Will anything ever taste so good again? The hot waffles were dimpled with golden butter. Oh! you wives, believe me, there is nothing that makes the day run so smoothly as to start your lords of creation out of the house in the morning with a good breakfast. At night our party would return with hunters' appetites for dinner and talk over the day's sport and of days long gone.

After killing many birds in our neighborhood they decided to cross the mountain to Mount Airy. Their host mounted on "Fox," his favorite hunter, accompanied them. The merry party left with kind farewells and a promise to return next October.

The day after came a letter in a strange hand for F. G. S. His wife (who had returned home) looked at it with longing eyes, remarking, "It's very silly to begin married life by not opening your husband's letters." Every mail for two weeks brought letters in the same hand. At last curiosity got the better of her and she opened one. It proved to be of the greatest importance. An English lawyer had come across the Atlantic to see the Colonel, had gone to Washington, put personals in every paper and written to every known address. A large sum of money depended on his seeing the Colonel before a certain date. A servant was mounted on a horse and told to make all haste to Mount Airy with the letters. F. G. S. hurried to Washington but it was too late. The attorney received no reply to the advertisements or letters and supposing him dead, paid the money to others. I do not know the legal technicalities of this transaction but I do know that this was the result.

It was a great disappointment but we did not then think it of as much consequence as we did four years later, for then the Montpelier barns were ready to burst with grain, the mill kept up its merry hum from sunrise to sunset, the fat cattle browsed in fertile fields of broad acres, the buzz of the threshing machine was drowned only by the singing of the many laborers. But alas! in the early spring, F. G. S. once again mounted "Fox" and with his servant on "Henry Clay" started on a more serious shooting expedition, waving an adieu to the weeping group on the porch.

"It will be over in three months," he sang out cheerily.

But the months glided into years, and he returned not until one Autumn day in the second year when an ambulance came slowly up to the great hall door. They did not stop to open the gates or lower the fences—for gates and fences were things of the past, and the old mill was still.

"The fat cattle, where were they?
Over the hills and far away."

The men lifted that terrible stretcher and placed it with loving care in the hall saying:

"We have brought the Old Colonel home."

It was hard to realize that the "Old Colonel" was the same man who with a light heart, free from all hate, had ridden off to that terrible shooting match. And dear old "Fox"—if there had not been so much else to cry over my tears would have been shed for him. Every rib could be seen and counted. However, in that respect he was better off than his master; who had two ribs missing, from a minie bullet in his chest and, besides, a useless arm.

The Old Colonel loves to write in your columns of hunting and shooting, but of late I notice he takes more kindly to fishing, in which gentle art he is initiating his grandson who proves to be an apt pupil and genuine chip of the old block.

Moral

When your husband goes shooting, open all letters coming for him, especially if directed in a strange or female hand.

E. G. D. G.

VII

(Turf, Field and Farm, November 22, 1889)

QUAIL SHOOTING OVER MONGREL SETTERS

SINCE I wrote you last, Swan and I have been having excellent sport with the quail, which are fairly numerous in this part of Virginia notwithstanding the destructive rains in June. But Jupiter Pluvius is still in the ascendant and has kept us weatherbound two or three days in the week. We have managed, however, when we did get out to average our twenty-five birds each, and as we are not greedy sportsmen, we are well satisfied with our luck; as for myself, when I consider the steep, rolling surface of the country we shoot over, and the antiquity of my legs, I am more than satisfied, and feel inclined to boast after the manner of old Nestor when he was at the siege of Troy.

Swan has with him an old-fashioned native, bob-tailed, thick-skinned pointer, and an exceedingly useful medium-sized mongrel, a setter, with a strong dash of spaniel blood, the latter purchased from Gladstone, the market shooter at Baltimore. These dogs, both natives, of unknown pedigree would not be noticed on the show bench, nor for style and action in the field would they compare with our fashionable imported bluebloods, but when you come down to business, when the object is to make the heaviest bag in the shortest time, I would not hesitate to match them against the average field trial winners.

A tyro would marvel at the rapid growth of the young quail. Bevies which we flushed and spared less than three weeks ago as young fledgelings are now full grown and strong on the wing, and would afford first-rate sport but for the cover, which is still too rank, as we have had as yet no cold weather to break it down.

The only incident in the way of shooting worth mentioning is the adventure of an Irish gentleman, Mr. Hunt, a visitor at the famous Nimrod Hall, in Bath, an adjoining county to this and a favorite resort of many Englishmen living in Virginia.

QUAIL SHOOTING

Mr. Hunt went out last week to shoot ruffled grouse and while so engaged encountered a large bear at close quarters. Without hesitation he let bruin have both barrels of No. 7 shot in the face, and while the beast was stunned he slipped in another shell, and running up, gave it him "about portant" making mush of his brains. My old friend, Johannes Cygnus, I learn, is having good sport at Oakland, with woodcock and grouse. He was to have joined me here in Rockbridge, but a mischievous bag-man told him he had seen a mosquito at Balcony Falls, and he changed his mind. Cygnus would rather see the devil than a mosquito.

F. G. S.

Lexington, Rockbridge County, Va., Nov. 15, '89.

VIII

(Turf, Field and Farm, April 27, 1888)

STALKING OR STILL HUNTING VERSUS DRIVING OR HOUNDING DEER

I OBSERVE that the T. F. & F., liberally offering in its columns a fair field for the temperate discussion of this vexed and much mooted question, adheres, editorially, to a wise non-committal policy. I observe also that the most zealous supporters of one side or the other in this controversy are more or less incompetent to discuss it from the point of a thorough practical knowledge of woodcraft—a knowledge not to be obtained from books—but largely confined to the uneducated, who are far more ready with the rifle than with the pen. Alas! could some of these hardy hunters who found in the chase their chief means of support be induced to give us their experiences in print, in language however homely, we might learn more of the noble art of venery than all the books have taught us from Juliana Berners, to "Frank Forester."

Deer hunting is not a haphazard, trust-to-luck pursuit that most people fancy it. To be successful requires a thorough knowledge of the habits of our game, as for instance: we should know that of all our wild wood creatures there are none which cling to their natal range with such abiding affection as our native deer (*cervus virginianus*) nor will they forsake their range until compelled to do so by the devastations of the ruthless axe, by incessant persecutions or by the impunity with which the laws for their protection are violated. The love of cervidae for their natal range is as great as that of the Swiss for their bleak and barren mountains, and the stag is as familiar with the topography of his forest home as is the postman of the city with his daily rounds. It is a great mistake to suppose that the deer wander aimlessly in this or that direction in search of their food. Their highways and byways, their water courses, and their crossing places are as well known to them as our avenues, streets, and wharves, etc. They have their regular hours for

repose and for action; for feeding and for recreation, and are governed and regulated by Nature's inimitable laws. Without a thorough knowledge of these habits and laws no man can become an adept in woodcraft.

Among other things this knowledge will teach us that in the month of August when the pelt of the buck is in what is called the "blue"; that is when his flesh is in the very best possible condition, and most prized by the epicures at the watering places; it is next to impossible to convert him into venison, without the aid of dogs of some kind, or by means of assassination under the clouds of night at a deer lick, or by the equally contemptible method of fire hunting.

From the moment of shedding his antlers in the Winter all through the Spring and Summer while they are yet in the velvet, until they harden and become formidable weapons at the coming of the early frosts of Autumn, the stag, conscious of his defenseless condition, becomes as wary and difficult of approach as the long-bearded gobbler so graphically described by our own "Pious Jeems." He makes his lair in the most secluded places, feeding chiefly by night; the rank vegetation of the season together with the dense foliage of the trees, contribute to his security and none but the most perfect master of woodcraft can hope to secure him by honest still hunting during the light of day.

Under these circumstances and at a season when a saddle of venison becomes as valuable to the hunter in the pecuniary as it is to the epicure on the gastronomic sense, truly the honest hunter who makes his living by woodcraft, should be permitted to have recourse to the dog, but not the large hounds in common use to that purpose, for better and more effective work may be done by almost any other variety of dog provided he has a good nose.

I once knew a man in Fayette Co., Western Pa., a market hunter and a most successful deer slayer of his day, who hunted his game with a large brindled cur of the lowest degree. This creature in action reminded me of a superannuated old pointer

on his last legs. He never ranged around his master at a greater distance than forty yards. When he struck a deer trail he remained as mute as a clam, threw up his head and drew silently on his game, his motions growing more and more stealthy as he approached his quarry, thus securing to his owner a fair shot at the buck as it bounded to its feet. This however, was a rare and exceptional case, I never saw or heard, except in one instance of a dog of such training, but the case is worth mentioning as where deer are numerous other dogs may be similarly trained to still hunt them and such dogs would be invaluable to the amateur stalker, tending to put them on a par with the more experienced professional hunters.

I will pass over with mere mention of a pack of deer-driving pointers, trained by the late Dr. Russell Meems, at Mount Airy, in Shenandoah Co., Va., and described by me in the T. F. &. F. a year or two since. These dogs of the largest size and bluest blood were brought out by the late Commodore Richard Stockton. Of course they ran mute but each of them carried a small sleigh bell attached to a collar which gave ample warning of their coming to the guns at the stands without calling the attention of the mountain people, who were hostile to hounds and never failed to shoot them, as many do now, whenever the opportunity offered. These pointers did so well as drivers that Meems actually preferred them to hounds.

What we need in this country is the proper variety of hound of these varieties such as I have seen used in Europe exclusively for driving deer, foxes and hares to the gun which if in general use here would silence the clamor of the anti-hounding party, as no valid objections could be urged to their use. These hounds were beagles, dachshunds and better still, bassets.

None of these hounds terrify the deer. Unaided by the gun, they cannot kill them nor can they clear them out of their range, all of which our common hounds will do. I have seen each of these species of hounds chase deer for hours in small sections of woodland—dignified in Europe with the name forests—without ever driving them out and on two occasions though with

a loaded gun in my hand I refrained from using it in order to admire the longer, the stirring spectacle of a *checreuil* (small stag) at bay and fighting bravely a clamorous pack of beagles.

On the other hand, deer, when closely pressed by large and fleet hounds become so terror-stricken, and confused, as to not always run as they otherwise would through the stands at which the guns await them, and if they escape they go, to the Lord knows where, clear out of their range miles away, where they may be overtaken and killed by the hounds or killed by parties entire strangers to the field.

My first experience in this country in deer driving some fifty-five years ago was with a sporting butcher who kept four or five couple of excellent native foxhounds at Hancock on the Potomac in Washington County, Md.

We generally hunted on Sideling Hill a few miles west of the town and rarely failed to start a deer. But the chances were about even that we did not enjoy the venison; that fell to the lot of more fortunate people at a distance, somewhat because our dogs were too fleet to permit the quarry to run in doubles and resort to the usual strategy of all wild creatures in the endeavor to escape their enemies. Our too-fast foxhounds drove the game clear out of the range and it would strike off for the distant Potomac where it would become the prey of parties along the bank of that river, warned of its coming by the cry of the hounds. Days after, maybe, we would be entertained with a glowing and boastful narrative of what grand sport those outsiders had had in slaying and eating our deer, which of course was always fat and altogether the finest and largest seen for years in those parts.

Once, about a week after losing a fine buck in this manner, I was calling at a farmhouse on the Virginia side of the river where I heard a story illustrating the above statement and also the difficulty of shooting a deer when swimming in deep water.

My hosts, two young bachelors, brothers, were seated on the porch of their cottage smoking the post prandial pipe when they heard far away on the mountain side the cry of our

hounds. Seizing their rifles, they hurried to the river bank just in time to see a noble buck take the water with the clamorous pack at his heels. They opened fire at once and though excellent shots did not give the creature its final quietus until they had fired eleven shots.

Creedmoor range offers to its experts, your Bruces and your Gildersleeves, no such difficult target as a deer swimming down the swift current of a river and swimming so deep as to present no larger mark than the brain—about the size of a man's fist. The deer in question was shot through the body as it was struggling up the bank out of the water. One of its antlers had been broken by a ball and the ears were torn in five places which under the circumstances showed very fair marksmanship on the part of the brothers who thus profited by our toil and ate our game.

But two days ago talking with a veteran hunter, my good friend, Col. Pendleton, the Nestor of the Lexington, Va., Bar, who in obedience to his strong venatic instincts abandons at each returning season the Courts of Themis to join with the crescent-crowned Diana and her attendant nymphs in the chase of the antlered stag in the mountains of Rockbridge, he concurred with me fully in the opinion that deer might be driven with bassets and beagles, while he invoked the fate of Acreon on all who did so with foxhounds.

F. G. S.

IX

(Turf, Field and Farm, March 28, 1884)

BEAGLES—ESPECIALLY JACK AND JILL

AT the risk of being ridiculed for "blowing his own trumpet" the writer claims that he did more in the early days of the *T. F. & F.* to bring the beagle into favorable notice than did any other contributor to the American press. As this loving and lovely little hound is the especial pet of all the canine race, he hopes that he may be excused by your readers for repeated reference to him in your columns.

Four years since, General Rowett of Illinois, generously presented the writer with a couple of beagle puppies, exceedingly muscular and at maturity fourteen inches in height. Though the youngsters tried the sweet temper of the writer's daughter by frequent and destructive raids upon the family linen when hung to dry, Jack and Jill—as they were called—soon became prime favorites with the whole household from the mistress to the cook, and accepted playmates with all the children in Fern Bank.

An ordinary hound is rarely a social, companionable animal and seldom shows to advantage unless when excited in the chase. He is deficient in those human traits which make other breeds of dogs so dear to their owners. Though courageous enough in company with his fellows, he is individually a coward and as he slinks about the premises he conveys to any eye, but that of a veteran foxhunter, the idea of a morose, greedy sneak; not so with our much lamented Rowett beagles, Jack and Jill; they were certainly hounds, and more perfect hounds in form never were seen in the field or on the bench. Moreover they had better noses than any hounds, less speed but quite as much endurance, and far more intelligence and industry, but better still they possessed all the affectionate, social and endearing qualities of the spaniel, and as watchdogs had no equals. The dogs were never confined in the kennel but when we wished to dispense with their company when going about the neighborhood visiting

or shooting, we shut them in the cellar or coach house, but if through carelessness or accident they managed to escape during our absence their affection was so great and their scenting powers so exquisitely fine, that they never failed to trail us though we might be miles away, and it made no difference if we were mounted or on foot, for they were as familiar with the trail of the horse as with that of the master. From the above we must infer that not only men and women but that brutes have each his or its own peculiar odor, and that they are all as distinctly individualized by the smells as by outward appearance, voice and gait. Here is a curious subject for physiological speculation, which we commend to Brother Busbey when he dreams of his favorite horse.

"Jack as a Watch Dog"

As a vigilant guardian of the premises the little dog was incomparable. Under his watchful care our poultry house—which had been repeatedly raided by coons and other wild vermin—became a perfectly safe asylum for its feathered tenants, and the skins of a couple of wild varmints tacked on the wall were trophies of his vigilance and valor.

"Jack as Shepherd Dog"

About an eighth of a mile from our dwelling we had an inclosed woods pasture to which the cow was driven in the morning and brought back at night, by the girl in charge of her, but as there was a great deal of dense second-growth in the field, there was a good deal of time lost in hunting up the cow. Master Jack followed the girl out two or three times and soon understood what she went for. Thereafter she had no further trouble, all she had to do was to open the gate and the little dog soon had the cow on a trot homeward, and it was evident from his manner that the duty was a pleasure to him.

"Jack as a Playfellow"

Immediately in front of our house was a long incline which, when covered with snow, was the best place for coasting within

the limits of the village. Here all the children assembled to enjoy the sport. Our little Jack next to hare hunting, dearly loved coasting and took as much delight in the sport as the children, who always welcomed him as one of themselves. He would take a front seat on a sled and make welkin ring with joyous barking as he sped away with lightning speed down the slippery slope.

"Jack and Jill in the Field"

These two beagles were without exception the two best hunters of—not hares only—but of any ground game and rarely, very rarely could a hare or a raccoon escape them except by going to ground or taking a tree. Their voices were music itself, and if not fast they were untiring. Alas! to the great grief of the family, and the regret of the whole village they came to a premature death. One summer night while in eager pursuit of a hare they were crushed beneath the wheels of a railway train. And here let me take the opportunity to warn all lovers of the beagle never to hunt them near railways. The lee side of every railway embankment, sheltered as it is from the cold winds, is a favorite resort for hares. Here they will sit in their forms utterly indifferent to the noise of the trains passing nearby. When a hare is started and runs his "foil," he invariably takes in the road bed and runs it for many yards up or down and the dogs that hunt them are sooner or later sure to be killed.

F. G. S.

X

(Turf, Field and Farm, June 27, 1884)

COURSING—EUROPEAN HARES

Atlanta, Ga., June 20, '84

I SYMPATHIZE most heartily with the efforts of your correspondent H. W. Huntington to introduce foreign hares, and add coursing to the number of American field sports, from which I myself have observed there can be in these days of rapid ocean transit no difficulty in the importation of and acclimation of the hares, but the question is whether or not it will be possible in this land of largest liberty wherein the landed proprietor has less protection in the full enjoyment of his proprietary rights than in any other civilized country on the face of the globe, to save the hares from the pot hunter and the poacher who roam at will through the land in defiance of game laws, which remain a dead letter upon our statute books.

Many years ago, under far greater difficulties of transit than exist now, the late Robert Oliver* of Baltimore, the grandfather of your New York and Patterson Colts, imported through his friend, the Duke of Essex, many hares into Maryland. On his estate of Harewood, on the Gunpowder River they increased and multiplied abundantly until discovered by the poachers, when they were soon exterminated in spite of the utmost vigilance of the overseer of the estate.

Even without the coursing the European hare would prove a most valuable addition to our ground game, and I have suggested more than once to the Robins Island Club, which has such exceptional facilities for their perfect protection, the introduction of the hare among the foreign game which it proposes to acclimate on its island. The suggestion has not been acted on, because, I

* Robert Oliver was an Irishman from Belfast, and made a large fortune principally by licenses from the Spanish government by which he carried on a profitable trade with Vera Cruz. One of the richest men in Baltimore, his fortune being estimated at a million and a half dollars, he had a splendid character for shrewdness, benevolence and liberality.

presume, the presence of hares would interfere with the field trials of the dogs.

I am not without hope that the growing popularity of the beagle will lead to the speedy introduction of the hare in such numbers as to secure its acclimation and permanence here. My friends, Orgill and Twaddell, Gen. Rowett and Col. Hunt, of St. Louis, and the German breeders of dachshunds everywhere should make a combined effort at the importation of hares from England and the Continent of Europe. Let them do this successfully and hare hunting with beagles and dachshunds will become the most popular sport in the land, and other epicures will be enabled to enrich their menu with that most succulent dish known as "jugged hare."

F. G. S.

THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN

Engraved for American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, Vol. I, No. 1

The PORTRAITURE of the BAY ARABIAN.

The Property of

the Right Hon.ble the Earl of Godolphin.

This Extraordinary Horse became a private Stallion soon after his arrival in this Kingdom, and got a greater number of fine Horses of just Temper with Superior Speed then any Horse ever did.

He was Sire of Lath, Tismal, Cade, Bajazet, Bubrahan, Frenzi, Jonquise, Regulus, Snowball, Sultan, Blanck, Flagg, Noble, Turquise, Mopsey, the Godolphin Gelding, Shepherd's Daughter, and many other Racer, Stallions and Breed Mares all in the highest Esteem; he died at Mr. Coggs Mills Dec. 1733 in the 29 Year of his Age.

THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN

In the historical notice of the Godolphin Arabian following the frontispiece of the stallion in Number 1, Volume 1, September, 1929, the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, Mr. Skinner stated:

"The portrait which accompanies the present description was taken by the late celebrated Stubbs, from an original by a French artist, now in the possession of Lord Francis Godolphin Osborne, at his seat at Gogmagog Hills."

In the Roanoke Stud (1795–1833) published in 1930 is found a most interesting chapter —"The Portraits of the Godolphin Arabian"—which shows that the French artist was David Morier (1704–1770), a Swiss, who came to England in 1743 and was employed until 1765 by the Duke of Cumberland to paint The Horse Portraits now at Cumberland Lodge in Windsor Park.

The publishing of this picture of Godolphin Arabian by Mr. Skinner created great interest in America and in American Turf Register, Volume 1, Number 8, page 381 a subscriber Phillip writes:

"I have seen an original painting, in oil, of this stallion, at Houghton Hall, in Norfolk, the splendid seat of the famous Sir Robert Walpole. Although painted from life, it bears not the slightest resemblance to Stubbs' picture, in any one respect. This picture represents a square built, short, compact, serviceable saddle horse about fourteen hands and a half high; the neck by no means long, in proportion to the rest of the parts — and nothing of that 'excessive elevation of the crest' which is seen in Stubbs' portraiture. There is an inscription on the right hand corner of the picture, which I regret that I did not copy. I cannot conjecture why an engraving of this painting has never been published in England. Houghton was the property of Lord Cholmondeley, when I visited it, and much neglected."

and in Volume 1, Number 10, page 481 is a letter signed T.R. stating that

"The picture seen at Houghton Hall by Phillip corresponded exactly with the portraiture and likeness of that celebrated stallion which I have seen from my earliest recollections in the hall at Tulip Hill, West River, Maryland formerly the seat of my ancestor, the late Samuel Galloway."

Roanoke Stud states, page 315:

"An examination of the Tulip Hill picture at Cedar Park in June, 1930, shows it to be an admirably colored picture of the Faber print after Morier which is discussed in the text herein illustrated."

In the Royal Studs, Mr. Prior states:

"Of these pictures, probably the one at Houghton Hall, Norfolk, in the possession of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, by David Morier, is the only one that was actually painted from life and has served as a copy from which the others were taken including Stubbs' well-known portrait which descended from Lord Godolphin through the Duke of Leeds, it being an heirloom in the family."

"Both Wooton and Sartorius also produced pictures of the horse. Rosa Bonheur whose talent for drawing horses has been fully recognized and admired depicted a duel between the Godolphin and Hobgoblin; and at Hornby Castle, the Duke of Leeds had Sir Edwin Landseers' latter day conception of the Godolphin, a large canvas which was engraved by J. B. Pratt in 1894."

From the Roanoke Stud we learn that one of the famous portraits painted by George Stubbs is now (1930) in the collection of Robert L. Gerry, Esq., of New York and another shown in "Cherished Portraits of Thoroughbred Horses" from the collection of William Woodward also rests at the latter's town house in New York.

THE BAY ARABIAN

The picture of The Bay Arabian, as the Godolphin Arabian was sometimes termed, is from the collection of drawings by James Roberts (1723–1799) engraved by Henry Roberts in the Sportsmen's Pocket Companion. The title reads:

"The Portraiture of the Bay Arabian, the property of the Right Honorable, the Earl of Godolphin."

"This extraordinary horse became a private stallion soon after his arrival in this Kingdom, and got a greater number of fine horses (sic) of just temper and superior breed than (sic) any Arab ever did."

Appendix

THE AMERICAN TURF

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REGISTERS

FOR

THE HORSE AND THE DOG

FOR

THE TURF AND FIELD IN AMERICA

•

AUGUST BELMONT II

THE AMERICAN TURF

THESE pages tell in a concise manner how the work for the preservation of the records of the Horse and Dog in America begun by John Stuart Skinner and his son, Frederick Gustavus Skinner, have been continued to the present day.

Too much honor cannot be paid to Leonard W. Jerome; John Hunter; W. R. Travers; J. G. K. Lawrence; August Belmont I; Pierre Lorillard; James R. Keene; M. H. Sanford; Francis Morris; Theodore J. Knapp; John A. Morris; August Belmont II; Frank K. Sturgis; Frank Gray Griswold; William C. Whitney; Frank R. Hitchcock; William Woodward; John E. Cowdin and their confreres for the unselfish efforts year in and year out to maintain the Sport of Kings in America on a par with that in Great Britain and France and to keep the records of The Jockey Club and The American Stud Book unsullied.

William Woodward was elected Chairman of The Jockey Club in 1930, John E. Cowdin has been Honorable Secretary and Treasurer since 1924 and Algernon Daingerfield active Secretary since 1903.

No work on the turf in America is of truth and value unless respect therein is paid to Walter S. Vosburgh who as a boy living near Jerome Park in 1867 became instilled with the love of the course, the rivalry of blood horses and their owners at the time, as one writer has so truthfully stated:

"It was in this golden era of racing that the American Jockey Club was a power for good. Stakes like the Belmont and Withers which are rich in tradition and historic appeal and which have survived the vicissitudes of time were framed for the development of the thoroughbred. The return in money was meagre compared to the present day awards. Having the best horse was enough for those enthusiasts whose object was to breed and develop their own racers. It was a period when rivalries were keen, and the sporting spirit was developed to the highest point of excellence."

Taking journalism as a vocation under the pen name of "Vigilant" Mr. Vosburgh began those series of articles which have made that nom-de-plume the most famous in our turf literature.

Mr. Vosburgh saw Ruthless in 1867 win the first Belmont Stakes, the oldest Classic and our equivalent of the Epsom Derby and has witnessed every Belmont since that time. When Edward P. Sanguinetti, the English artist was asked to paint a picture of racing in America, Mr. Vosburgh took him to Jerome Park and opposite The Bluffs described to him the position of the horses at the finish, their coats; black, bay or chestnut; their jockeys; and the colors of the owner's silks so vividly that the artist was able to paint a picture of the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Jerome Park, Decoration Day, 1881, which hangs in the Racquet and Tennis Club in New York and in my opinion is the greatest American racing scene ever portrayed.

Mr. Vosburgh was acting Secretary of the Board of Control in 1891, Handicapper to The Jockey Club from its inception 1894 to 1935; and has long been the recognized authority on rules on racing this side of the Atlantic. In addition to other writings, he is the author of the *History of the Belmont Stakes* and that invaluable volume, *Racing in America* 1866–1921 compiled from his own notes.

APPENDIX

REGISTERS

FOR

THE HORSE AND THE DOG

FOR

THE TURF AND FIELD IN AMERICA

THE AMERICAN JOCKEY CLUB
THE BOARD OF CONTROL
THE JOCKEY CLUB
THE AMERICAN REMOUNT ASSOCIATION
THE AMERICAN KENNEL STUD BOOK
THE AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB STUD BOOK
THE FIELD STUD BOOK
INTERNATIONAL FOXHUNTERS STUD BOOK

THE THOROUGHBRED HORSE

WEATHERBY'S *General Stud Book* was inaugurated in England in 1791. In America George W. Jeffreys of Person County, North Carolina, published in 1826 a newspaper his *Annals of the Turf,* in which he collected pedigrees of eighteenth century Virginia horses; and that material, with additions, was later arranged alphabetically and reissued under the title *Virginia Stud Book* as an appendix to the fourth edition of Richard Mason's *Gentleman's New Pocket Farrier* (Peter Cotton, Richmond, Virginia, 1928). In 1833 Patrick Nisbett Edgar of Granville County, N. C., published in New York *The American-Race Turf Register, Sportsman's Herald and General Stud Book,* based largely on Virginia and Carolina material. In 1831 John B. Irving began to compile notes of pedigrees of South Carolina horses and published them in 1857 in a subscription volume entitled *South Carolina Jockey Club.*

In the *Background of the American Stud Book* (1933) it is recorded that:

"It was the inauguration of The American Turf Register in September, 1829, which lifted the previous South Side Virginia essays in the provision of a stud book out of the rut of provincial-

ism, and put the collection of material on a national basis. Skinner listed among his earliest contributors a group of his personal friends in Washington and Baltimore who at once gave distinction to his periodical."

So to John Stuart Skinner must be awarded the honor of founding the American Stud Book. At that time John Randolph of Roanoke also had in his mind a stud book but the project was never realized. In 1834 Skinner published his American edition of the first three volumes of the English General Stud Book in a single volume, and a year later, unwearied in his high purpose to lift the standards of American sports, made the following announcement:

"Having appended to the republication of the English Stud Book brief pedigrees of our distinguished horses, with all the accuracy afforded by our materials, to make the catalogue uniform, we should be glad to furnish an American Stud Book *after the English model,* if encouraged to do so and our friends would aid us."

In 1837 Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, upon the foundation of the Post-Revolutionary private Mount Airy Stud Book which he had inherited from his father, built up an ever-growing structure of authenticated pedigrees; and at that time he employed Wiley Jones Stratton, an experienced horseman and Secretary of the National Jockey Club of Washington, to be his Editor, and pushed the work so diligently that in February, 1837, Porter in the old *Spirit* announced what they were able to accomplish; but yet nothing happened and Mr. Tayloe cherished to the end of his life his purpose of providing a stud book.

In 1867, J. H. Wallace, published the first volume of *Wallace's Stud Book,* being a compilation of pedigrees of American and English imported blood horses, published by W. A. Townsend and Adams in New York. In 1868, S. D. Bruce, Editor of *The Turf, Field and Farm,* published volume one A-L of the *American Stud Book* containing full pedigrees of all the imported thoroughbred stallions and mares with their produce including the Arabs, Barbs, and Spanish horses, also native mares and

produce, and later published five new volumes. "This Stud Book has now been in daily use by horsemen for more than sixty years."

Walter S. Vosburgh, late Handicapper of The Jockey Club wrote in behalf of the Club (*Racing in America*):

"In 1896 Colonel Bruce found the Stud Book too expensive a proposition and approached The Jockey Club to sell so that the stud books could be published under the auspices of the Club. The sale was made and volume seven was compiled and printed by The Jockey Club as have all subsequent volumes."

THE AMERICAN JOCKEY CLUB

Was founded in 1865 by Leonard W. Jerome when he conceived the idea of Jerome Park on the lines of Newmarket in England and selected as a location the old Bathgate Estate, at Fordham, Westchester County. The Honorable August Belmont was elected President. The subscription rooms for the 1300 members of which fifty were "Life Members" were first located at 920 Broadway, New York.

THE BOARD OF CONTROL

Until 1891 all the clubs in the Metropolitan District raced under The Rules of The American Jockey Club. On February 16th, 1891, Mr. Pierre Lorillard appreciating that an associated governing body would be of value gave a dinner at which the Board of Control was organized, which at once took the first steps in the General Government of racing with quarters at 173 Fifth Avenue. Racing at Monmouth Park near Long Branch, New Jersey, founded 1870, was also under the above jurisdiction.

The Board of Control consisted of seven members; Mr. D. D. Withers representing Monmouth Park; Mr. J. G. K. Lawrence representing The Coney Island Jockey Club; Mr. P. J. Dwyer representing The Brooklyn Jockey Club and Mr. John A. Morris representing The New York Jockey Club (Morris Park). The remaining three members representing the owners of racing stables were Mr. Alexander J. Cassatt, Mr. John Hunter and Mr. James Galway. David Dunham Withers was elected Chairman, Mr. Walter S. Vosburgh, Secretary and Mr. Lawrence, Treasurer.

As the jurisdiction of the Board of Control covered only the so-called Metropolitan District, the feeling that there should be a National Governing Body brought about the formation of

THE JOCKEY CLUB

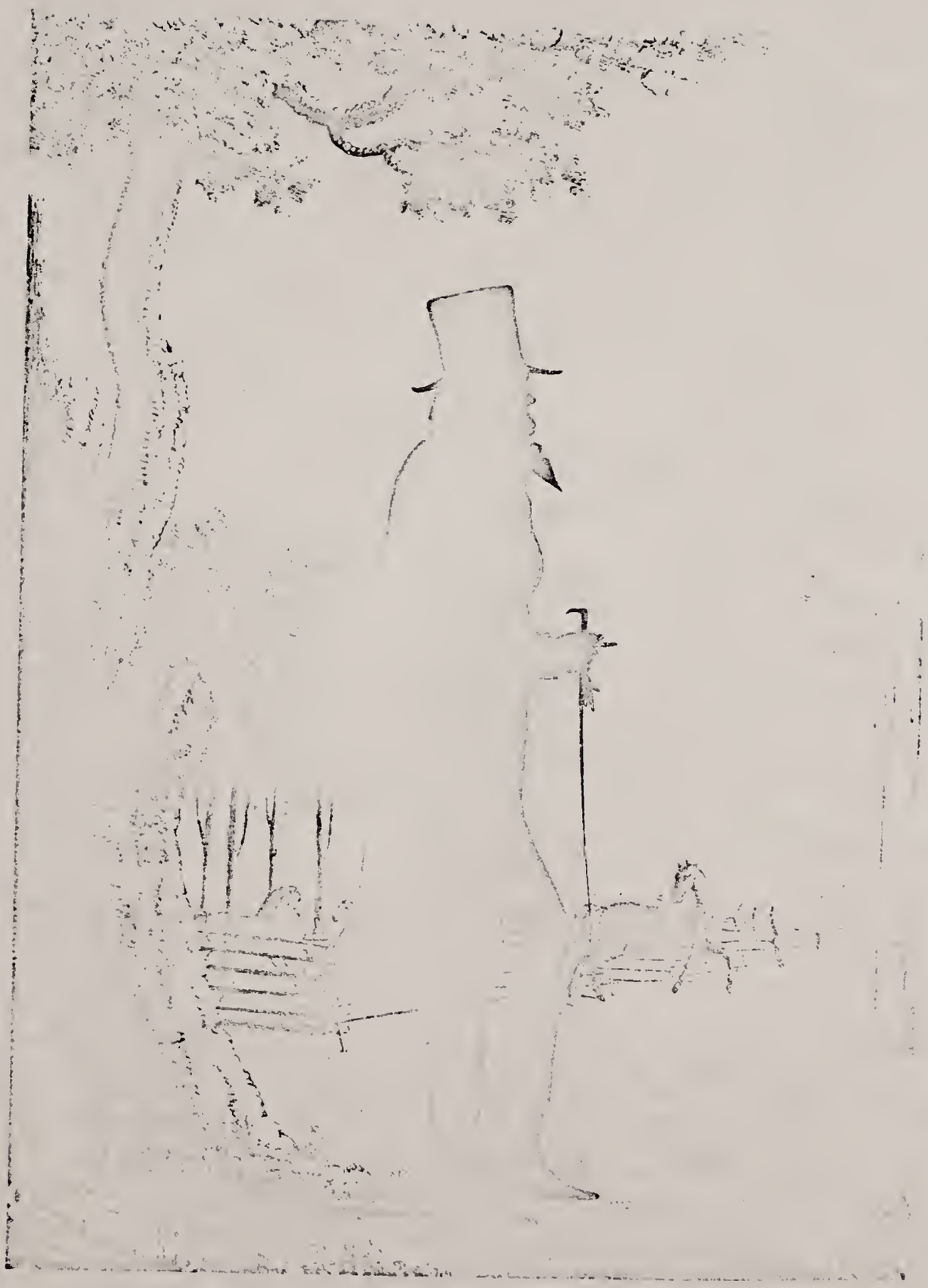
The seal of The Jockey Club used on all certificates of Record and Pedigree is simply an embossed oval—THE JOCKEY CLUB—1894. In 1893 the need of a turf governing body in America was apparent and at that time August Belmont II, James R. Keene, John Hunter and others took up the work in the East ably seconded by Foxhall Daingerfield, of Castleton; Colonel E. F. Clay, of Paris; B. G. Thomas, of Dixiana; Honorable J. N. Camden, of Versailles, and Milton Young, of Lexington, representative breeders in Kentucky; Thomas W. Doswell, of Bullfields; Captain R. J. Hancock, of Ellerslie, and Senator John F. Lewis, in Virginia, and Governor Oden Bowie and others in Maryland.

A preliminary meeting was called and at the second meeting the Club was founded; James R. Keene presiding with Francis Trevelyan acting as Secretary. Mr. Trevelyan, the well known and much loved English writer and authority on racing, came to America and finally located at Charlottesville, Virginia, on account of, as he told the writer, reading in articles by "The Druid" (Henry Hall Dixon) of the beauties of the Old Dominion.

At this meeting the management of the club was entrusted to seven stewards: John Hunter, James R. Keene, August Belmont II, J. O. Donner, Gideon L. Knapp, Colonel W. P. Thompson and F. K. Sturgis. Mr. Hunter was elected Chairman and W. S. Vosburgh, Secretary pro-tem, and thus in 1894 Mr. Vosburgh states—"The Jockey Club assumed control of racing."

The action of the Club after the second meeting was to obtain the endorsement of the race tracks in the state of New York and adjacent Eastern States, and to arrange for the formation of similar bodies in the Middle West and West of the Rocky Mountains. Such organizations were immediately created; The West-

JEROME PARK - GREAT METROPOLITAN STAKES — DECORATION DAY 1881



JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE

After the Silhouette from Life in 1830, by William Henry Brown

ern Jockey Club with headquarters at Chicago and The Pacific Coast Jockey Club governing from San Francisco. These three turf governing bodies exercised jurisdiction over racing throughout the entire United States and immediately established reciprocal regulations.

The Jockey Club adopted Rules of Racing largely copies from the English Rules of Racing and immediately established reciprocal regulations with The English Jockey Club, whose rules are recognized by every turf governing board in Europe; and this reciprocity is as strong today as it was at the time of the formation of The Jockey Club in America.

The Rules of the State Racing Commissions in the United States are more or less copies of Rules of Racing of The Jockey Club with minor changes to govern localities.

The first six volumes of The American Stud Book were published by S. D. Bruce and the ten issued since that time have been published by The Jockey Club with which all foals must first be registered and also all horses which race at recognized meetings. The number of horses registered is over 50,000 and the number of thoroughbreds racing is about 11,000; while the number of colts registered each year is about 5,000.

THE HALF BRED HORSE

The American Remount Association in which Pierre Lorillard Jr., Louie A. Beard, the officers and retired officers of the U. S. Army, Henry Leonard, C. L. Scott, John A. Barry, A. A. Cedarwald, Thomas J. Johnson, H. C. Whitehead, W. W. Whiteside and others have played such important part, co-operates with the Army Remount Service in the distribution of the remount stallions under the Army Horse Breeding Plan authorized by Congress in 1920 and operated by the Remount Service U. S. Army.

This Association has continued the publication of The Half Bred Stud Book, the first volume of which was published in 1925 by the Genesee Valley Breeders Association founded by the untiring efforts of the late Mrs. Herbert (Martha B.) Wadsworth of Ashantee, Avon, New York.

The Standard Bred Horse is recorded in the American Trotting Register and many other special breeds of horses have their own Registers.

THE DOG

AMERICAN KENNEL STUD BOOK — AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB STUD BOOK — THE FIELD DOG STUD BOOK — THE INTERNATIONAL FOXHUNTERS STUD BOOK

Prior to 1880 old files show that there had been only a few Dog Shows in America. The great Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876 at which Colonel Skinner played such an important part was the inaugural show, as it might be termed, staged on this Continent.

The Westminster Kennel Club was incorporated in December 1877 and gave its first exhibition in the old abandoned railroad passenger station of the New York Central Railroad called "Gillmore's Garden" that year and has gone uninterruptedly and most successfully ever since.

AMERICAN KENNEL STUD BOOK

Doctor N. Rowe, Editor and Founder of The American Field, founded and owned The American Kennel Stud Book and published volumes 1, 2 and 3 previous to 1887.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB STUD BOOK

On September 17, 1884, the American Kennel Club was founded and in 1887 "recognizing the value to dog breeders and purchasers of a registry of pedigrees" was by the generosity of Doctor N. Rowe, able to take over the unsold copies of volumes 2 and 3 of his American Kennel Stud Book. The Club continued the work and published in 1887 volume IV which they named The American Kennel Club Stud Book and on its introductory page expressed their obligation to Doctor Rowe.

In 1880, four years before the organizing of the American Kennel Club, less than half-a-dozen shows were held in all America. In 1935 there were two hundred and ninety-eight shows. At the office of the American Kennel Club there is a staff

of one hundred and twenty-nine keeping records of the different breeds of dogs; and the original six breeds registered in the Stud Book have gone up to one hundred and sixteen breeds, all with recognized standards.

The American Kennel Club Stud Book maintains the official record of beagle, spaniel, and retriever Field Trials and some pointer and setter Field Trials as well as maintaining the recognized record of all bench shows throughout the United States. The record during the year 1935 consisted of 653 bench shows and 178 Field Trials. It also has recorded in its Stud Book a total of 1,110,000 dogs, there being registered in the year 1935 —72,400 dogs.

THE FIELD STUD BOOK

This was founded by The American Field in 1900 and as its name shows, is primarily for dogs used in the Field and the registrations in its Stud Book published annually from 1900 to 1936 are of:

English Setters	142,625
Pointers	82,375
Irish Setters	13,683

and while other breeds are admitted to its Registry, its work is principally confined to the above together with Beagles, Spaniels, Retrievers and Labradors.

The Field Dog Stud Book maintains the recognized record of Field Trial Winners, the tabulation of which is of the greatest value to the breeders in America as there are about four hundred Field Trials held annually in the United States.

INTERNATIONAL FOXHUNTERS STUD BOOK

As in the case of the Thoroughbred Horse it has taken a number of years to evolve a recognized Stud Book for Foxhounds in America. Breeders of hounds, dog dealers, foxhound and field trial associations and editors of dog papers have been responsible for some including Roger D. Williams who in 1904 termed himself the Official Keeper of the Stud Book, published

by the National Foxhunters Association. The Red Ranger publishing company compiled in 1916 the American Foxhound Breeders Stud Book. The Masters of Foxhounds Association of America has in the last few years endeavored to keep a record of the American hounds bred in the packs recognized by them.

Today, 1936, to Samuel L. Woolridge must be given the honor of founding and publishing through his Chase Publishing Company, the International Foxhunters Stud Book, which since 1920 has published eight Stud Books and today registers three-quarters of the Hounds in the United States with a total registration of 15,038 foxhounds. This Stud Book is as valuable to the breeders of Foxhounds as the Stud Book of The Jockey Club is to the breeders of Blood Horses.

Many other specialty clubs of dogs have their own registers.

AUGUST BELMONT I

By courtesy of Harry A. Buck, whose father was owner and editor of the Spirit of The Times

AUGUST BELMONT II

THE late August Belmont II who died in 1924, head of the great international Banking firm of August Belmont & Company founded by his father, which in America acted as correspondents of Rothschilds et Cie of Europe, did more than any other man in America to encourage Field Sports on this Continent and his orderly methods so vitally needed, helped carry on the work started by John Stuart Skinner and his son Frederick Gustavus Skinner.

Mr. Belmont was one of the founders of The Jockey Club and its Chairman from 1895 to the day of his death in 1924, twenty-nine years. By his gift of Henry of Navarre, Octogon and other stallions to the War Department at the Sportsman's Dinner, February 15, 1911, he started a work now known as The Army Horse Breeding Plan of the United States Government under the jurisdiction of the War Department at Washington, D. C.; the Remount Service being charged with the operation of The Plan.

Since the inception of The Plan, July 1, 1920—1543 remount stallions (of which 1427 are thoroughbreds) have been placed in the States of America. Of the above, 255 were patriotically donated by Sportsmen of the United States.

During the sixteen years The Breeding Plan has been in operation, it is estimated that over 125,000 foals have been sired by government stallions.

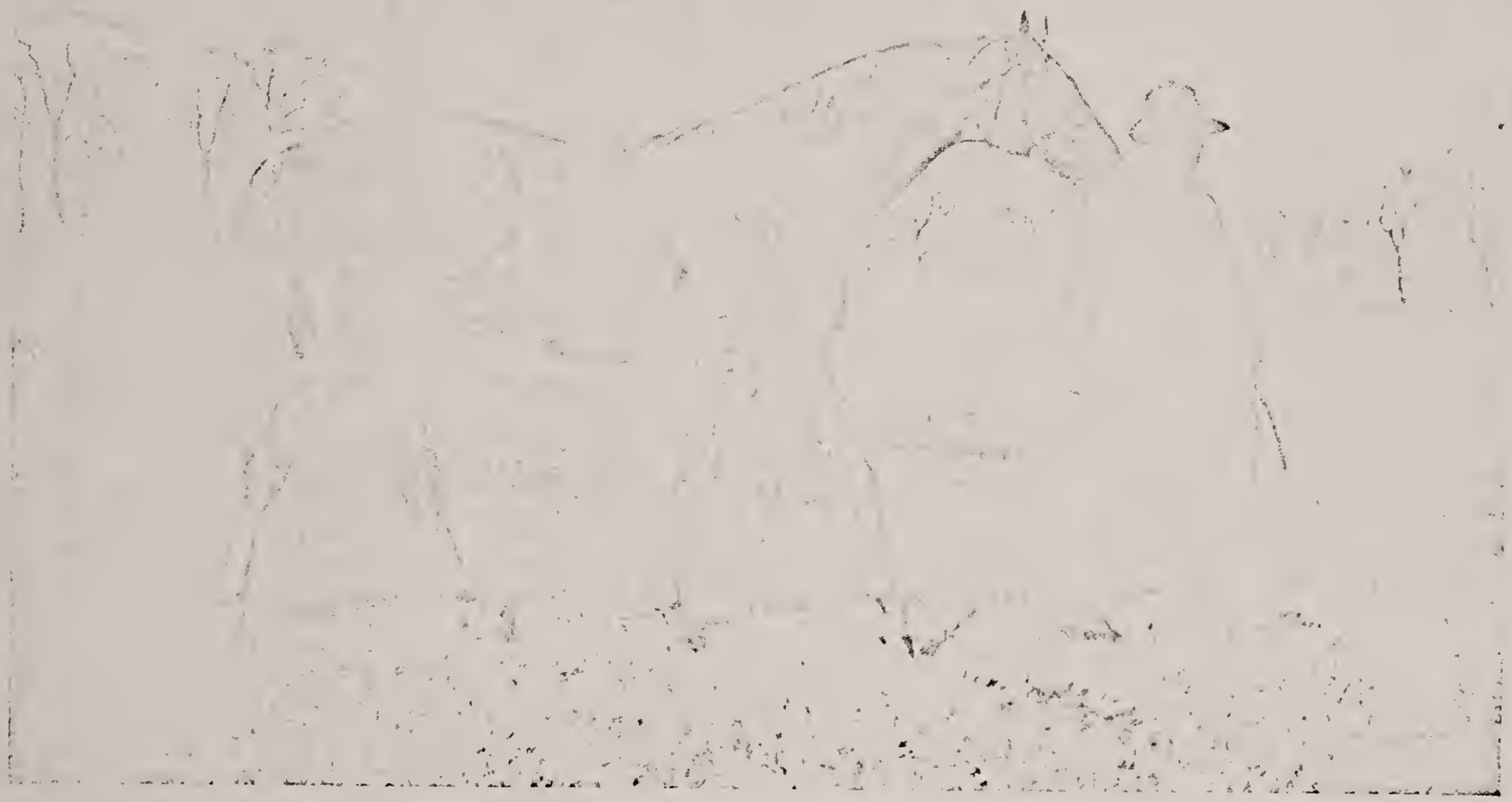
Mr. Belmont imported the Triple Crown Winner, Rock Sand and he bred at his Nursery Stud the great Fair Play, the sire of Man O'War, thus making Mr. Belmont the breeder of the blood horse which by many is considered the greatest ever produced in America.

He was President of the American Kennel Club from 1888 to 1916, twenty-eight years. He was one of the founders and President of the American Fox Terrier Club and the breeder of Blempton Victor II who carried off the Fox Terrier Challenge Cup year after year at the Westminster Kennel Club. With James Gordon Bennett and a few others, he was the first to play

polo in America and was one of the early Masters of the Meadowbrook Hunt on Long Island. As President of the Westchester Racing Association, he selected the location and built Belmont Park, the premier race track of the Western Continent.

Two of his greatest works were The Subway System of New York City of which he has properly been termed "The Father;" and by cutting the Cape Cod canal, he made the coast-wise trip from New York to Boston shorter and safer.

No busy man dealing with millions ever gave more freely of his time and treasure than did August Belmont II year after year for Sport in America, and his strict ideas of right and wrong are a guiding star to the Sportsmen and Sportswomen of the present day.



MAN OF WAR (1917)

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